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MEMORIALS OF OLD DORSET

MEMORIALS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

General Editor: REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

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OF
OLD DORSET

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MEMORIALS OF OLD DORSET

EDITED BY

THOMAS PERKINS, M.A.

LATE RECTOR OF TURNWORTH, DORSET

AUTHOR OF
"*Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory*"
'*Bath and Malmesbury Abbeys*" "*Romsey Abbey*" *&c.*

AND

HERBERT PENTIN, M.A.

VICAR OF MILTON ABBEY, DORSET
VICE-PRESIDENT, HON. SECRETARY, AND EDITOR
OF THE DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN FIELD CLUB

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PAST PRESIDENT OF THE DORSET NATURAL
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PREFACE

THE editing of this Dorset volume was originally undertaken by the Rev. Thomas Perkins, the scholarly Rector of Turnworth. But he, having formulated its plan and written four papers therefor, besides gathering material for most of the other chapters, was laid aside by a very painful illness, which culminated in his unexpected death. This is a great loss to his many friends, to the present volume, and to the county of Dorset as a whole; for Mr. Perkins knew the county as few men know it, his literary ability was of no mean order, and his kindness to all with whom he was brought in contact was proverbial.

After the death of Mr. Perkins, the editing of the work was entrusted to the Rev. Herbert Pentin, Vicar of Milton Abbey, whose knowledge of the county and literary experience as Editor of the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club enabled him to gather up the threads where his friend Mr. Perkins had been compelled to lay them down, and to complete the work and see it safely through the press. As General Editor of the series, I desire to express my most grateful thanks to him for his kind and gracious services in perfecting a work which had unfortunately been left incomplete; and all lovers of Old Dorset and readers of this book will greatly appreciate his good offices.

Few counties can rival Dorset either in natural beauty or historic interest, and it deserves an honoured place among the memorials of the counties of England. In preparing the work the Editors have endeavoured to make the volume comprehensive, although it is of course impossible in a single volume to exhaust all the rich store of historical treasures which the county affords. After a general sketch of the history of Dorset by the late Editor, the traces of the earliest races which inhabited this county are discussed by Mr. Prideaux, who tells of the ancient barrows in Dorset, and the details of the Roman occupation are shown by Captain Acland. Dorset is rich in churches, and no one was more capable to describe their chief features than Mr. Perkins. His chapter is followed by others of more detail, dealing with the three great minsters still standing—Sherborne, Milton, and Wimborne, the monastic house at Ford, and the memorial brasses of Dorset. A series of chapters on some of the chief towns and "islands" of the county follows, supplemented by a description of two well-known manor-houses. The literary associations of the county and some of its witchcraft-superstitions form the subjects of the concluding chapters. The names of the able writers who have kindly contributed to this volume will commend themselves to our readers. The Lord Bishop of Durham, the Rev. R. Grosvenor Bartelot, Mr. Sidney Heath, Mr. Wildman, Mr. Prideaux, Mr. Gill, Mrs. King Warry, and our other contributors, are among the chief authorities upon the subjects of which they treat, and our thanks are due to them for their services; and also to Mr. William Pye for the beautiful coloured frontispiece, to Mr. Heath for his charming drawings, and to those who have supplied photographs for reproduction. We hope that this volume will find a welcome in the library of every Dorset book-lover, and meet with the approbation of all who revere the traditions and historical associations of the county.

P. H. DITCHFIELD,
General Editor.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Historic Dorset	By the Rev. THOMAS PERKINS, M.A. . .	1
The Barrows of Dorset . .	By C. S. PRIDEAUX .	19
The Roman Occupation of Dorset	By Captain J. E. ACLAND	28
The Churches of Dorset . .	By the Rev. THOMAS PERKINS, M.A. . .	44
The Memorial Brasses of Dorset	By W. DE C. PRIDEAUX	62
Sherborne	By W. B. WILDMAN, M.A.	75
Milton Abbey . . .	By the Rev. HERBERT PENTIN, M.A. . .	94
Wimborne Minster . . .	By the Rev. THOMAS PERKINS, M.A. . .	117
Ford Abbey	By SIDNEY HEATH . .	131
Dorchester	By the LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM, D.D. . .	145
Weymouth	By SIDNEY HEATH . .	157
The Isle of Portland . . .	By Mrs. KING WARRY .	177
The Isle of Purbeck . . .	By A. D. MOULLIN .	187
Corfe Castle	By ALBERT BANKES .	200
Poole	By W. K. GILL . .	222
Bridport	By the Rev. R. GROSVENOR BARTELOT, M.A. . .	232

PAGE

Shaftesbury . . . . . . By the Rev. THOMAS PERKINS, M.A. . . 240

Piddletown and Athelhampton . By Miss WOOD HOMER . 257

Wolfeton House . . . . . By ALBERT BANKES . 264

The Literary Associations of Dorset . . . . . . By Miss M. JOURDAIN . 273

Some Dorset Superstitions . . By HERMANN LEA . . 292

Index 307

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS

Ringstead and Holworth . . . . *Frontispiec*
(From a water-colour sketch by Mr. William Pye)

Page, or Facing Page

Bronze Age Objects from Dorset Round Barrows . . . 20
(From photographs by Mr. W. Pouncy)

Part of the Olga Road Tessellated Pavement, Dorchester . 38
(From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins)

Tessellated Pavement at Fifehead Neville 41

St. Martin's Church, Wareham 48
(From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins)

The Chapel on St. Ealdhelm's Head 50
(From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath)

Brass to William Grey, Rector of Evershot 70
(From a rubbing by Mr. W. de C. Prideaux)

Sherborne Abbey . . *(From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath)* 76

The Entrance to Sherborne School 86
(From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins)

Milton Abbey . . *(From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins)* 94

The Paintings in Milton Abbey 95

Milton Abbey: Interior *(From a photograph by Mr. S. Gillingham)* 96

The Tabernacle in Milton Abbey ,, ,, ,, 97

Abbot Middleton's Rebus 101

St. Catherine's Chapel, Milton Abbey 104
(From a photograph by Mr. S. Gillingham)

Holworth Burning Cliff in 1827 106
(From a coloured print by Mr. E. Vivian)

PAGE, OR FACING PAGE

Liscombe Chapel . . (*From a photograph by Mr. S. Gillingham*) 107

Milton Abbey in the year 1733 110
(*From an engraving by Messrs. S. and N. Buck*)

The Seal of the Town of Milton in America 116

Wimborne Minster . . (*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*) 118

The Chained Library, Wimborne Minster 128
(*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*)

Ford Abbey . . (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 132

Details from Cloisters, Ford Abbey 134
(*From drawings by Mr. Sidney Heath*)

The Chapel, Ford Abbey (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 136

Panel from Cloisters, Ford Abbey 136
(*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*)

The Seal of Ford Abbey (*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*) 140

High Street, Dorchester (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 146

Judge Jeffreys' Lodgings, Dorchester 149
(*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*)

Cornhill, Dorchester . . (*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*) 153

"Napper's Mite," Dorchester " " " 155

The Quay, Weymouth . " " " 158

Chest in the Guildhall, Weymouth " " " 164

Sandsfoot Castle, Weymouth " " " 166

Doorway, Sandsfoot Castle " " " 167

Some Weymouth Tokens " " " 169

The Arms of Weymouth " " " 170

Old House on North Quay, Weymouth 171
(*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*)

An Old Chair in the Guildhall, Weymouth 172
(*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*)

The Old Stocks, Weymouth (*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*) 176

Portland Cottages . . " " " 185

"Kimmeridge Coal Money" 192
(*From a photograph by Mr. A. D. Moullin*)

Corfe Castle . . . (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 200

The Town Cellars, Poole . " " " 222

PAGE, OR FACING PAGE
Shaftesbury . . . (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 240
Gold Hill, Shaftesbury . " " " 248
Piddletown Church . . " " " 258
Athelhampton Hall . . " " " 262
Wolfeton House . . " " " 264
The East Drawing Room, Wolfeton House 268
(*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*)
William Barnes . . . (*From a photograph by Messrs. Dickinsons*) 280
Thomas Hardy . . . (*From a photograph by the Rev. T. Perkins*) 284
Came Rectory . . . (*From a drawing by Mr. Sidney Heath*) 291

HISTORIC DORSET

BY THE REV. THOMAS PERKINS, M.A.

THE physical features due to the geological formation of the district now called Dorset have had such an influence on the inhabitants and their history that it seems necessary to point out briefly what series of stratified rocks may be seen in Dorset, and the lines of their outcrop.

There are no igneous rocks, nor any of those classed as primary, but, beginning with the Rhætic beds, we find every division of the secondary formations, with the possible exception of the Lower Greensand, represented, and in the south-eastern part of the district several of the tertiary beds may be met with on the surface.

The dip of the strata is generally towards the east; hence the earlier formations are found in the west. Nowhere else in England could a traveller in a journey of a little under fifty miles—which is about the distance from Lyme to the eastern boundary of Dorset—cross the outcrop of so many strata. A glance at a geological map of England will show that the Lias, starting from Lyme Regis, sweeps along a curve slightly concave towards the west, almost due north, until it reaches the sea again at Redcar, while the southern boundary of the chalk starting within about ten miles of Lyme runs out eastward to Beechy Head. Hence it is seen that the outcrops of the various strata are wider the further away they are from Lyme Regis.

Dorset has given names to three well-known formations and to one less well known: (1) The Portland beds, first quarried for building stone about 1660; (2) the Purbeck beds, which supplied the Early English church builders with marble for their ornamental shafts; (3) Kimmeridge clay; and (4) the Punfield beds.

The great variety of the formation coming to the surface in the area under consideration has given a striking variety to the character of the landscape: the chalk downs of the North and centre, with their rounded outlines; the abrupt escarpments of the greensand in the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury; the rich grazing land of Blackmore Vale on the Oxford clay; and the great Heath (Mr. Hardy's Egdon) stretching from near Dorchester out to the east across Woolwich, Reading, and Bagshot beds, with their layers of gravel, sand, and clay. The chalk heights are destitute of water; the streams and rivers are those of the level valleys and plains of Oolitic clays—hence they are slow and shallow, and are not navigable, even by small craft, far from their mouths.

The only sides from which in early days invaders were likely to come were the south and east; and both of these boundaries were well protected by natural defences, the former by its wall of cliffs and the deadly line of the Chesil beach. The only opening in the wall was Poole Harbour, a land-locked bay, across which small craft might indeed be rowed, but whose shores were no doubt a swamp entangled by vegetation. Swanage Bay and Lulworth Cove could have been easily defended. Weymouth Bay was the most vulnerable point. Dense forests protected the eastern boundary. These natural defences had a marked effect, as we shall see, on the history of the people. Dorset for many centuries was an isolated district, and is so to a certain extent now, though great changes have taken place during the last fifty or sixty years, due to the two railways that carry passengers from the East to Weymouth and the one that brings them from the North to Poole and on to Bournemouth. This isolation has conduced to the survival not only of old modes of speech, but also of old customs, modes of thought, and superstitions.

It may be well, before speaking of this history, to state that the county with which this volume deals should always be spoken of as "Dorset," never as "Dorsetshire"; for in no sense of the word is Dorset a shire, as will be explained further on.

We find within the boundaries of the district very few traces of Palæolithic man: the earliest inhabitants, who have left well-marked memorials of themselves, were Iberians, a non-Aryan race, still represented by the Basques of the Pyrenees and by certain inhabitants of Wales. They were short of stature, swarthy of skin, dark of hair, long-skulled. Their characteristic weapon or implement was a stone axe, ground, not chipped, to a sharp edge; they buried their dead in a crouching attitude in the long barrows which are still to be seen in certain parts of Dorset, chiefly to the north-east of the Stour Valley. When and how they came into Britain we cannot tell for certain; it was undoubtedly after the glacial epoch, and probably at a time when the Straits of Dover had not come into being and the Thames was still a tributary of the Rhine. They were in what is known as the Neolithic stage of civilisation; but in course of time, after this country had become an island, invaders broke in upon them, Aryans of the Celtic race, probably (as Professor Rhys thinks, though he says he is not certain on this point) of the Goidelic branch. These men were tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, round-skulled, and were in a more advanced stage of civilisation than the Iberians, using bronze weapons, and burying their dead, sometimes after cremation, in the round barrows that exist in such large numbers on the Dorset downs. Their better arms and greater strength told in the warfare that ensued: whether the earlier inhabitants were altogether destroyed, or expelled or lived on in diminished numbers in a state of slavery, we have no means of ascertaining. But certain it is that the Celts became masters of the land. These men were some of those who are called in school history books "Ancient Britons"; the Wessex folk in after days called them "Welsh"—that is, "foreigners"—the word that in their language answered to *βάρβαροι* and "barbari" of the Greeks and Romans. What they called themselves we do not know. Ptolemy speaks of them as "Durotriges," the name by which they were known to the Romans. Despite various conjectures, the etymology of this word is uncertain. The land which they inhabited was, as already pointed out, much isolated. The lofty cliffs from the entrance to Poole Harbour to Portland formed a natural defence; beyond this, the long line of the Chesil beach, and further west, more cliffs right on to the mouth of the Axe. Most of the lowlands of the interior were occupied by impenetrable forests, and the slow-running rivers, which even now in rainy seasons overflow their banks, and must then, when the rainfall was much heavier than now, have spread out into swamps, rendered unnavigable by their thick tangle of vegetation. The inhabitants dwelt on the sloping sides of the downs, getting the water they needed from the valleys, and retiring for safety to the almost innumerable encampments that crowned the crests of the hills, many of which remain easily to be distinguished to this day. Nowhere else in England in an equal area can so many Celtic earthworks be found as in Dorset. The Romans came in due course, landing we know not where, and established themselves in certain towns not far from the coasts.

The Celts were not slain or driven out of their land, but lived on together with the Romans, gradually advancing in civilisation under Roman influence. They had already adopted the Christian religion: they belonged to the old British Church, which lived on in the south-west of England even through that period when the Teutonic invaders—Jutes, Angles, Saxons—devastated the south-east, east, north, and central parts of the island, and utterly drove westward before them the Celtic Christians into Wales and the south-west of Scotland. Dorset remained for some time untouched, for though the Romans had cleared some of the forests before them, and had cut roads through others, establishing at intervals along them military stations, and strengthening and occupying many of the Celtic camps, yet the vast forest—"Selwood," as the English called it—defended Dorset from any attack of the West Saxons, who had settled further to the east. Once, and once only, if we venture, with Professor Freeman, to identify Badbury Rings, near Wimborne, on the Roman Road, with the Mons Badonicus of Gildas, the Saxons, under Cerdic, in 516, invaded the land of the Durotriges, coming along the Roman Road which leads from Salisbury to Dorchester, through the gap in the forest at Woodyates, but found that mighty triple ramparted stronghold held by Celtic Arthur and his knights, round whom so much that is legendary has gathered, but who probably were not altogether mythical. In the fight that followed, the Christian Celt was victorious, and the Saxon invader was driven in flight back to his own territory beyond Selwood. Some place Mons Badonicus in the very north of England, or even in Scotland, and say that the battle was fought between the Northumbrians and the North Welsh: if this view is correct, we may say that no serious attack was made on the Celts of Dorset from the east. According to Mr. Wildman's theory, as stated in his *Life of St. Ealdhelm*—which theory has a great air of probability about it—the Wessex folk, under Cenwealh, son of Cynegils, the first Christian King of the West Saxons, won two victories: one at Bradford-on-Avon in 652, and one at the "Hills" in 658. Thus North Dorset was overcome, and gradually the West Saxons passed on westward through Somerset, until in 682 Centwine, according to the English Chronicle, drove the Welsh into the sea. William of Malmesbury calls them "Norht Walæs," or North Welsh, but this is absurd: Mr. Wildman thinks "Norht" may be a mistake for "Dorn," or "Thorn," and that the Celts of Dorset are meant, and that the sea mentioned is the English Channel. From this time the fate of the Durotriges was sealed: their land became part of the great West Saxon kingdom. Well indeed was it for them that they had remained independent until after the time when their conquerors had ceased to worship Woden and Thunder and had given in their allegiance to the White Christ; for had these men still been worshippers of the old fierce gods, the Celts would have fared much worse. Now, instead of being exterminated, they were allowed to dwell among the West Saxon settlers, in an inferior position, but yet protected by the West Saxon laws, as we see from those of Ine who reigned over the West Saxons from 688 to 728. The Wessex settlers in Dorset were called by themselves "Dornsæte," or "Dorsæte," whence comes the name of Dorset. It will be seen then, that Dorset is what Professor Freeman calls a "ga"—the land in which a certain tribe settled—and differs entirely from those divisions made after the Mercian land had been won back from the Danes, when shires were formed by shearing up the newly recovered land, not into its former divisions which the Danish conquest had obliterated, but into convenient portions, each called after the name of the chief town within its borders, such as Oxfordshire from Oxford, Leicestershire from Leicester. The Danes did for a time get possession of the larger part of Wessex, but it was only for a time: the boundaries of Dorset were not wiped out, and there was no need to make any fresh division. So when we use the name Dorset for the county we use the very name that it was known by in the seventh century. It is also interesting to observe that Dorset has been Christian from the days of the conversion of the Roman Empire, that no altars smoked on Dorset soil to Woden, no temples were built in honour of Thunder, no prayers were offered to Freya; but it is also worth notice that the Celtic Christian Church was not ready to amalgamate with the Wessex Church, which had derived its Christianity from Papal Rome. However, the Church of the Conquerors prevailed, and Dorset became not only part of the West Saxon kingdom, but also of the West Saxon diocese, under the supervision of a bishop, who at first had his bishop-stool at Dorchester, not the Dorset town, but one of the same name on the Thames, not far from Abingdon. In 705, when Ine was King, it received a bishop of its own in the person of St. Ealdhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who on his appointment placed his bishop-stool at Sherborne: he did not live to hold this office long, for he died in 709. But a line of twenty-five bishops ruled at Sherborne, the last of whom—Herman, a Fleming brought over by Eadward the Confessor—transferred his see in 1075 to Old Sarum, as it is now called; whereupon the church of Sherborne lost its cathedral rank.

The southern part of Dorset, especially in the neighbourhood of Poole Harbour, suffered much during the time that the Danes were harrying the coast of England. There were fights at sea in Swanage Bay, there were fights on land round the walls of Wareham, there were burnings of religious houses at Wimborne and Wareham. Then followed the victories of Ælfred, and for a time Dorset had rest. But after Eadward was murdered at "Corfesgeat" by his step-mother Ælfthryth's order, and the weak King Æthelred was crowned, the Danes gave trouble again. The King first bribed them to land alone; and afterwards, when, trusting to a treaty he had made with them, many Danes had settled peacefully in the country, he gave orders for a general massacre—men, women and children—on St. Brice's Day (November 13th),

1002. Among those who perished was a sister of Swegen, the Danish King, Christian though she was. This treacherous and cruel deed brought the old Dane across the seas in hot haste to take terrible vengeance on the perpetrator of the dastardly outrage. All southern England, including Dorset, was soon ablaze with burning towns. The walls of Dorchester were demolished, the Abbey of Cerne was pillaged and destroyed, Wareham was reduced to ashes. Swegen became King, but reigned only a short time, and his greater son, Cnut, succeeded him. When he had been recognised as King by the English, and had got rid of all probable rivals, he governed well and justly, and the land had rest. Dorset had peace until Harold had fallen on the hill of Battle, and the south-eastern and southern parts of England had acknowledged William as King. The men of the west still remained independent, Exeter being the chief city to assert its independence. In 1088 William resolved to set about to subdue these western rebels, as he called them. He demanded that they should accept him as King, take oaths of allegiance to him, and receive him within their walls. To this the men of Exeter made answer that they would pay tribute to him as overlord of England as they had paid to the previous King, but that they would not take oaths of allegiance, nor would they allow him to enter the city. William's answer was an immediate march westward. Professor Freeman says that there is no record of the details of his march ; but naturally it would lie through Dorset, the towns of which were in sympathy with Exeter. Knowing what harsh and cruel things William could do when it suited his purpose, we cannot for a moment doubt that he fearfully harried all the Dorset towns on the line of his march, seeking by severity to them to overawe the city of Exeter.

In the wars between Stephen and Maud, Dorset was often the battle-ground of the rival claimants for the throne. Wareham, unfortunate then, as usual, was taken and re-taken more than once, first by one party, then by the other; but lack of space prevents the telling of this piece of local history.

King John evidently had a liking for Dorset. He often visited it, having houses of his own at Bere Regis, Canford, Corfe, Cranborne, Gillingham, and Dorchester. In the sixteenth year of his reign he put strong garrisons into Corfe Castle and Wareham as a defence against his discontented barons.

In the wars between his son, Henry III., and the Barons there was fighting again in Dorset, especially at Corfe. Dorset, among other seaside counties, supplied ships and sailors to Edward III. and Henry V. for their expeditions against France.

The Wars of the Roses seem hardly to have touched the county; but one incident must be mentioned: On April 14th, 1471, Margaret, wife of Henry VI., landed at Weymouth with her son Edward and a small band of Frenchmen; but she soon heard that on the very day of her landing her great supporter, though once he had been her bitterest enemy, Warwick the King-maker, had been defeated and slain at Barnet. This led her to seek sanctuary in the Abbey at Cerne, about sixteen miles to the north of Weymouth; but her restless spirit would not allow her long to stay in this secluded spot, and she started with young Edward, gathering supporters as she went, till on May 4th her army was defeated at Tewkesbury, and there her last hopes were extinguished when King Edward IV. smote her son, who had been taken prisoner, with gauntleted hand upon the mouth, and the daggers of Clarence and Gloucester ended the poor boy's life.

We hear nothing of resistance on the part of Dorset to the Earl of Richmond when he came to overthrow Richard III. Probably, as the Lancastrian family of the Beauforts were large landowners in Dorset, Dorset sympathy was enlisted on the side of the son of the Lady Margaret, great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt.

Like all the rest of England, Dorset had to see its religious houses suppressed and despoiled; its abbots and abbesses, with all their subordinate officers, as well as their monks and nuns, turned out of their old homes, though let it in fairness be stated, not unprovided for, for all those who surrendered their ecclesiastical property to the King received pensions sufficient to keep them in moderate comfort, if not in affluence. Dorset accepted the dissolution of the monasteries and the new services without any manifest dissatisfaction. There was no rioting or fighting as in the neighbouring county of Devon.

Dorset did not escape so easily in the days of the Civil War. Lyme, holden for the Parliament by Governor Creely and some 500 men, held out from April 20th to June 16th, 1644, against Prince Maurice with 4,000 men, when the Earl of Essex came to its relief. Corfe Castle and Sherborne Castle were each besieged twice. Abbotsbury was taken by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper in September, 1644. Wareham, also, was more than once the scene of fighting. In the north of Dorset a band of about 5,000 rustics, known as "Clubmen," assembled. These men knew little and cared less for the rival causes of King and Parliament which divided the rest of England; but one thing they did know and greatly cared for: they found that ever and again bands of armed horsemen came riding through the villages, some singing rollicking songs and with oaths on their lips, others chanting psalms and quoting the Bible, but all alike treading down their crops, demanding food, and sometimes their horses, often forgetting to pay for them; so they resolved to arm themselves and keep off Cavaliers and Roundheads alike. At one time they encamped at Shaftesbury, but could not keep the Roundheads from occupying the Hill Town; so they, to the number of 4,000, betook themselves to the old Celtic camp of Hambledon, some seven or eight miles to the south.

Cromwell himself, in a letter to Fairfax, dated August 4th, 1645, tells what befell them there:

> We marched on to Shaftesbury, when we heard a great body of them was drawn up together about Hambledon Hill. I sent up a forlorn hope of about 50 horse, who coming very civilly to them, they fired upon them; and ours desiring some of them to come to me were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old camps upon a very high hill. They refused to submit, and fired at us. I sent a second time to let them know that if they would lay down their arms no wrong should be done them. They still—through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile ministers[1]—refused. When we came near they let fly at us, killed about two of our men, and at least four horses. The passage not being for above three abreast kept us out, whereupon Major Desborow wheeled about, got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them, I believe killed not twelve of them, but cut very many, and put them all to flight. We have taken about 300, many of whom are poor silly creatures, whom, if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutiful for time to come, and will be hanged before they come out again.

From which we see that "Grim old Oliver," who could be severe enough when policy demanded it, yet could show mercy at times, for throughout this episode his dealings with the Clubmen were marked with much forbearance.

Charles II., after his defeat at Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, during his romantic wanderings and hidings before he could get safe to sea, spent nearly three weeks in what is now Dorset, though most of the time he was in concealment at the Manor House at Trent, which was then within the boundaries of Somerset, having only recently been transferred to Dorset. This manor house belonged to Colonel Francis Wyndham. Hither on Wednesday, September 17th, came Jane Lane, sister of Colonel Lane, from whose house at Bentley, Worcestershire, she had ridden on a pillion behind one who passed as her groom, really Charles in disguise, with one attendant, Cornet Lassels. Jane and the Cornet left Trent the next day on their return journey, and Charles was stowed away in Lady Wyndham's room, from which there was access to a hiding-place between two floors. His object was to effect his escape from one of the small Dorset ports. Colonel Wyndham rode next day to Melbury Sampford, where lived Sir John Strangways, to see if either of his sons could manage to hire a boat at Lyme, Weymouth, or Poole, which would take Charles to France. He failed in this, but brought back one hundred pounds, the gift of Sir John Strangways. Colonel Wyndham then went to Lyme to see one Captain Ellesdon, to whom he said that Lord Wilmot wanted to be taken across to France. Arrangements were then made with Stephen Limbrey, the skipper of a coasting vessel, to take a party of three or four royalist gentlemen to France from Charmouth. Lord Wilmot was described as a Mr. Payne, a bankrupt merchant running away from his creditors, and taking his servant (Charles) with him. It was agreed that Limbrey should have a rowing-boat ready on Charmouth beach on the night of September 22nd, when the tide was high, to convey the party to his ship and carry them safe to France, for which service he was to receive £60. September 22nd was "fair day" at Lyme, and as many people would probably be about, it was necessary that the party should find some safe lodging where they could wait quietly till the tide was in, about midnight. Rooms were secured, as for a runaway couple, at a small inn at Charmouth. At this inn on Monday morning arrived Colonel Wyndham, who acted as guide, and his wife and niece, a Mrs. Juliana Coningsby (the supposed eloping damsel), riding behind her groom (Charles). Lord Wilmot, the supposed bridegroom, with Colonel Wyndham's confidential servant, Peters, followed. Towards midnight Wyndham and Peters went down to the beach, Wilmot and Charles waiting at the inn ready to be called as soon as the boat should come. But no signs of the boat appeared throughout the whole night. It seems that Mrs. Limbrey had seen posted up at Lyme a notice about the heavy penalty that anyone would incur who helped Charles Stuart to escape, and suspecting that the mysterious enterprise on which her husband was engaged might have something to do with helping in such an escape, she, when he came back in the evening to get some things he had need of for the voyage, locked him in his room and would not let him out; and he dared not break out lest the noise and his wife's violent words might attract attention and the matter get noised abroad. Charles, by Wyndham's advice, rode off to Bridport the next morning with Mistress Coningsby, as before, the Colonel going with them; Wilmot stayed behind. His horse cast a shoe, and Peters took it to the smith to have another put on; and the smith, examining the horse's feet, said: "These three remaining shoes were put on in three different counties, and one looks like a Worcester shoe." When the shoe was fixed, the smith went to a Puritan minister, one Bartholomew Wesley, and told him what he suspected. Wesley went to the landlady of the inn: "Why, Margaret," said he, "you are now a maid of honour." "What do you mean by that, Mr. Parson?" said she. "Why, Charles Stuart lay at your house last night, and kissed you at his departure, so that you cannot now but be a maid of honour." Whereupon the hostess waxed wroth, and told Wesley that he was an ill-conditioned man to try and bring her and her house into trouble; but, with a touch of female vanity, she added: "If I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I should think the better of my lips all the days of my life. So, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those who shall kick you out."

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[1] One of these was the Rev. Mr. Bravel, Rector of Compton Abbas.

However, the matter soon got abroad, and a pursuit began. Meanwhile, Charles and his party had pressed on into Bridport, which happened to be full of soldiers mustering there before joining a projected expedition to capture the Channel Islands for the Parliament. Charles's presence of mind saved him. He pushed through the crowd into the inn yard, groomed the horse, chatted with the soldiers, who had no suspicion that he was other than he seemed, and then said that he must go and serve his mistress at table. By this time Wilmot and Peters had arrived, and they told him of the incident at the shoeing forge; so, losing no time, the party started on the Dorchester road, but, turning off into a by-lane, got safe to Broadwinsor, and thence once more to Trent, which they reached on September 24th. On October 5th Wilmot and Charles left Trent and made their way to Shoreham in Sussex. But they had not quite done with Dorset yet; for it was a Dorset skipper, one Tattersal, whose business it was to sail a collier brig, *The Surprise*, between Poole and Shoreham, who carried Charles Stuart and Lord Wilmot from Shoreham to Fécamp, and received the £60 that poor Limbrey might have had save for his wife's interference.

Dorset was the stage on which were acted the first and one of the concluding scenes of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. On June 11th the inhabitants of Lyme Regis were sorely perplexed when they saw three foreign-looking ships, which bore no colours, at anchor in the bay; and their anxiety was not lessened when they saw the custom house officers, who had rowed out, as their habit was, to overhaul the cargo of any vessel arriving at the port, reach the vessels but return not again. Then from seven boats landed some eighty armed men, whose leader knelt down on the shore to offer up thanksgiving for his safe voyage, and to pray for God's blessing on his enterprise. When it was known that this leader was the Duke of Monmouth the people welcomed him, his blue flag was set up in the market place, and Monmouth's undignified Declaration—the composition of Ferguson—was read. That same evening the Mayor, who approved of none of these things, set off to rouse the West in the King's favour, and from Honiton sent a letter giving information of the landing. On June 14th, the first blood was shed in a skirmish near Bridport (it was not a decisive engagement). Monmouth's men, however, came back to Lyme, the infantry in good order, the cavalry helter-skelter; and little wonder, seeing that the horses, most of them taken from the plough, had never before heard the sound of firearms.

Then Monmouth and his men pass off our stage. It is not for the local Dorset historian to trace his marches up and down Somerset, or to describe the battle that was fought in the early hours of the morning of July 6th under the light of the full moon, amid the sheet of thick mist, which clung like a pall over the swampy surface of the level stretch of Sedgemoor. Once again Dorset received Monmouth, no longer at the head of an enthusiastic and brave, though a badly armed and undisciplined multitude, but a lonely, hungry, haggard, heartbroken fugitive. On the morning of July 8th he was found in a field near Horton, which still bears the name of Monmouth's Close, hiding in a ditch. He was brought before Anthony Etricke of Holt, the Recorder of Poole, and by him sent under escort to London, there to meet his ghastly end on Tower Hill, and to be laid to rest in what Macaulay calls the saddest spot on earth, St. Peter's in the Tower, the last resting-place of the unsuccessfully ambitious, of those guilty of treason, and also of some whose only fault it was that they were too near akin to a fallen dynasty, and so roused the fears and jealousy of the reigning monarch.

Everyone has heard of the Bloody Assize which followed, but the names and the number of those who perished were not accurately known till a manuscript of forty-seven pages, of folio size, was offered for sale among a mass of waste paper in an auction room at Dorchester, December, 1875.[1] It was bought by Mr. W. B. Barrett, and he found that it was a copy of the presentment of rebels at the Autumn Assizes of 1685, probably made for the use of some official of the Assize Court, as no doubt the list that Jeffreys had would have been written on parchment, and this was on paper. It gives the names of 2,611 persons presented at Dorchester, Exeter, and Taunton, as having been implicated in the rebellion, the parishes where they lived, and the nature of their callings. Of these, 312 were charged at Dorchester, and only about one-sixth escaped punishment. Seventy-four were executed, 175 were transported, nine were whipped or fined, and 54 were acquitted or were not captured. It is worth notice that the percentage of those punished at Exeter and Taunton was far less than at Dorchester. Out of 488 charged at Exeter, 455 escaped; and at Taunton, out of 1,811, 1,378 did not suffer. It is possible that the Devon and Somerset rebels, having heard of Jeffreys' severity at Dorchester, found means of escape. No doubt many of the country folk who had not sympathized with the rebellion would yet help to conceal those who were suspected, when they knew (from what had happened at Dorchester) that if they were taken they would in all probability be condemned to death or slavery —for those "transported" were really handed over to Court favourites as slaves for work on their West Indian plantations. It is gratifying to know that it has been discovered, since Macaulay's time, that such of the transported as were living when William and Mary came to the throne were pardoned and set at liberty on the application of Sir William Young.

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[1] *Proceedings of the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club*, vol. v., p. 99.

Monmouth was the last invader to land in Dorset; but there was in the early part of the nineteenth century very great fear among the Dorset folk that a far more formidable enemy might choose some spot, probably Weymouth, on the Dorset coast for landing his army. Along the heights of the Dorset downs they built beacons of dry stubs and furze, with guards in attendance, ready to flash the news of Napoleon's landing, should he land. The general excitement that prevailed, the false rumours that from time to time made the peaceable inhabitants, women and children, flee inland, and sent the men capable of bearing arms flocking seaward, are well described in Mr. Hardy's *Trumpet Major.* But Napoleon never came, and the dread of invasion passed away for ever in 1805.

In the wild October night time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the back-sea met the front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand,
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones of thousands are,
(But) knew not what that day had done for us at Trafalgar.[1]

The isolation of Dorset, which has been before spoken of, has had much to do with preserving from extinction the old dialect spoken in the days of the Wessex kings. Within its boundaries, especially in "outstep placen," as the people call them, the old speech may be heard in comparative purity. Let it not be supposed that Dorset is an illiterate corruption of literary English. It is an older form of English; it possesses many words that elsewhere have become obsolete, and a grammar with rules as precise as those of any recognised language. No one not to the manner born can successfully imitate the speech of the rustics who, from father to son, through many generations have lived in the same village. A stranger may pick up a few Dorset words, only, in all probability, to use them incorrectly. For instance, he may hear the expression "thic tree" for "that tree," and go away with the idea that "thic" is the Dorset equivalent of "that," and so say "thic grass"—an expression which no true son of the Dorset soil would use; for, as the late William Barnes pointed out, things in Dorset are of two classes: (1) The personal class of formed things, as a man, a tree, a boot; (2) the impersonal class of unformed quantities of things, as a quantity of hair, or wood, or water. "He" is the personal pronoun for class (1); "it" for class (2). Similarly, "thëase" and "thic" are the demonstratives of class (1); "this" and "that" of class (2). A book is "he"; some water is "it." We say in Dorset: "Thëase tree by this water," "Thic cow in that grass." Again, a curious distinction is made in the infinitive mood: when it is not followed by an object, it ends in "y"; when an object follows, the "y" is omitted:—"Can you mowy?" but "Can you mow this grass for me?" The common use of "do" and "did" as auxiliary verbs, and not only when emphasis is intended, is noteworthy (the "o" of the "do" being faintly heard). "How do you manage about threading your needles?" asked a lady of an old woman engaged in sewing, whose sight was very dim from cataract. The answer came: "Oh, he" (her husband) "dô dread 'em for me." In Dorset we say not only "to-day" and "to-morrow," but also "to-week," "to-year." "Tar'ble" is often used for "very," in a good as well as a bad sense. There are many words bearing no resemblance to English in Dorset speech. What modern Englishman would recognise a "mole hill" in a "wont-heave," or "cantankerous" in "thirtover"? But too much space would be occupied were this fascinating subject to be pursued further.

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[1] *The Dynasts*, part i., p. 179.

National schools, however, are corrupting Wessex speech, and the niceties of Wessex grammar are often neglected by the children. Probably the true Dorset will soon be a thing of the past. William Barnes' poems and Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels, especially the latter, will then become invaluable to the philologist. In some instances Mr. Barnes' spelling seems hardly to represent the sound of words as they are uttered by Dorset, or, as they say here, "Darset" lips.

THE BARROWS OF DORSET

By C. S. Prideaux

THE County of Dorset is exceedingly rich in the prehistoric burial-places commonly called barrows. At the present time considerably over a thousand are marked on the one-inch Ordnance Map, and, considering the numbers which have been destroyed, we may surely claim that Dorset was a populous centre in prehistoric times, owing probably to its proximity to the Continent and its safe harbours, as well as to its high and dry downs and wooded valleys.

The long barrow is the earliest form of sepulchral mound, being the burial-place of the people of the Neolithic or Late Stone Age, a period when men were quite ignorant of the use of metals, with the possible exception of gold, using flint or stone weapons and implements, but who cultivated cereals, domesticated animals, and manufactured a rude kind of hand-made pottery. Previous to this, stone implements and weapons were of a rather rude type; but now not only were they more finely chipped, but often polished.

The round barrows are the burial-places of the Goidels, a branch of the Celtic family, who were taller than the Neolithic men and had rounder heads. They belong to the Bronze Age, a period when that metal was first introduced into Britain; and although comparatively little is found in the round barrows of Dorset, still less has been discovered in the North of England, probably owing to the greater distance from the Continent.

Hand-made pottery abounds, artistically decorated with diagonal lines and dots, which are combined to form such a variety of patterns that probably no two vessels are found alike. Stone and flint implements were still in common use, and may be found almost anywhere in Dorset, especially on ploughed uplands after a storm of rain, when the freshly-turned-up flints have been washed clear of earth.

In discussing different periods, we must never lose sight of the fact that there is much overlapping; and although it is known that the long-barrow men had long heads and were a short race, averaging 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and that the round-barrow men had round heads and averaged 5 ft. 8 in.,[1] we sometimes find fairly long-shaped skulls in the round barrows, showing that the physical peculiarities of the two races became blended.

Long barrows are not common in Dorset, and little has been done in examining their contents. This is probably due to their large size, and the consequent difficulty in opening them. They are generally found inland, and singly, with their long diameter east and west; and the primary interments, at any rate in Dorset, are unburnt, and usually placed nearer the east end. Some are chambered, especially where large flat stones were easily obtainable, but more often they are simply formed of mould and chalk rubble. Their great size cannot fail to impress us, and we may well wonder how such huge mounds were constructed with the primitive implements at the disposal of Neolithic man. One near Pimperne, measured by Mr. Charles Warne, is 110 yards long, and there are others near Bere Regis, Cranborne, Gussage, and Kingston Russell; and within a couple of miles of the latter place, besides the huge long barrow, are dozens of round barrows, the remains of British villages, hut circles, stone circles, and a monolith.

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[1] *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*, by Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, F.R.S., vol. ii., p. 62.

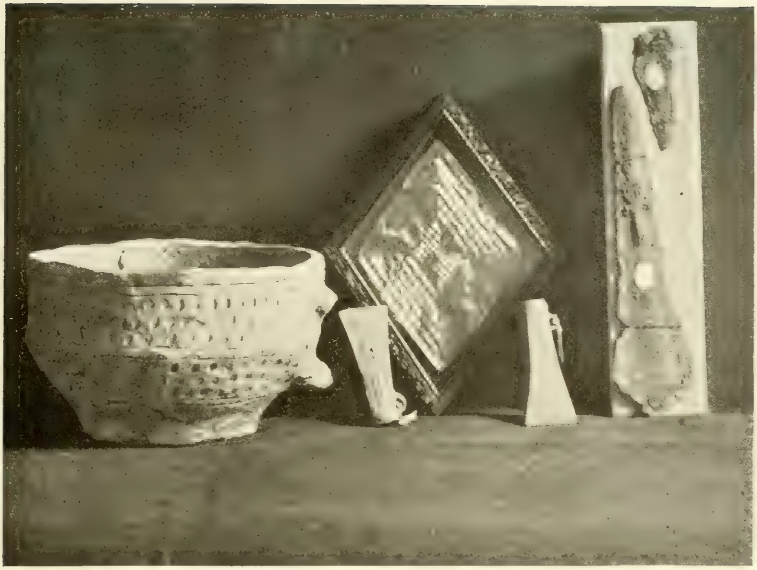

PLATE I. FIGS. 1 3 2 4 6 5

BRONZE AGE OBJECTS FROM DORSET ROUND BARROWS

⅕ *Scale.* (IN THE DORSET COUNTY MUSEUM).

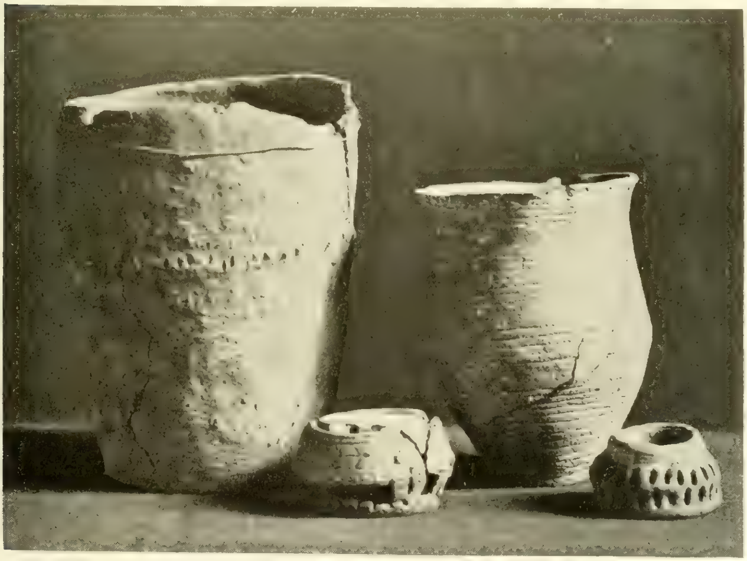

PLATE II. FIGS. 1 3 2 4

BRONZE AGE OBJECTS FROM DORSET ROUND BARROWS

⅕ *Scale.* (IN THE DORSET COUNTY MUSEUM).

The late Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, in 1893, removed the whole of Wor Barrow, on Handley Down,[1] and made a very exhaustive examination of its contents, which presented many features of peculiar interest. This barrow, with ditch, was about 175 feet long, 125 feet wide, and 13½ feet high; inside the mound on the ground level was an oblong space, 93 ft. by 34 ft., surrounded by a trench filled with flints. The earth above the trench bore traces of wooden piles, which were, no doubt, originally stuck into the trench with the flints packed around to keep them in place, thus forming a palisade; the wooden piles in this case taking the place of the stone slabs found in the stone-chambered long barrows of Gloucestershire and elsewhere.

Six primary interments by inhumation were discovered at the south-east part of the enclosure, with a fragment of coarse British pottery. Three of the bodies were in a crouched position. The remaining three had been deposited as bones, not in sequence, the long bones being laid out by the side of the skulls; and careful measurement of these bones shows that their owners were the short people of the long-headed or Neolithic race, which confirms the first part of Dr. Thurnam's axiom: "Long barrows long skulls, round barrows round skulls." Nineteen secondary interments of a later date were found in the upper part of the barrow and in the surrounding ditch, with numerous pieces of pottery, flint implements, fragments of bronze and iron, and coins, proving that the barrow was used as a place of burial down to Roman times.

In Dorset the round barrows are generally found on the summits of the hills which run through the county, more particularly on the Ridgeway, which roughly follows the coast line from near Bridport to Swanage, where may be seen some hundreds of all sizes, from huge barrows over 100 feet in diameter and 15 feet in height to small mounds, so little raised above the surface that only the tell-tale shadows cast by the rising or setting sun show where a former inhabitant lies buried.

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[1] *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*, by Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, vol. iv., pp. 62-100.

In the western part of the county they may be traced from Kingston Russell to Agger-Dun, through Sydling and Cerne Abbas to Bulbarrow, and in the east, from Swanage Bay to Bere Regis ; and also near Dorchester, Wimborne, Blandford, and other places.

In the Bronze Age cremation and inhumation were both practised ; but in Dorset burials by cremation are the more common. The cremated remains were sometimes placed in a hole or on the surface line, with nothing to protect them from the weight of the barrow above ; at other times they were covered by flat slabs of stone, built in the form of a small closed chamber or cist. Often they were placed on a flat piece of stone, and covered with an inverted urn, or put in an urn, with a covering slab over them ; and they have been found wrapped in an animal's skin, or in a bag of some woven material, or even in a wooden coffin.

The inhumed bodies are nearly always found in a contracted posture, with the knees drawn up towards the chin ; and a larger number face either east, south or west, than north. In the case of an inhumation, when the body was deposited below the old surface level, the grave was often neatly hewn and sometimes lined with slabs of stone, and it was the common custom to pile a heap of flints over it, affording a protection from wild animals ; above the flints was heaped the main portion of the mound, which consisted of mould and chalk rubble.

A ditch, with or without a causeway,[1] usually surrounds each barrow, but is so often silted up that no trace of it can be seen on the surface ; it probably helped to supply the chalk rubble of the barrow.

Bronze Age sepulchral pottery, which is hand-made, often imperfectly baked and unglazed, has been divided into four classes : the beaker or drinking vessel, the food vessel, the incense cup, and the cinerary urn. The two former are usually associated with inhumations; the two latter with cremations.

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[1] *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*, by Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, vol. iv., p. 144.

As a type of prehistoric ceramic art in Britain, the Hon. J. Abercromby says that the beaker is the earliest, and the cinerary urn the latest.[1]

Plate II., fig. 2, is a typical drinking vessel or beaker which was found in the hands of a skeleton during alterations to the Masonic Hall at Dorchester. It is made of thin, reddish, well-baked pottery, and from the stains inside it evidently contained food or liquid at some time. The beaker is more often met with than the food vessel, being found on the Continent as well as in England. The food vessel, on the other hand, is a type unrepresented outside the British Isles, and is entirely wanting in Wiltshire,[2] although common in the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In the Dorset County Museum at Dorchester there are several fine examples found in the county, and Plate I., fig. 1, represents one taken from a barrow near Martinstown.[3] It is of unusual interest, as one-handled food-vessels are rare. In this inhumed primary interment the vessel was lying in the arms of the skeleton, whilst close by was another and much smaller vessel, with the remains of three infants.

The terms "drinking-vessel" and "food-vessel" may possibly be accurate, as these vessels may have held liquids or food; but there is no evidence to show that the so-called "incense cups" had anything to do with incense. The more feasible idea seems to be that they were used to hold embers with which to fire the funeral pile, and the holes with which they are generally perforated would have been most useful for admitting air to keep the embers alight.[4] These small vessels are usually very much ornamented, even on their bases, with horizontal lines, zigzags, chevrons, and the like, and occasionally a grape-like pattern. They are seldom more than three inches in height, but vary much in shape, and often are found broken, with the fragments widely separated, as if they had been smashed purposely at the time of the burial. Plate II., figs. 3 and 4, are from specimens in the Dorset County Museum, which also contains several other Dorset examples.

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[1] *Jour. of the Anthropolog. Inst.*, vol. xxxii., p. 373.

[2] *Guide to Antiquities of Bronze Age in Brit. Mus.*, by C. H. Read, F.S.A., p. 45.

[3] *Proceedings Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club*, vol. xxvi., p. 18.

[4] *British Barrows*, by Greenwell and Rolleston, p. 81.

There can be no doubt as to the use of the cinerary urn, which always either contains or covers cremated remains. The urn (Plate II., fig. 1) is from the celebrated Deverel Barrow, which was opened in 1825 by Mr. W. A. Miles. The shape of this urn is particularly common in Dorset, as well as another variety which has handles, or, rather, perforated projections or knobs. A third and prettier variety is also met with, having a small base, and a thick overhanging rim or band at the mouth, generally ornamented.

It is rare to find curved lines in the ornamentation of Bronze Age pottery, but sometimes concentric circles and spiral ornaments are met with on rock-surfaces and sculptured stones. Mr. Charles Warne found in tumulus 12, Came Down, Dorchester, two flat stones covering two cairns with incised concentric circles cut on their surfaces.[1]

There is no clear evidence of iron having been found in the round barrows of Dorset in connection with a Bronze Age interment; but of gold several examples may be seen in the County Museum, and one, which was found in Clandon Barrow, near Martinstown, with a jet head of a sceptre with gold studs, is shown in Plate I., fig 2. Others were discovered in Mayo's Barrow and Culliford Tree.[2] Bronze, which is an alloy of copper and tin, is the only other metal found with primary interments in our Dorset round barrows.

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[1] *Celtic Tumuli of Dorset*, by Charles Warne, F.S.A., p. 37.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 18.

The County Museum possesses some excellent celts and palstaves; a set of six socketed celts came from a barrow near Agger-Dun, and look as if they had just come from the mould. They are ornamented with slender ridges, ending in tiny knobs, and have never been sharpened (two of them are figured in Plate I., figs. 3 and 4); another celt, from a barrow in the Ridgeway, is interesting as having a fragment of cloth adhering to it. Daggers are found, generally, with cremated remains, and are usually ornamented with a line or lines, which, beginning just below the point, run down the blade parallel with the cutting edges. The rivets which fastened the blade to the handle are often in position with fragments of the original wooden handle and sheath.[1] These daggers seem to be more common in Dorset than in the northern counties, and many examples may be seen in the County Museum, and two are illustrated in Plate I., figs. 5 and 6.

Bronze pins, glass beads, amber and Kimmeridge shell objects, bone tweezers and pins, slingstones and whetstones, are occasionally met with; but by far the most common objects are the flint and stone implements, weapons, and flakes.

In making a trench through a barrow near Martinstown,[2] more than 1,200 flakes or chips of flints were found, besides some beautifully-formed scrapers, a fabricator, a flint saw, most skilfully notched, and a borer with a gimlet-like point.

Arrow-heads are not common in Dorset, but six were found in a barrow in Fordington Field, Dorchester. They are beautiful specimens, barbed and tongued; the heaviest only weighs twenty-five grains, and the lightest sixteen grains. Mr. Warne mentions the finding of arrow-heads, and also (a rare find in Dorset) a stone battle-axe, from a barrow on Steepleton Down.

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[1] *Proceedings of Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club*, vol. xxvi., p. 15.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

Charred wood is a conspicuous feature, and animal bones are also met with in the county, and in such positions as to prove that they were placed there at the time of the primary interment. Stags' horns, often with the tips worn as though they had been used as picks, are found, both in the barrows and in the ditches.

So far only objects belonging to the Bronze Age have been mentioned; but as later races used these burial-places, objects of a later date are common. Bronze and iron objects and pottery, and coins of every period, are often found above the original interment and in the ditches. This makes it difficult for an investigator to settle with certainty the different positions in which the objects were deposited; and unless he is most careful he will get the relics from various periods mixed. Therefore, the practice of digging a hole into one of these burial-mounds, for the sake of a possible find, cannot be too heartily condemned. Anyone who is ambitious to open a barrow should carefully read those wonderful books on *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*, by the late Lieut.-General Pitt-Rivers, before he puts a spade into the ground; for a careless dig means evidence destroyed for those that come after.

Most Dorset people will remember the late curator of the County Museum, Mr. Henry Moule, and perhaps some may have heard him tell this story, but it will bear repeating. A labourer had brought a piece of pottery to the Museum, and Mr. Moule explained to him that it not only came from a barrow, but that it was most interesting, and that he would like to keep it for the Museum. The man looked surprised, and said, "Well, Meäster, I've a-knocked up scores o' theäsem things. I used to level them there hipes (or heäps) an' drawed awaÿ the vlints vor to mend the roads; an' I must ha' broke up dozens o' theäse here wold pots; but they niver had no cwoins inzide 'em." Those who knew Mr. Moule can imagine his horror.

Much more remains to be done by Dorset people in investigating these most interesting relics of the past, for we know little of the builders of these mounds; and, as Mr. Warne says in his introduction to *The Celtic Tumuli of Dorset*:—

> If the Dorsetshire barrows cannot be placed in comparison with many of those of Wiltshire . . . or Derbyshire, they may, nevertheless, be regarded with intense interest, as their examination has satisfactorily established the fact that they constitute the earliest series of tumuli in any part of the kingdom; whilst they identify Dorset as one of the earliest colonised portions of Britain.

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION

BY CAPTAIN J. E. ACLAND

Curator, Dorset County Museum

ALTHOUGH we are dealing with historic and not prehistoric times in describing the occupation of the County of Dorset by the Romans, it is to the work of the spade and not of the pen that we must turn for the memorials of that most interesting and important period, which lasted nearly four hundred years; when the all-powerful, masterful race, the conquerors of the world, held sway, enforced obedience to their laws, and inaugurated that system of colonisation which was perhaps the best the world has ever seen—a system designed and developed according to exact regulations, which savoured more of military discipline than of that civil liberty which we associate with the profession of agriculture.

The Roman occupation was indeed an admirable combination of military and civil rule; and the memorials fall naturally into two distinct classes, corresponding with two distinct periods. There is, first, the period of conquest, embracing the years during which the Roman Legions drove back the native levies, and captured their strongholds; not in one summer campaign we may well believe, but year after year, with irresistible force, until the subjugated tribes laid down their arms and yielded the hostages demanded by the conquerors. Then followed the period of peace, of civilisation, and of colonising; of improving the roads, and marking out of farms; the days of trade and commerce, and of building houses, temples, and places for public amusement.

Now both aspects of the occupation are to be seen as clearly at this day as if they were described in the pages of a book; and yet what is the fact? Scarcely a sentence can be found of written history which deals with it. General Pitt-Rivers, who, living in Dorset, devoted many years of his life to antiquarian research, asserts that having read with attention all the writings that were accessible upon that obscure period of history, some by scholars of great ability, nothing definite can be found to relate to the Roman Conquest. It is, however, generally assumed that it fell to the lot of Vespasian, in command of the world-famous "Legio Secunda," to commence, if not to complete, the subjugation of the Durotriges, the people who are believed to have inhabited the southern portion of the county. The only reference to Vespasian's campaign by contemporary historians is made by Suetonius. He says that Vespasian crossed to Britain, fought with the enemy some thirty times, and reduced to submission two most warlike tribes and twenty fortified camps, and the island (Isle of Wight) adjacent to the coast. In this statement, which is all too brief to satisfy our curiosity, may lie the main facts of the passing of Dorset into Roman power. The work begun by Vespasian may, indeed, have been completed by others—by Paulinus Suetonius, the Governor of Britain about the year 60, and by Agricola; and where so much is left to conjecture, it is at least worth while to give once more the theory propounded by the well-known antiquary, the late Mr. Charles Warne, F.S.A. In a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries in June, 1867, he suggests that as the south-eastern parts of Britain had been previously visited by Roman armies, Vespasian directed his course further to the west, and either made the Isle of Wight the base of his operations or anchored his ships in the harbours of Swanage or Poole. Close by is the commencement of the long range of hills, The Ridgeway, which, with few interruptions, follows the coast line, and still shews by the number of the burial-mounds the district inhabited by the British.

Mr. Warne proceeds to enumerate the various camps along this route, all at convenient distances from one another, some of which shew by their construction that they were Roman camps, and others British camps, captured by the conquering legions, as narrated by Suetonius. If Vespasian had pursued this plan of campaign, it would have had the additional advantage of enabling him to keep in touch with his transports. As one hill fortress after another was captured in the march westward along the Ridgeway heights, so the fleet might have changed its anchorage from Swanage Bay to Lulworth, from Lulworth to the shelter of Weymouth and Portland, and finally to the neighbourhood of Charmouth or Lyme Regis.

There is this also to be said in favour of Mr. Warne's conjecture. An attacking force must find out and capture the strongholds of the defenders, which would naturally be made more strongly, and therefore last longer than the camps of the invaders. And this is what we see in the suggested line of the Roman advance. First, on the east, Flowers, or Florus Bury Camp, and Bindun, then Maidun (Maiden Castle), after that Eggardun, and finally, at the western limit of the county, Conig's Castle and Pylsdun. All these are (as far as can be seen now) British camps of refuge; all of them must have been captured before the Roman generals could feel secure in their own isolated position on a foreign shore. That they were one and all occupied by the conquerors is also most probable, and would account for the discovery of Roman relics within their areas. No Roman camps can be seen at all approaching in strength or size these magnificent hill fortresses. It is, of course, well known that the armies of Rome never halted for a night without forming an entrenchment of sufficient size to include not only the fighting men, but the baggage train, and though traces of these still remain on the hills of Dorset, the majority have long ago disappeared.

Perhaps the most interesting example of the military occupation of the two races is to be seen at Hod Hill, near Blandford, where a well-defined Roman Camp is constructed within the area of a previously occupied British fortress, and here have been found spear heads, arrow heads, spurs and portions of harness, rings and fibulæ, and fragments of pottery, all indicating the Roman occupation; iron was found more generally than bronze, and the coins are those of the earlier emperors, including Claudius, in whose reign Vespasian made his conquests. Badbury, four miles north-west of Wimborne, Woodbury, near Bere Regis, and Hambledon, five miles north of Blandford, may be referred to as memorials of the time of the Roman occupation, though not of Roman construction.

Poundbury Camp, with its Saxon appellation, deserves special mention, for, being situated on the outskirts of Dorchester, it has been studied more frequently perhaps than any other earthwork in the county. It has the form of an irregular square, with a single vallum, except on the more exposed west side, where it is doubled, and traces have been discovered of other ramparts now obliterated. On the north the camp overhangs the river and valley, once probably a lake or morass, and here the defences are slight. The area within the vallum is about 330 yards from east to west, and 180 yards from north to south. Some authorities affirm that it was raised by the Danes about A.D. 1002, when they attacked Dorchester. Stukeley regards it as one of Vespasian's camps when engaged in his conquest of the Durotriges, while other antiquarians claim for it a British origin, prior to the Roman invasion. Mr. Warne, whose opinions are always worthy of most careful consideration, "holds it to be a safer speculation to regard it as a Roman earthwork," and, no doubt, in form and general outline and size it is very similar to other Roman camps, and altogether different to the magnificent British fortress Maiden Castle, not two miles away. Many Roman relics have been found, including coins ranging from the times of Claudius to Constantine, and a tumulus is still to be seen within the vallum, which alone would be an argument against its Celtic origin.

Poundbury is insignificant indeed when compared with Maĭ-dun, and it is impossible by mere description to convey an adequate impression of this great earth fortress, singled out by many as the finest work of its kind. It certainly surpasses all others in the land of the Durotriges, and probably nowhere in the world can entrenchments be seen of such stupendous strength. This camp, which is said to occupy 120 acres, is in form an irregular oval, embracing the whole of the hill on which it stands; its length is nearly 800 yards, and width 275 yards. On the north, facing the plain, there are three lines of ramparts, with intervening ditches, the slopes being exceedingly steep, and measuring over 60 feet from apex to base. On the south the number of ramparts is increased, but they are not so grand, and, indeed, as Mr. Warne remarks, they appear to have been left in an unfinished condition. At the east and west ends are the two principal entrances, and here the ingenuity of the designer is manifested in a surprising manner. At one end five or six ramparts, at the other as many as seven or eight are built, so as to cover or overlap one another; vallum and fossa, arranged with consummate skill, to complete the intricacies of entrance, and to compel an enemy to undertake a task of the utmost difficulty and danger.

In later times this camp was, no doubt, occupied by Roman troops as summer quarters, its healthy position rendering it very suitable for the purpose. Perhaps, still later, it became the residence of some Roman magnate, who selected that fine eminence for his country villa; at any rate, there should be no difficulty in accounting for the discovery of Roman coins and implements, or even of villas, on the sites of the camps and castles of the British. Many a hard fought battle must have raged around their earthen walls.

> Ever and anon, with host to host,
> Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
> Shield breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
> Of battle axes on shattered helms.

Many a shout of victory must have been heard as the conquering legions forced their way over the ramparts and planted their eagles on the summit of the captured fortress. And once captured they must have been retained, at first perhaps by a fairly large garrison sufficient to prevent re-capture, then as the tide of battle ebbed from the neighbourhood the numbers might have been reduced; but the sites, always in some commanding position, would have been long utilised as points of observation and centres of control over the conquered tribes.

No revolt is recorded as taking place in the west of Britain such as that led by Queen Boadicea in the east, in the year 61; so in looking back to the Roman occupation, it is reasonable to suppose that before the end of the first century it was reduced to the condition of a Roman province. Trade would soon commence with this, the latest, addition to the Empire, and the soldiers, no longer necessary except as garrisons and guardians of the peace, would be employed in improving the means of communication. The warlike Briton (in these parts at any rate) was transformed into a peaceful husbandman, who sowed and reaped, and paid his taxes, grumbling perhaps, but on the whole contented with his lot.

Roads, or trackways, of some kind there certainly were in use by the British, linking tribe to tribe, or camp to camp, and, judging by the line of what we now term

Roman roads, it is most probable that to a very great extent the ancient routes were taken as the foundation of the new system developed by the Romans. The details of this system are given by an authority of contemporary date in *The Itinerary of Antonine*, which is believed to have been compiled in the third century, and possibly corrected and added to later. In this work we find, as regards the County of Dorset, a description of roads which are easily recognised to-day, roads which are still in use throughout a considerable portion of their length. It must not be lost sight of that these roads are in very close connection with some of the principal British hill-fortresses, which fact would stamp them as being originally constructed by the British race, though to all appearance they are grand examples of Roman skill and energy. The main road, the Via Principalis, of the third and fourth centuries, comes to Dorset from Old Sarum, in Wiltshire, one of the grandest of British camps; it passes close to Badbury Camp, and then makes for Maiden Castle, and onwards to Eggardun, all of earlier date than the Roman invasion. But notwithstanding this obvious connection, the roads as we see them now bear witness to the power of Rome, and are, perhaps, some of the most obvious of the memorials of the past. They are described in the *XV. Iter.* of Antoninus, with the names of the Roman stations and the distances between them along the road from Silchester (Calleva) to Exeter (Isca Dumnoni), which forms a portion of the great Via Iceniana.

After passing Old Sarum, this road crosses the north-east border of the modern county of Dorset at a small hamlet called Woodyates (near Cranborne), taking a south-westerly course; it passes over Woodyates and Handley Down, and is described by Sir R. Colt Hoare as being at that point "the finest specimen of a Roman road I know." It runs by Badbury Camp, and thence to Dorchester, where the direction changes to due west, parallel with the coast line, and after leaving the county near Lyme Regis proceeds towards Exeter.

It must not be supposed that this, or any other Roman road, can be traced exactly throughout its whole course. Far from it: the hand of the destroyer has been heavy indeed on these relics of the past, built with a prodigal expenditure of time and material. It is often the case that the modern "turnpike," or county, road has been made on the very site of the ancient road, the old embankment being levelled to gain additional width. In other places cultivation and the demands of agriculture may have proved the cause of its obliteration. Here and there, especially on waste land and heather-clad downs the true Roman work may still be seen, though covered, perhaps, by grass; but with the aid of the Antonine *Itinerary* much may be learnt and many a portion be recognised. He names, however, only two stations within the county, and the mileage is short by nearly twenty miles, so in all probability, through error in copying, one other station has been omitted. The two stations mentioned are Vindogladia and Durnovaria. Authorities differ greatly as to the true position of the former of these places; the other station, however, is remarkable for the proofs of its former importance. Here we find no less than four roads meeting, from north, south, east, and west, the east and west roads being the Via Iceniana; the others are roads of less importance, that to the south leading to the sea and towards the Roman settlement, Clavinio (or Jordan Hill), near Weymouth, and that to the north passing Stratton and on to Ilchester.

Other branch roads were made as necessity required in different parts of the county. Thus we find traces of a road leaving the Via Principalis, near Badbury, to connect with the harbour of Poole, and another, starting from the same point, running northwards. Mr. Warne is considered to have made a very interesting and clever discovery of a station which is missing in the *XV. Iter.* of Antoninus

The distance there given between Vindogladia and Durnovaria is quite obviously too short by some fourteen miles. But on Kingston Down, near Bere Regis, the cultured eyes of the learned Dorset antiquarian discovered traces of a Roman settlement, and on due investigation being made, it was considered that there was sufficient proof to establish at this point a station called Ibernium, referred to by other writers as existing in the county.

The position of Vindogladia, though a subject of long and frequent debate, and though stated by some to have been at Badbury, by others at Wimborne Minster, has now been accepted as on Gussage Down, not far from the north-west border of the county where crossed by the Via Iceniana. This is due to the researches of Sir R. C. Hoare, and stands on a par with Mr. Warne's discovery of the other Roman station on the great military road.

We come now to a very interesting period of the Roman occupation, when we may imagine the military operations at an end, a firm and beneficial government established, and the colonists (at any rate), who usually obtained a third part of the conquered territory, becoming rich and enabled to build those houses that must have been the envy and admiration of the native population, with their decorative floors and walls, and ample comforts for seasons of heat or cold.

Still, as we have said before, it is not to any printed records that we can turn for its history, but rather to the result of careful excavation and the relics unearthed after fifteen centuries' burial in the soil: in a word, we trust to the use of the spade for bringing before our minds the life of the past and restoring the memorials of ancient Dorset.

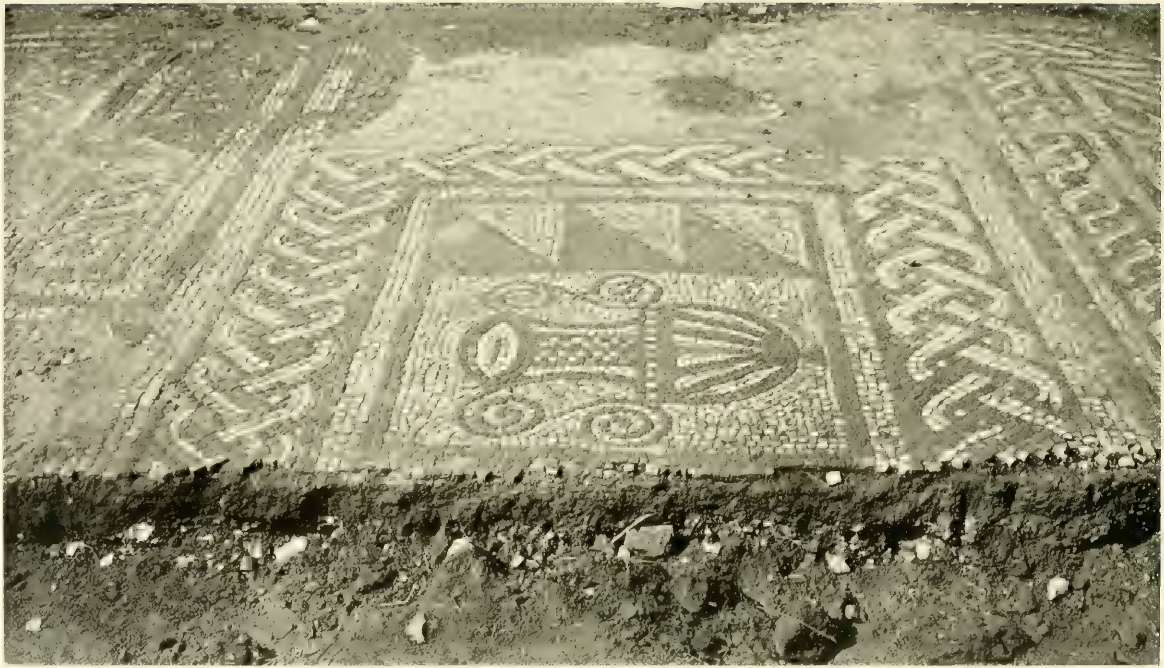
In Warne's map of the county, prepared in the year 1865 after most patient research and personal investigation, there are more than fifty sites given where relics of the Roman colonisation have been found, exclusive of

Durnovaria. Mr. Moule, writing in 1893, says: "Roman work of one kind and another has been found here in Dorset in eighty places, and that for the most part casually." But year after year this number is increased, and, truth to tell, so frequent are the discoveries that in Dorchester the ordinary labourer, when excavating in the streets, or elsewhere, is ever on the alert, and many a treasure rewards his watchful care; and even children whose eyes have been trained aright will find, when digging in some neglected corner of garden or field, a bit of common pottery, a fragment of Samian ware, or perhaps a coin bearing the image of an Emperor of Rome. And thus our history is written: a word discovered here, a sentence there, until the story of the life of those days may be once more told afresh. The frequency of these discoveries is so far interesting that it draws attention to the large area over which the Roman settlers were distributed. No doubt they found this land of the Durotriges a pleasant land to dwell in, as we do now in this twentieth century. But here may be said, in passing, that Roman colonists were partly at least a Roman garrison. They were frequently old soldiers intended to keep in check the conquered nation, and liable to be called back to active service. But if there was no fear of a hostile rising, the military character of the colony would gradually be lost. And that, no doubt, soon happened here, for the very great majority of the relics of the Roman occupation are signs of its peaceful character.

The discovery of the sites of Roman villas scattered in more or less isolated positions throughout the county tend also to prove this, and especially when the villa is shown to have possessed one of those beautiful mosaic floors which can only have belonged to a prosperous and wealthy colonist or to a British landowner left undisturbed in his possessions, and who employed the Roman craftsmen to build him a house. These tessellated floors have been frequently exposed to view in various parts of

Dorset, and too frequently, alas! through ignorance or carelessness, been neglected or destroyed; others, again, have been examined, plans or drawings made, and been covered up once more. Among those which have been described may be mentioned: Thornford and Lenthay Green, near Sherborne; Halstock, six miles south of Yeovil; Rampisham, twelve miles north of Dorchester; Frampton, six miles north of Dorchester; Preston, near Weymouth; Creech, near Wareham; Fifehead Neville, north-west of Blandford; Hemsworth, five miles north of Wimborne; and in Dorchester itself no less than twenty different pavements, either complete or in portions, besides one on the upper area of Maiden Castle. It is difficult to assign a date, even approximately, to these villas, for the coins found amidst the *débris* cover practically the whole period of Roman occupation, and the other objects generally discovered on the site are not of much assistance. There are no records of inscribed stones being found, which might have helped; and, as a rule, the more valuable part of the building materials, such as cut stones, roof slabs, and timbers, must have been taken away when the houses were left; but the wells and refuse pits are the happy and profitable hunting-ground of the antiquary.

The tessellated pavements are so interesting and attractive that it is worth while to describe them in detail. The system adopted in their construction seems to have been as follows:—If no provision was made for heating the rooms by means of a hypocaust or hot-air flues, the ground was prepared by rough levelling, and 6 to 8 inches thick of flints rammed, or coarse, gravelly mortar or concrete laid; on this 3 or 4 inches of better class white cement, and above some fine cement to take the tessellæ; and after these were laid a liquid cement would be run into the interstices before the final polishing was commenced. The system of laying is well shewn in the



PART OF THE OLGA ROAD TESSELLATED PAVEMENT, DORCHESTER.

annexed illustration, taken of a pavement *in situ*, before removal to the Dorset County Museum.

The tesselłæ themselves, as generally found in Dorset, consist of small cubes of stone or brick, but vary in size from about $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch; the smaller are used for the decorative portions; the larger for the borders, or for passages, or for the floors of houses of a humbler character. The colours are for the most part only four—namely: white, dark slate (or blue-black), red, and a sort of drab or grey; occasionally yellow is found, but not often.

The materials of which the tessellæ are composed has given rise to much discussion and, indeed, much difference of opinion; but, as a general principle, it may be assumed that, wherever possible, local stone was used. The red tessellæ are merely brick or tile of a fine description; but, as a means of obtaining a scientific opinion of the other stones, microscopic sections have been cut from the tessellæ and submitted to an expert mineralogist, who has given them the following names. The very dark stone is a fine-grained ferruginous limestone; the grey is also a fine-grained limestone; the drab or yellow is an oolitic limestone; and the white is a hard chalk, showing foraminifera very well. It is believed that the colour may be altered by submitting the stone to heat, an opinion held by Professor Buckman, and explained in a very interesting chapter of his book, *Roman Art in Cirencester*.

The mosaic floors found in Dorchester are, as a rule, of very simple but effective design, consisting of geometrical arrangements of the single guilloche, the twist or plait, the double guilloche (which is extremely handsome in mosaic work), and the ordinary fret. These, being arranged as outlines of intersecting squares and circles, leave spaces of varying dimensions, spandrels, or trefoils, which are utilised for the introduction of many diverse emblems, such as the fylfot or swastika, the duplex, sprays of foliage, urns, and interlacing knots. In the County Museum may be seen laid on the floor (in which position alone can full justice be done to the skill of the Italian artist) two nearly complete mosaic pavements. One of these shows the area of three adjoining rooms, with entrances or vestibules; the other pavement, found in 1905, is in excellent preservation, measuring 21 feet by 12 feet 6 inches, and is remarkable for two ornamental vases, with two serpents issuing from each.

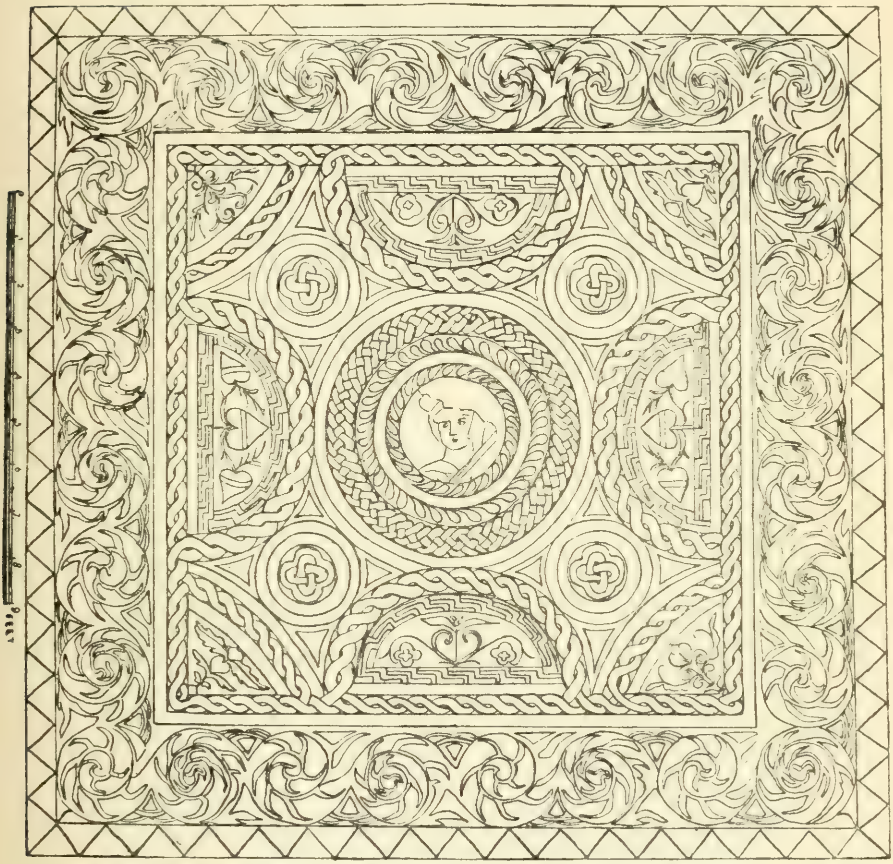
The pavement at Preston, near Weymouth, still *in situ*, was discovered in 1852, the coins found near the villa dating from the middle of the third century. At Jordan Hill, close by, is the Roman settlement, Clavinio, which has been productive of a large number of very interesting relics.

At the entrance to the village of Preston, coming from Weymouth, may be seen an arch spanning a small stream. The form and masonry of the arch, as well as its proximity to the other remains here noticed, point to the probability of Roman construction, and is of special interest, as examples of Roman masonry are but rarely found still existing in the county.

The pavement at Lenthay Green was discovered in 1836, and was carefully removed to the dairy of Sherborne Castle. It contains a representation of a sitting figure playing on a lyre, and a second figure dancing and playing a pipe.

The villa on Maiden Castle was discovered by Mr. Cunnington in 1882, and as a result of his excavations he sent to the County Museum many interesting objects: fragments of mosaic floor, wall-plaster, and roof tiles, a curious bronze plate (repoussé work) representing a helmeted figure holding a spear, and coins from Helena, A.D. 290, to Arcadius, A.D. 408.

A mosaic floor at Frampton is remarkable for the introduction into the design of the Christian monogram ☧, known as the Labarum. Extensive excavations were made here at the end of the eighteenth century, and four different pavements were found. They contain numerous representations of heathen deities, Neptune being especially favoured; a motto worked into one of the borders runs: "*Neptuni vertex regmen sortiti mobile ventis,*" and some other words partly lost. The introduction of the monogram of Christ is probably of a later date than the original work. The pavement is now covered up, but Mr. Lysons, who superintended the excavations in 1797, obtained accurate drawings of the whole site, the



TESSELLATED PAVEMENT AT FIFEHEAD NEVILLE, DORSET.

mosaic work being shown in correct colours on seven large plates which were published, together with an accurate description.

The pavements uncovered at Fifehead Neville are also of great interest. The first was discovered in 1881, measuring about 14 feet by 12 feet, the design consisting of an urn, or vase, in the centre, around which seven small fish are depicted, and outside them are four sea-monsters, like dolphins. Coins found here date from A.D. 270 to 340. The second pavement, found in 1903, requires no description, as we are permitted, by the Editor of the Dorset Field Club, to reproduce an illustration which appears in the Club's *Proceedings*. The general plan of the design is almost identical with a pavement found in Dyer Street, Cirencester, though the details are altogether different. They may well have been designed by the same artist.

Very little has been said, so far, of Dorchester itself, and yet the modern town is full of memories of the Roman Durnovaria. It lies within the boundaries of the ancient walls, their position, still plainly discernible in many places, being marked by broad walks and avenues of trees. One small portion of the masonry of the wall itself may still be seen in the West Walk. The position of the gates is also fairly easy to decide, though no vestige of them remains. The roads which issued from them have been referred to at a previous page.

It has been asserted recently—and, indeed, proved to the satisfaction of many local authorities—that the course of a Roman aqueduct can be traced here and there to the west of Dorchester skirting the adjacent valleys and hills. It is believed to have been an open water-course, obtaining its supply from the source of a small stream some twelve miles distant.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable relic of the Roman occupation is the amphitheatre, said to be the best preserved in Britain. It is larger than the so-called " Bull Ring " of Cirencester, and, being quite free from trees and bushes, stands out more boldly than the similar work at Silchester. It is built of chalk, now covered with grass, somewhat elliptical in plan, the height of the sides being given as about 30 feet, and the internal measurements 218 feet by 163 feet. On each side of the entrance there are walks which ascend gradually to the centre of the mounds, where there are small platforms as if for seating the principal spectators or judges, but there are no traces of steps or ledges for the accommodation of the general public; and, judging by the remarks of early Roman writers, it is very probable that the people were obliged to stand throughout the public games.

But in addition to these more obvious relics of a bygone age, the subsoil of Dorchester is full of treasures that emphasise the Roman occupation. It would be impossible to describe in these pages even the most interesting of the objects that have been brought to light in recent years, but it is fortunate that they find their way very frequently to the County Museum, of which the people of Dorset are justly proud. It must suffice at the present time to mention that in its cases may be seen a fine collection of objects made of Kimmeridge shale; glass hairpins, brooches and bracelets, and a metal mirror; pottery of all kinds; many examples of mosaic floors, fragments of wall plaster retaining their brilliant colouring, three curious antefixæ, a Roman sword handle, which is believed to be almost unique, and a base and capital of a column of a temple. In looking at these memorials of the past, and stepping the while on the ancient pavements, the mind is taken back with irresistible force to the men and women who made use of them in their daily occupations—the Romans, who for a period of four hundred years exercised their wise and beneficial influence over the people of Britain.

THE CHURCHES OF DORSET

By the Rev. Thomas Perkins, M.A.

OUT of about three hundred churches which are to be found in Dorset, three stand out as far ahead of all the rest—the church (once collegiate, now parochial) of Wimborne Minster; the church of the Benedictine Abbey at Sherborne, now the parish church; and the great Benedictine Abbey Church at Milton, now in parochial use. These three, which receive separate treatment in the present volume, are the only three Dorset churches that can rank with the great parish churches of England.

There were before the Reformation many religious houses, each with its own church, in the county, but at the time of the Dissolution, in the reign of Henry VIII., most of these, as being of no further use, fell into decay, and their ruins were regarded as quarries of hewn stone whenever such material was needed in the neighbourhood. Of the Benedictine nunnery of Shaftesbury, once one of the most wealthy religious foundations in the kingdom, nothing remains save the foundations, which recent excavations have disclosed to view; of Cistercian Bindon, only the gatehouse and a few ivy-clad walls, rising only a few feet above the ground; of Benedictine Cerne, a splendid barn and a beautiful gatehouse, and a few fragments incorporated in some farm buildings; of its daughter abbey at Abbotsbury, a still larger barn, testifying to the wealth of the community, and some ruined walls—this is all that remains to mark the spots where day after day through many centuries the words of prayer and praise rose almost without ceasing, and monks and nuns lived their lives apart from the busy world, spending their time in meditation, in adorning their churches with the carving of capital and boss or miserere, in copying and illuminating manuscripts, in teaching the young, in giving alms to the needy, in tilling their lands in the days while yet they cherished the high ideals of the founders of their orders, before they lapsed into luxury and riotous living.

A few monastic barns remain in other places, as at Tarrant Crawford and Liscombe. These owe their preservation to the fact that they could at once be utilized; for those who received grants of abbey lands, no less than their predecessors, required buildings wherein to store their corn; whereas the refectory, dormitory, cellars, and other domestic buildings designed for a community of monks or nuns were useless when such communities no longer existed; and the churches, unless they could be turned to account as parish churches, would also be of no use.

After the three great ministers already mentioned there is a wide gap, for though many of the Dorset parish churches are of architectural or archæological interest, either generally or because they contain some special object—a Saxon font, a Norman doorway, a Decorated Easter sepulchre, a canopied tomb, or the effigy of a noble who fought in the French wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—yet as a rule the churches are comparatively, if not actually, small, and are for the most part built in the Perpendicular style, the most prosaic and uninteresting of the mediæval styles of architecture, though in mason-craft it can hold its own against all the rest. And, moreover, Dorset Perpendicular is not equal to that which is to be found in the neighbouring county of Somerset. We look in vain for the splendid fifteenth century towers which are the glory of the

Somerset churches; here and there in isolated places, and, strange enough, not on the Somerset border, we find traces of the Somerset influence; but for the most part the Dorset towers are utilitarian appendages, not structures carefully designed with a view to beauty of outline and richness and appropriateness of ornament, as the finest of the Somerset towers are. Spires of mediæval date are rare in Dorset. There are but two—one at Winterborne Steepleton, near Dorchester, and one at Trent, a parish added for administration purposes to the County of Dorset in 1895; there is a spire also at Iwerne[1] Minster, but it cannot be called a mediæval one, for though the tower of this church was formerly surmounted by a beautiful spire, yet that to be seen to-day is only a reproduction, built of some of the stones of the old spire, which was taken down at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The upper part above the lower of the two moulded bands, preserves the original slope; the lower has a different slope, as the builder had, in a vertical distance of about ten feet, to connect the base of the original spire with the horizontal section of the upper part, which was originally about thirty feet above the base. The original spire was forty feet in height; the present one is only twenty feet. The stone not used in the re-building was sold to a road contractor for metalling the roads.

The hand of the restorer has been laid very heavily on Dorset churches. In some cases, where there was absolutely no necessity for it, old churches were entirely destroyed to make room for smart new buildings; others have been restored—a few judiciously, the majority injudiciously; a few only, so far, have entirely escaped. Many causes in Dorset, as elsewhere, have led to extensive restoration—the desire to adapt the building to the form of worship fashionable at the time, or to put back, as it is called, the church into what was supposed to be its original form, as if such a thing were possible; the love of uniformity, which has led to the removal of seventeenth and eighteenth century additions, such as pulpits and galleries, which were supposed to be out of keeping with the main portion of the church; by which removals much interesting history has been destroyed. Oak pews, sometimes carved, have been swept away in order to put in more comfortable benches of pitch pine; encaustic tiles have taken the place of the old stones, which, if they had become uneven, might have been relaid; ancient plaster has been stripped from walls, and the stones pointed; churchyards have been levelled, and, in some cases, the paths have been paved with old headstones. Unfortunately for Dorset, there has been found no lack of money to carry out these supposed "improvements," so that the work of "restoration" has been done most thoroughly throughout the length and breadth of the county, and there is now little more that is likely to be done. It is, indeed, almost too late to utter the prayer of Thomas Hardy:—

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[1] Pronounced U-ern or You-ern.

From restorations of Thy fane,
  From smoothings of Thy sward,
From zealous churchmen's pick and plane,
  Deliver us, good Lord![1]

But despite the fact that Dorset is architecturally much poorer at the beginning of the twentieth century than at the beginning of the nineteenth, there is still much that the archæologist may take joy in, though his joy may be mingled with regret at treasures of old time that have vanished for ever.

One of the most interesting ecclesiastical buildings in Dorset is the little church, disused for many years save for an occasional service, of St. Martin, at Wareham. Some of it is probably of Saxon date; in size and proportion it bears a remarkable likeness to St. Ealdhelm's recently re-discovered church of St. Lawrence, at Bradford-on-Avon. This is specially interesting, as it is said that St. Ealdhelm founded a monastery or nunnery at Wareham, and the similarity of this church to that which he built at Bradford gives some confirmation to the belief that this church also was built by him during the time of his episcopate at Sherborne (705-709). Some authorities, while recognising the church as of Saxon foundation, would date it approximately 1050. The chancel arch is low, like that at Bradford, but not so narrow; the nave, though subsequently lengthened, is short, narrow, and high—long and short work may be seen in the coigns of the walls; all these seem to indicate its Saxon origin. The church, however, has been enlarged from time to time; the north aisle is divided from the nave by round-headed arches; the windows at the east of the chancel and aisle, now walled up, are of the Perpendicular period; and a window in the south wall of the nave is of Decorated date; but an early Norman one may be seen on the north side of the chancel. The tower, with a gabled roof, is an early addition to the building. When, in 1762, a great fire destroyed about a third of the town of Wareham, many of those whom this disaster rendered homeless found a refuge within the walls of the little church, which even then had ceased to be used for service. Beneath the church a vast number of burials took place; it would seem that the limited space within the walls was used over and over again for this purpose.

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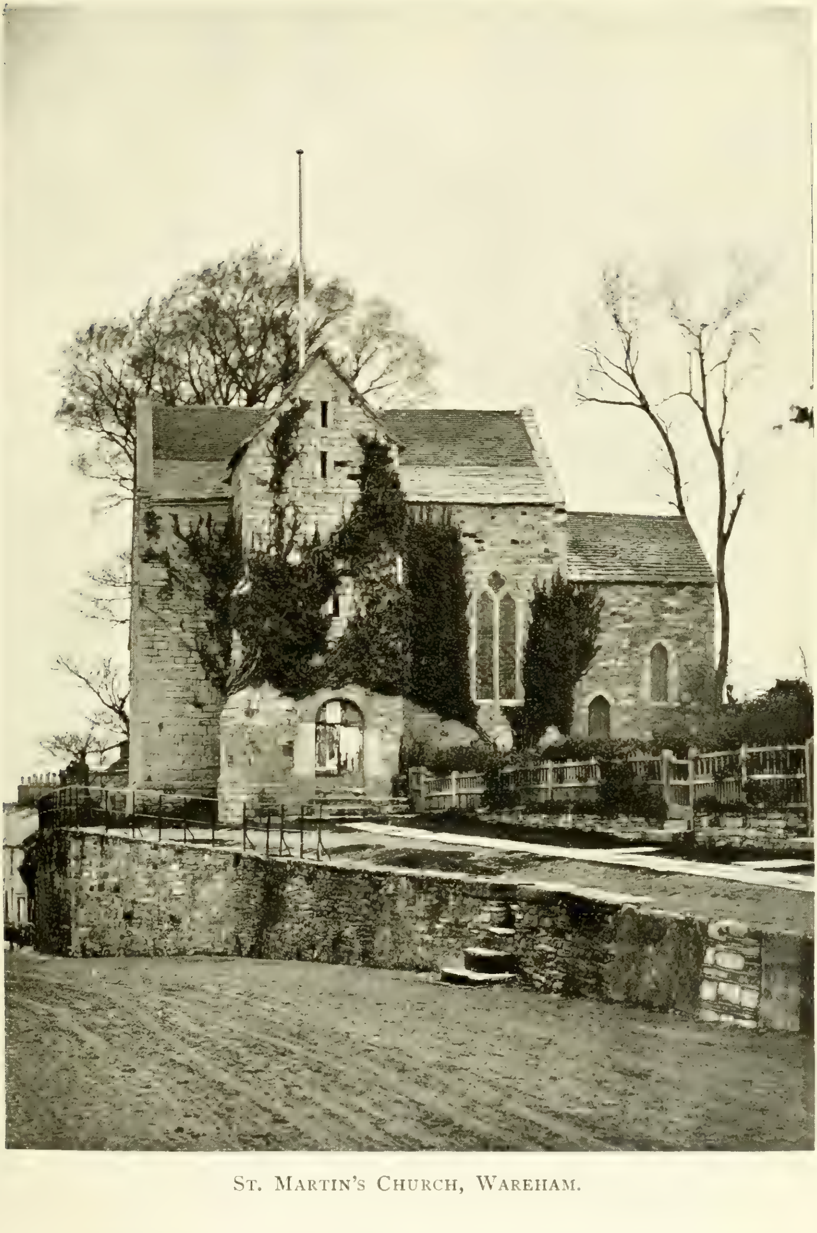
[1] "The Levelled Churchyard," in *Poems of the Past and Present.*

Among other examples of Saxon work to be found in Dorset may be mentioned a walled-up doorway, with triangular head, on the south wall of Worth Matravers church, in the Isle of Purbeck; a fragment of herring-bone work in Corfe Castle, which may possibly be a portion of a wall of the chapel founded here by St. Ealdhelm, though it may, on the other hand, be of Norman date; and fonts at Toller Fratrum and Martinstown; and the

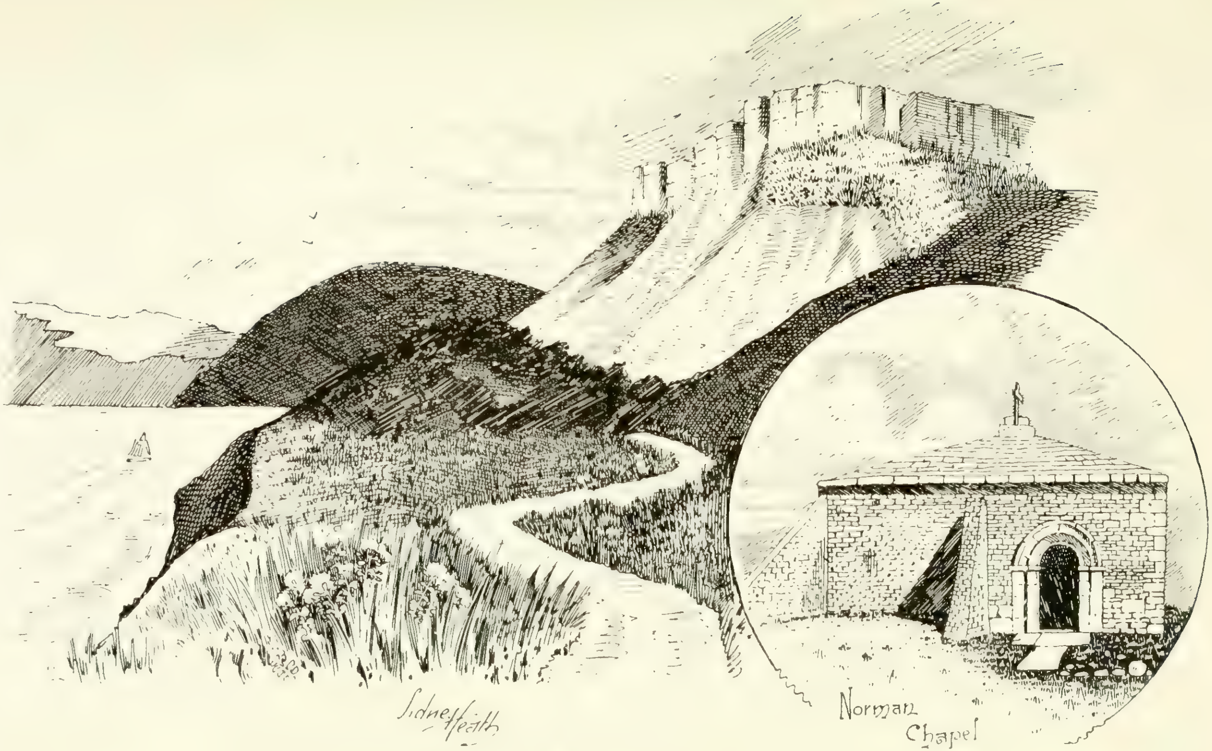


St. Martin's Church, Wareham.

carved stone over the doorway of Tarrant Rushton, the chancel arch of which church is also probably of pre-Conquest date.

Norman work is naturally more abundant. The church at Studland, in the Isle of Purbeck, is no doubt the most complete example to be met with in the county. It is also a fine example of restoration at its best. The church was in great danger of falling, owing to the sinking of an artificial bed of clay on which the foundations of some of the walls were laid; wide cracks had opened in the walls, in the chancel arch, and other places; the mortar of the core of the walls had perished; but by underpinning the walls, grouting with cement, the insertion of metal tie-beams, and stopping the cracks, the church has been made safe. There is little work of post-Norman date, but it is by no means certain that the Norman builders built the church from its foundations; there is good reason to suppose that a previous church of rude rubble masonry existed here, and that a great part of the original walls was left standing, and that the Norman builders cut out portions of the old walls to insert their own more perfect work in various places. It is a long, narrow church, without aisles; a low central tower, probably never completed, covered with a gable roof, stands between the nave and chancel. The tower arches are low, and the roof is vaulted. The Norman work probably dates from about 1130. The church bears some resemblance to the well-known church at Iffley, but the decoration is not so elaborate.

Next to Studland in interest comes the church of Worth Matravers, also in the Isle of Purbeck. Here, however, the tower stands at the west end. The chancel is Early English, the roof is of wood; but the chancel arch is elaborately carved, as is also the door within the south porch. In the parish of Worth stands a unique building—the chapel of St. Ealdhelm, on St. Ealdhelm's (or, as it is often incorrectly called, St. Alban's) Head. It shares with the later chapel of St. Catherine, near Abbotsbury, the peculiarity of being built, within and without, walls and roof alike, of stone. The chapel of St. Ealdhelm stands four square, with a pyramidal roof, now surmounted by a cross, which has taken the place of the cresset in which the beacon fire blazed on nights of storm or national danger. No doubt it showed one of the "twinkling points of fire" of Macaulay's ballad when the Armada had been sighted off Alderney. There is a legend that it was built by St. Ealdhelm, who, finding that he could not by land get at the heathen of what we now call Dorset, came in a boat and climbed the cliff, and afterwards founded this chapel to mark the spot where he landed. That he landed here is probable enough, but the style of architecture—Norman—shows that it was built long after St. Ealdhelm's time. It is far more likely that his chapel was built on the hill at "Corfesgeat," now crowned with the ruins of Corfe Castle. Another more romantic story tells us that this chapel on St. Ealdhelm's Head was founded by the Norman Lord of the Manor, who, when his daughter, who had just been married, set out from Poole Haven to sail down channel to her home, came to this high spot to watch the vessel that bore her pass, and saw it wrecked on the rocks below. Hence it is said that he built this chapel so that masses might be said there for her soul's rest. Be this as it may, it is certain that for many centuries the chaplain received his yearly stipend of fifty shillings from the Royal Treasury, and the chapel was a seamen's chantry, where prayers for their safety might be offered, and whose flaming beacon served as a lighthouse. A narrow Norman window, or, rather, a slit, near the north-west corner of the east wall, alone admits light. A Norman doorway, in the opposite wall, is the only entrance. The stone vault is supported by ribs springing from a central pier, an arrangement similar to that common in polygonal chapter houses. The local name for the building was



THE CHAPEL ON ST. EALDHELM'S HEAD.

at one time "The Devil's Chapel," and people sought to gain their objects by some process of incantation, one part of the rite being the dropping of a pin into a hole in the central pier, a custom not altogether abandoned even now. On Worth "club walking day," in Whitsun week, the building was used as a dancing room; at other times of the year as a coast-guard store. It has, however, been refitted as a chapel, and service for the coast-guard station is held at stated times by the rector of Worth.

It is neither possible nor desirable to mention all the Norman work which is to be found in Dorset, but attention must be called to that at Bere Regis. In this church may especially be noticed some curious carved heads on some of the capitals; on one, an arm comes down from above, and the hand raises the eyelids—evidently the gift of sight is here indicated; on another in like manner the fingers open the mouth—probably the gift of speech is here represented, although the carving might be intended to represent the gift of taste.

Work of the Early English period (thirteenth century) is not very common in Dorset. We meet with it, however, in the east end of Wimborne Minster, in the churches of Knighton, Cranborne, Corfe Mullen, Portesham, and Worth, among others.

Nor is the Decorated style more fully represented. The best examples are Milton Abbey Church, which is almost entirely in this style, and the aisles of Wimborne Minster; but it may also be seen in Gussage St. Michael, Tarrant Rushton, and Wooton Glanville, and at St. Peter's, Dorchester, a well-preserved arch for the Easter sepulchre of this period may be seen. It was customary in such arches to set up at Easter a movable wooden structure representing the grave in Joseph's garden, where certain rites commemorating the Burial and Resurrection were performed. These sepulchres were very elaborate, and associated with them were figures, of course of small size, representing Christ, the Father, the Holy Ghost, the armed guard, and angels and devils.

The great majority of the Dorset churches are of Perpendicular date, and in churches of earlier date there are few that do not contain some addition or insertion made after the time when this peculiarly English style had had its birth in the Abbey Church at Gloucester, and had been adopted by William of Edington and William of Wykeham in the transformation of the Norman Cathedral Church at Winchester during the latter half of the fourteenth century.

Why was it that so many churches were built during the fifteenth century? Probably because conditions had changed, and the building was no longer the work chiefly of the bishops or of the religious orders as it had been up to the thirteenth century, or of the nobles as it had been in the fourteenth, but of the people. The French wars of Edward III. emptied the purses of the nobles and the monasteries; the Black Death also counted many monks among its victims, and had entirely swept away many of the smaller religious houses, and decreased the numbers of brethren in the larger;[1] and the middle class rose after the Black Death to a position that it had never occupied before. This class demanded parish churches, as well as trade halls and guild chapels, and built them, too—that is, supplied money to pay masons. Architecture became more of a trade and less of an art. Norfolk and Somerset were especially rich districts at a time when England exported the raw material, wool, and not, as now, manufactured goods; and hence in these two counties some of the largest and grandest parish churches were built. And Dorset, lying as it does on the Somerset border, showed, though in less degree, the results of the new conditions. It has no churches of this period to match in size St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, or St. Mary Magdalene's at Taunton; it has no Perpendicular towers to rival those of Shepton Mallet, St. Cuthbert's at Wells, or Huish Episcopi; but it has some fine examples, nevertheless, distinctly traceable to Somerset influence. The parent design in Dorset may perhaps be seen in Piddletrenthide, 1487; Fordington St. George, the top of which tower has not been very wisely altered of late, is a little more in advance; St. Peter's, Dorchester, and Charminster are still further developed; the two last probably are the finest individual towers in the county. Bradford Abbas may be thought by some more beautiful, but the builder borrowed details from the Quantock group of churches. The tower at Cerne is probably by the same builder as Bradford, judging from the similarity of the buttresses and pinnacles in the two churches. Beaminster also has a fine tower, and so has Marnhull, though the general effect of the latter is ruined by the clumsy modern parapet. Milton Abbey tower has good details. In all these cases, excepting Cerne, there are double windows in the belfry stage; but this arrangement is not so common in Dorset as in Somerset, and the writer knows no instance of triple windows. A Somerset feature that is very commonly met with in Dorset is an external stair-turret, an arrangement not found in the East of England. The Somerset builders often placed pinnacles on the offsets of their buttresses; these are rarely seen in Dorset. Generally, the Dorset towers are not so richly ornamented as those of Somerset.

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[1] The heads of religious houses, being landowners, suffered financially, as other landowners did, from the great increase in wages that farm labourers were able to demand, because so many labourers having died, the supply fell far short of the demand.

It has been said before that there are only two Dorset churches with spires built before the Reformation. A few words may not be out of place descriptive of the two. Steepleton is a long, narrow church, with nave and chancel, but no aisle. A blocked-up Norman arch, and a pointed one, similarly blocked, in the north wall of the nave, indicate that originally a chapel, or chapels, stood here. A curious stone, carved with the figure of a floating angel, probably taken from the interior, was at some time built into the exterior of the south wall of the nave. It has by this means escaped destruction, but the damp has caused lichen to grow on it. It bears a strong resemblance to the angel to be seen over the chancel arch of St. Lawrence's Church at Bradford-on-Avon. It is not unlikely that the corresponding angel is on a stone that has been used in blocking one of the arches mentioned before. They possibly date from pre-Conquest days, or, at any rate, from a time before the pre-Conquest style had died out in this remote village, and may have formed part of a representation of the Ascension. The western stone may possibly date from the fourteenth century, as a window in its east face, now covered by the raised roof, shows geometrical tracery; the windows in the other faces are much later—probably they have been altered. The main octagonal spire that rises from the tower does not seem to have been part of the original design. On the four spaces between the corners of the tower and the spire are four spirelets; these do not stand as pinnacles of the tower, nor are they used, as sometimes spirelets were used, to hide the awkward junction of a broad spire with a square tower, for this is not a broad, but rises, as fourteenth century spires generally do, from the tower roof, though here a parapet hardly exists.

Trent Steeple, standing midway on the south side of the church, is a very beautiful one; the tower has double-light windows, with geometrical tracery, and a pierced parapet, with pinnacles, from which rises a very graceful spire, the edges of which have a circular moulding. The spire is slightly twisted from some subsidence, and cracks have occurred in the tower. The church has no aisles, but the projecting tower, the lower part of which serves as an entrance porch, on the south, and the chapel and organ chamber on the north, give it a very picturesque appearance. A modern addition is a distinctly pleasant feature, namely, an octagonal baptistery, which stands beyond the church at the west end of the nave. The interior is also pleasing. There are bench ends of oak, black with age, a reading desk on the north side, of like material, and a fine oak chancel screen. The carved wooden pulpit, if not entirely modern, is very largely so. In the churchyard are the steps and base of a churchyard cross. It is an exceedingly beautiful church, and the few houses in its immediate neighbourhood, with stone mullioned windows, are all in keeping with the church. The straggling cottages, the winding lanes, render it one of the most picturesque villages in the county. It was a distinct loss to Somerset and gain to Dorset when this parish was transferred from the former to the latter county.

This sketch of the Dorset churches would be incomplete without reference to some of the noteworthy features to be met with in the fittings of some of them. The cast-lead font of St. Mary's, Wareham, on which figures of the Apostles are still distinguishable from each other, despite the rough usage to which they have been subjected, may possibly date from Saxon days, and from the resemblance it bears to the font in Dorchester Abbey, Oxfordshire, they may well have been contemporaneous. If so, it gives countenance to the belief that this font dates from the time when, as yet, the whole Wessex kingdom was one diocese with its Bishop-stool at the Oxfordshire Dorchester—that is, sometime between the conversion of Cynegils by St. Birinus in 635 and the division of the diocese into the two separate sees of Winchester and Sherborne in 705; as after this event the Oxfordshire Dorchester would have little to do with Dorset.

The church at Piddletown has escaped the drastic restoration that has destroyed the interest of so many of our Dorset churches. Archæologists may well rejoice that the gallery and pews have not been swept away with ruthless zeal, and will pray that they may, for many years to come, stand as witnesses of what was being done in Dorset at a time when the storm was gathering that was destined for a while to overthrow the power of king and priest.

In Bloxworth Church there still remains in its stand the hour-glass by which the preacher regulated the length of his sermon. This probably was placed in its position about the middle of the seventeenth century. The people in those days liked sermons, and expected to be able to listen to one for at least an hour, though sometimes the preacher, when all the sand had run into the lower half of the hour-glass, would give his congregation another hour, turning the glass; and sometimes yet once again the glass was turned. As we look on this relic of sermon loving days, we cannot help thinking of the eyes of the weary children, doomed to sit under these long-winded preachers, turned on the slowly trickling sand, and the sense of relief they must have felt when the last grain had run down, and the hour of their enforced listening was at an end.

To this same seventeenth century may be ascribed many of the elaborately carved oaken pulpits which are to be found in Dorset, as, for instance, those at Beaminster, Netherbury, Charminster, Iwerne Minster, and Abbotsbury. In the last may still be seen two holes caused by bullets fired by Cromwell's soldiers when the church was garrisoned by Royalists under General Strangways.

At Frampton a stone pulpit, of fifteenth century date, much restored, still exists. At Corton Chapel a fine pre-Reformation stone altar stands, which escaped destruction when the order for the removal of stone altars was issued in 1550, because Corton was one of those free chapels which had been suppressed and deprived of its revenue three years before by the Chantry Act of 1 Edward VI.

In the neighbouring church at Portesham a window on the north side of the nave shews signs of the influence which on the Continent led to the Flamboyant style. A fine Jacobean screen may be seen at West Stafford Church, which was removed from its original position and put further to the east when the church was lengthened a few years ago.

In Hilton Church there are twelve noteworthy mediæval panel paintings, each more than six feet high, representing the Apostles. These once belonged to Milton Abbey.

When Tarrant Rushton Church was restored, on the eastern face of the chancel arch were found two earthenware vases. Their use is a matter of doubt, but an idea formerly prevailed that such vessels gave richness to the voice, and from this idea they were sometimes let into the walls, and were known as acoustic vases.

Dorset is fairly rich in monumental effigies in stone and alabaster. One of the most beautiful and best preserved of the latter is that erected in Wimborne Minster by the Lady Margaret, in memory of her father and mother, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and his wife. Cross-legged effigies are to be seen in Wareham, Bridport, Piddletown, Wimborne Minster, Dorchester, Trent, Horton, Wimborne St. Giles, and Stock Gaylard. The first four bear a close resemblance to one another. The knight wears a sleeved tunic or hauberk of mail, a hooded coif, and over this a helmet. This costume indicates a date before the middle of the twelfth century. The feet rest upon an animal. At one time the fact that the legs were crossed was held to indicate that the person represented was a Crusader; if the legs were crossed at the ankles it was supposed that he had made one pilgrimage to the East; if at the knees, two; if higher up, three. But all this is probably erroneous, for on the one hand some known Crusaders are not represented with their legs crossed, while others who are known not to have gone to the Holy Land are so represented. And even a stronger proof may be adduced, namely, that some of the crossed-legged effigies represent knights who lived after the Crusades were over; for example, that found on the tomb of Sir Peter Carew at Exeter, who died in 1571. In Mappowder Church there is a miniature cross-legged effigy, about two feet long. This is often spoken of as a "boy crusader"—a child who is supposed to have gone with his father to the Holy Land, and to have died there. But this is probably a mistake. Similar diminutive effigies are found in divers places; for instance, that at Salisbury which goes by the name of the "Boy Bishop," and Bishop Ethelmer's (1260) at Winchester. Many authorities think that, as it was customary in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to bury different parts of the body in different places, these effigies mark the spot where the heart was buried. The figure at Mappowder holds a heart in its hands, and this certainly lends countenance to this theory. A similar monument formerly existed at Frampton, but it has disappeared. At Trent is a crossed-legged effigy of a "franklin"—a civilian who was allowed to wear a sword. There are two figures in St. Peter's, Dorchester, laid on the sills of windows; it is said they were removed from the old Priory Church. These are of later date, namely, the end of the fourteenth century. They wear plate armour, and on their heads pointed bassinets, while the great helms that were worn over these serve as pillows for their heads to rest on.

At West Chelborough there is a curious monument without date or name: a lady lies asleep on a bed with a child enveloped in the folds of her drapery; probably this indicates that she died in giving birth to the infant. Another curious monument is met with in Sandford Orcas Church, whereon may be seen William Knoyle kneeling with one of his wives in front, and one behind him, and behind the latter, four corpses of children; the knight and first wife have skulls in their hands, to indicate that they were dead when the monument (1607) was erected; the second wife is dressed in black to show her widowhood; her seven children are also represented, the four girls by her, and the three boys behind the father. It will be noticed that the recumbent figures of earlier time gave place to kneeling figures in the sixteenth century, when the husband and wife were often represented opposite to each other, with their children behind them in graduated sizes. These are far less pleasing than the monuments of earlier date; but worse was to come, an example of which may be seen at St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, in the monument of Denzil, Lord Holles, so well known in the history of the reign of Charles I.

A bare mention must suffice for other monuments. In Marnhull, Thomas Howard (1582), a man of huge stature, lies between his two wives, small delicate women, who are absolutely alike in person and dress. It would seem as if their effigies were mere conventional representations. In the neighbouring church of Stalbridge lies an emaciated corpse in a shroud without date or name.

In Netherbury is a mutilated alabaster figure with "S.S." on the collar; at Melbury Sampford the alabaster effigy of William Brounyng, who died 1467, wears plate armour and the Yorkist collar. At Charminster are several canopied tombs of the Trenchards, in Purbeck marble, of a form found in many Wessex churches, and the figure of a daughter of Sir Thomas Trenchard, wife of Sir William Pole, who died in 1636. She kneels before a book lying open on a desk, and wears a fur tippet. In Chideock Chapel may be seen a knight in plate armour, possibly Sir John Chideock, who died in 1450. In Came Church are the recumbent figures of Sir John Miller and his wife Anna (1610).

In Farnham, over the altar, is a plain stone in memory of one Alexander Bower, a preacher of God's Word, who is said to have died "in the year of *Christes* incarnation (1616)." This is interesting as showing the unabridged form of the possessive case.

Built in the wall over the door of Durweston Church is a piece of carving, which originally was above the altar and beneath the east window, representing a blacksmith shoeing a horse; and over the west door of Hinton Parva is a carving of an angel, a cross, and a butterfly.

The finest timber roof in the county is undoubtedly that of Bere Regis nave. It is said that Cardinal Morton placed this roof upon the church when he was Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born near, or in, this village, and after the battle of Towton was attainted. In the central shield on the roof the arms of Morton are impaled with the arms of the See of Canterbury; this gives the date of the erection somewhere between 1486 and 1500, but a Cardinal's hat on one of the figures limits the date still further, as it was not until 1493 that Morton became a Cardinal. The figures, which project from the hammer beams and look downwards, are popularly known as the Apostles, but the dress precludes this idea, as one is habited as a Deacon, and one, as said above, wears a Cardinal's hat. The painting of the roof is modern, done when the roof was restored.

One of the most remarkable buildings of the fifteenth century is St. Catherine's Chapel, on the lofty hill which overlooks the sea near Abbotsbury. In the construction of this, wood plays no part—all is solid stone. The roof is formed of transverse ribs, richly bossed where ridge and purloin ribs intersect them, and each of the two rectangular compartments between every pair of ribs on either side thus formed is simply foliated like blank window lights. There is not a thin stone vault below a stone outer roof above with a space between them, but it is stone throughout, and on St. Catherine's wind-swept hill the chapel has stood uninjured since the Benedictine Monks of Abbotsbury built this chantry nearly five hundred years ago. The massive buttresses, from which no pinnacles rise, the parapet pierced by holes for letting out the water, the turret with its flat cap, in which once the beacon fire used to be lighted in its iron cresset, render the chapel still more unique. Nowhere else in England, save on St. Ealdhelm's Head, can such a solidly-built structure be found. The simple tracery of the windows remains, but the glass has disappeared. The windows are boarded up to keep out the rain, and the interior is bare. Resting on a hill top, washed by the pure breezes, such a chapel is fitly dedicated to St. Catherine of Alexandria.

THE MEMORIAL BRASSES OF DORSET

By W. de C. Prideaux

DORSET is by no means rich in the number of its monumental brasses. Haines, in his list (1861), gives their number as thirty-three, distributed over twenty-four churches; but recent researches and alterations in the county boundaries have rendered his list no longer strictly accurate. Yet only about one hundredth of the brasses to be found in England are preserved in Dorset, though its area is about one fiftieth of the area of England; and so it will be seen that the number of its brasses is considerably below the average, although it must be remembered that brasses are very unequally divided, the Eastern counties having by far the largest proportion.

The earliest known brasses in England date from the latter part of the thirteenth century; and for three centuries this form of memorial was in great favour. Brasses had many advantages over carved effigies in stone; they occupied less space, formed no obstruction in the churches, were more easily executed, and possibly cheaper. Fortunately, also, they have lasted longer, and have preserved a wealth of valuable detail relating to costume and heraldry far in excess of any other form of monument.

Monumental brasses may be divided roughly into two classes: those in which the figure is engraved on a rectangular plate, the background being plain or filled in with diapered or scroll work, which is seen to such great advantage on many Continental brasses, and those in which there is no background, the plate being cut around the outline of the figure, and fastened down into a similarly shaped shallow matrix or casement in the stone slab. Examples of both kinds are found in Dorset; but none of our examples are of very early date. One of the oldest, commemorating Joan de St. Omer, dated 1436 (an engraving of which may be seen in Hutchins' *Dorset*, vol. ii., p. 380, and a rubbing by the late Mr. Henry Moule in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, London[1]), has disappeared from St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, although the matrix still remains. The Oke brass at Shapwick, if of contemporary workmanship, may be older.

Sometimes brasses were pulled out and sold by the churchwardens for the value of the metal.[2] Sometimes, indeed, brasses which had commemorated some warrior, priest, or worthy of former times were taken up, turned over, re-engraved, and made to do duty in honour of someone else, as may be seen in the retroscript brasses at Litton Cheney; but in several cases the brass, after weathering the stormy times of the civil wars, and escaping the greed of those whose business it was to guard their church from the mutilation, were lost through the gross neglect of the nineteenth century restorer. The writer knows of several specimens now loose and in danger.

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[1] Showing the horned head dress and gown, the whole almost identical in outline and size with the Alyanora Pollard effigy, 1430, at Bishop's Nympton, Devon.

[2] Extract from the Stratton Churchwardens' Account, 1753, April 26th—"Two brasses not wey'd at 7d. p. pound sopos'd to wey 12 pound they wey'd but 9 lbs. 0.5.3." There are no brasses at Stratton now.

The following is a list of all the known brasses in Dorset:—

Beaminster.—Ann, the wife of Henry Hillary, of Meerhay, 1653.

Elizabeth, the wife of William Milles, and daughter of John Hillary, of Meerhay, 1674.

Mrs. Ann Hillary, died 1700.

William Milles, Esq., of Meerhay, and Mary, his wife. He died 1760, aged 82; she died 1771, aged 95.

And outside the wall of south aisle, inscriptions to—

Elizabeth Smitham, 1773, aged 61.

Rev. Edmund Lewis, 1766, aged 40.

Joseph Symes, gent., 1776, aged 75; also Frances, his wife, 1737, aged 47.

And on a large slab in the floor of south aisle, formerly on an altar tomb—

> Pray for the soule of S^{r} John Tone,[1]
> Whose bodye lyeth berid under this tombe,
> On whos soule J'hu have mercy A Pat'nost' & Ave.

All small inscriptions only.

Bere Regis.—J. Skerne and Margaret, his wife, 1596. Kneeling figures, with heraldic shield and an eight-line engraved verse, on altar tomb.

Robert Turberville, 1559. Inscription only.

Bryanston.—John Rogers and Elizabeth, his wife, 1528. Inscription below matrices of their effigies and heraldic shields.

Cecilia Rogers, wife of Sir Richard Rogers, of Bryanston. A ten-line verse below matrices of her effigy and heraldic shields, 1566.

Bridport.—Edward Coker, gent. Inscription only, 1685.

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[1] According to tradition, a Knight of Malta.

Caundle Purse.—William Longe, 1500; Elizabeth Longe, 1527; Richard Brodewey, rector, 1536. All small effigies, the two latter with inscriptions; and all loose when seen by the writer, with the exception of a small plate to Peter Hoskyns, 1682, above Longe altar tomb.

Compton Valence.—Thomas Maldon, rector, rebuilder of church, 1440. Half effigy, from which issue two scrolls, with words from Ps. li. 1.

Chesilborne.—A small inscribed brass to John Keate, 1552, and Margaret, his wife, 1554.

Corfe Mullen.—A small effigy of Richard Birt. Below this there is a mutilated inscription to Ricardus Birt and Alicia, his wife, 1437.

Crichel, Moor.—Isabel Uvedale, 1572. An effigy with a ten-line engraved verse.

William Cyfrewast, Esquyer, 1581. Inscription and two six-line verses.

Crichel, Long.—Johan' Gouys. A small inscription only.

Cranborne.—Margaret, daughter of Henry Ashelie, the wife of William Wallop, 1582. Inscription only. There is another inscribed plate bearing date 1631; otherwise illegible.

Dorchester, St. Peter.—Inscription and scroll to the lost figure of Joan de St. Omer, widow of Robert More, 1436.

William and Johanna Sillon. Part of inscription. Inscription to John Gollop.

Evershot.—William Grey, rector, 1524, with chalice and host. Inscription below effigy composed of quite a different alloy.

Fleet Old Church.—Robert and Margaret Mohun, with seventeen children, 1603.

Maximillian Mohun, his son, showing his wife and thirteen children.

Holme Priory.—Richard Sidwaye, gent., 1612.

Knowle.—John Clavell, 1572, and two wives; the first with three sons and one daughter; the second wife, Susan, daughter of Robert Coker, of Mappowder, is kneeling alone.

Litton Cheney.—Ralph Henvil, of Looke, 1644. Anne Henvill, daughter of Richard Henvill, of Looke, 1681. Inscriptions only.

There is also an interesting retroscript brass, in two pieces, having three inscriptions:—

1.—Johes Chapman, ffysch mõger, 1471.
2.—Alexandriam (?) Warnby, 1486.
3.—Johis Newpton et Thome Neupto.

Lytchett Matravers.—Thomas Pethyn (*als.* Talpathyn), rector, in shroud, *c.* 1470.

Margaret Clement, "generosa, specialis benefactrix reedificacionis huius ecclesie," 1505.

A matrix of a very large fret (the arms of Matravers), with marginal inscription, to Sir John Matravers, 1365.

Langton.—John Whitewod, gent., and his two wives, Johanna and Alicia; three effigies, with inscription, bearing dates 1457, 1467, and portion of scrolls.

Melbury Sampford.—Sir Gyles Strangwayes, 1562, in tabard. Two shields, with thirteen and fourteen quarterings respectively, and inscriptions to Henry Strangwayes, Esq., who "died at the syege of Bolleyne," and his wife, Margaret, daughter of Lord George Rosse; and to Sir Gyles Strangwayes and his wife, Joan, eldest daughter of John Wadham, Esq. There are also strip brasses around recumbent marble effigies of Sir Gyles Strangwayes the elder, and William Brunyng, and a rectangular brass plate to Laurencius Sampford, *miles*, and another to John and Alicia Brounyng, with three coats of arms.

Milton Abbey.—Sir John Tregonwell, D.C.L., 1565, in tabard, with heraldic shields and inscription.

John Artur, a monk of the Abbey. A small brass of about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Milborne St. Andrew.—John Morton, Esq., 1521, son of Richard Morton, and nephew of John Morton, Cardinal. Brass plate on altar tomb, below matrix of a knight in armour.

Moreton.—James Frampton, 1523. He is shown kneeling, with text on scrolls.

Owermoigne.—John Sturton, Esq., 1506. Inscription, "causyd this wyndowe to be made."

On a loose plate, now lost, Nicholas Cheverel, Esq., and Jane, his wife, who both died in the year 1548.

Piddlehinton.—Thomas Browne, parson for 27 years, in hat and clerical habit, having staff and book, with a twelve-line verse and inscription, 1617.

There was formerly a brass inscription to John Chapman, 1494, in the north aisle.

Piddletown.—Roger Cheverell, 1517. Half effigy, with inscription and two shields of arms.

Christopher Martyn, Esq., 1524. Kneeling effigy, in tabard, with shield of arms and partial representation of the Trinity.

Nicholas Martyn, Esq., and wife, 1595, with three sons and seven daughters, with armorial brass and inscription between effigies, on back of altar tomb.

Pimperne.—Mrs. Dorothy Williams, wife of John Williams, curate, 1694. A very curious effigy, with skeleton below. "Edmund Colepeper fecit."

Puncknowle.—William Napper, Esq., brother of Sir Robert Napper, in armour; by his wife, Anne, daughter of Wm. Shelton, Esq., of Onger Park, he had six sons. Brass engraved *c.* 1600, before his death.

Rampisham.—Thomas Dygenys and his wife Isabel. Two figures, with inscription at their feet, "gud benefactors to this churche." Both died in 1523.

Shaftesbury, St. Peter.—Inscription to Stephen, son and heir of Nicholas Payne, steward of the Monastery, 1508. On the slab are matrices of four brass shields. This was removed from the Abbey.

In Holy Trinity churchyard is half a large blue slab, having thereon the matrix of a large brass which local tradition says was to King Edward the Martyr.

Shapwick.—Inscription to Richard Chernok, *als.* Hogeson, vicar, 1538.

A fine effigy of Maria, heiress of Lord de Champneys, and wife of John Oke. The inscription is to the latter; the former has a dog at her feet. Her first husband was Sir William Tourney, and she married William Oke in the reign of Richard II.; so it is quite likely that this brass is of the fourteenth century.

Sturminster Marshall.—An effigy of Henry Helme, vicar, in gown, with moustache and pointed beard. He was the founder of Baylye House (the vicarage), 1581. The inscription is a ten-line verse. The brass is fastened on a black marble slab.

Also, "Here lyeth Wylla' Benett, on whose sowle Gode have merci." (No date.)

Swanage, als. Swanwich.—William Clavell (effigy lost), with Margaret and Alicia, his wives, *c.* 1470.

John Harve, 1510. Inscription only:—

Suche as I was, so be you, and as I am, so shall you be,
And of the soule of John Harve God have mercy.

Henry Welles, of Godlinstone, 1607, and Marie, his first wife, 1560. Inscriptions only.

Susan Cockram, wife of Brune Cockram, parson of Swanw^{ch}, 1641.

Thomas Serrell, the sonn of Anthony Serrell, of Swanwhich, 1639.

Swyre.—John Russell, Esq., and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of John Frocksmer, Esq., 1505. Inscription, with arms.

James Russell, Esq. (son of John Russell), and Alys, his wife, daughter of John Wise, Esq., 1510. Inscription, with arms.[1]

George Gollop, of Berwick, tenth son of Thomas Gollop, of Strode, Dorset; brass, *c.* 1787. Long inscription only, to many of this family.

Tincleton.—Inscription to Thomas Faryngdon, *armiger*, 1404.

Tarrant Crawford.—In the year 1862, a small brass plate was found on the Abbey site in memory of "d'ns Joh'es Karrant."

Thorncombe.—Sir Thomas and Lady Brook. Two fine effigies, with long inscription. Sir Thomas died 1419; Lady Brook, 1437; "on whose soules God have mercy and pite that for us dyed on the rode tree. Ame'."

Upwey.—William Gould, 1681. Inscription only, on outer side of north wall of chancel, opposite altar tomb.

West Stafford.—Inscription to Giles Long, 1592, "then Lord of Frome Bellett and patrone of the parsonage and Stafford."

Wimborne Minster.—St. Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, martyr, "Anno Domini 873 (871?) 23 die Aprilis per manus dacorum paganorum occubuit." Half effigy, engraved *c.* 1440; inscription restored *c.* 1600.

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[1] This James Russell was the father of John Russell of Berwick, K.G., created Baron Russell of Cheneys, 1538-9, and Earl of Bedford, 1550.

Woolland.—Mary, daughter of Robert Williams, of Herringston, and wife of Robert Thornhull, and then of Lewis Argenton, 1616. The inscription of twelve lines is curious and descriptive, beginning:—

Here lyeth our landladie loved of all,
Whom Mary Argenton last wee did call.

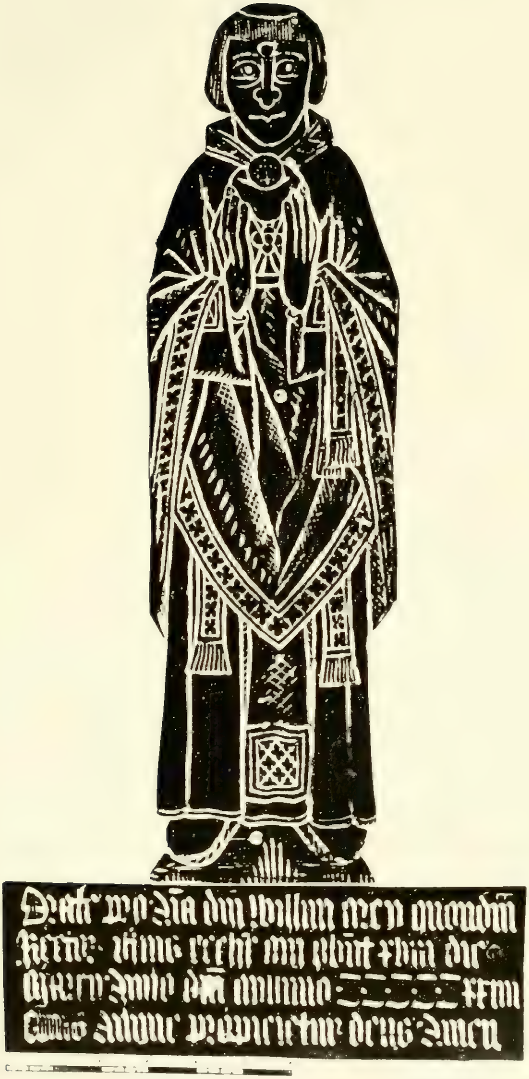
Yetminster.—John Horsey, Esquire, 1531, Lord of the Manor of Clifton, and Elizabeth, his wife, Lady of the Manor of Turges Melcombe. Two fine effigies, with scrolls at sides and inscription at foot.

Of the foregoing brasses, the following deserve a longer notice:—

Bere Regis.—J. Skerne and Margaret, his wife. This monument consists of two kneeling figures, fourteen inches high, cut round the outline, and represented as kneeling on the pavement; between them is a rectangular plate, with coat of arms (Skerne impaling Thornhull), and an inscription on another plate below. Skerne wears a long gown, with sleeves nearly touching the ground; his wife, a dress, with ruff and a widow's wimple. The inscription states that the memorial was erected by the aforesaid Margaret in 1596.

In the same church there is an inscription to Sir Robert Turberville, 1559. There are also remains of three altar tombs, all with empty matrices; two in the south aisle probably mark the last resting-places of members of the Turberville family. It is of these that John Durbeyfield, in Thomas Hardy's *Tess*, boasted, "I've got a gr't family vault at Kingsbere and knighted forefathers in lead coffins there."

Caundle Purse.—The brass of W. Longe, 26 ins. high, represents a man in armour, with long flowing hair; the head is inclined to the right. Its matrix was found by the writer in the North, or Longe, Chantry.


Orate p aia dni Willmi Grey quondam
Rectoris istius eccle qui obiit xviii die
Marcii Anno dni millesimo ccccc xxiiii
Cuius anime propicietur deus Amen

WILLIAM GREY, 1524. RECTOR OF EVERSHOT.

The brass is heavy, being $\frac{3}{8}$-in. thick; it is poor in execution, and is, unfortunately, away from its slab.

The monument of Richard Brodewey, rector, is far more interesting. The head has been broken off; the figure, only ten inches high, represents the priest as laid out for burial, clad in eucharistic vestments. This brass is specially noteworthy, because it is the only known memorial in England in which the maniple is represented as buttoned or sewn, so as to form a loop to prevent it from slipping off the wrist. This was the final form that the maniple assumed; in earlier times it simply hung over the arm without attachment.

Evershot.—The brass commemorating William Grey is rather larger than that at Caundle Purse, and is in better condition. Like Brodewey, Grey is represented as laid out in his eucharistic vestments—amice, alb, maniple, stole, and chasuble; between his raised hands he holds a chalice, with the host (similar to Henry Denton, priest, Higham Ferrers, 1498). There are only about a dozen representations of chaliced priests in England, so that this memorial may be classed among rare examples. It was customary to bury a chalice (usually of some secondary metal) with all ecclesiastics in priests' orders.[1]

Fleet.—The two brasses in this church are engraved on rectangular plates. In each, the husband kneels on the opposite side to the wife (he dexter, she sinister), with a *prie Dieu* between them. Their many sons and daughters kneel behind the father and mother respectively.

Milton Abbey.—Sir John Tregonwell is represented, kneeling, in a tabard; and this is the latest tabard brass in England.

Another very interesting and almost unique brass in the Abbey is that to John Artur, of this place "*monachus.*" Brasses to monks are exceedingly rare.

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[1] A coffin chalice and paten have, within recent years, been discovered at Milton Abbey and Abbotsbury.

Moreton.—The inscription on the monument of James Frampton is unusual; the letters are raised above the background, instead of being sunk in it.

Piddletown.—The effigy of Roger Cheverell has only the upper part left—10½ in. by 6 in. in size. The dress is that of a civilian of good standing, for the cloak is lined with fur; the head is bare and the hair long.

Christopher Martyn's brass is engraved on a rectangular plate. The lower half is occupied by the inscription; above it kneels the figure in conventional armour, with a tabard bearing arms over. A scroll comes from the mouth, bearing, in abbreviated form, the prayer, "Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis, et omnes iniquitates meas dele." Two shields, one low on the right side of the figure, another high above the left shoulder, bear the well-known Martyn arms; and above the former, the All Father sits on a throne, with two fingers of the right hand raised in blessing, and the left hand holds between the knees a Tau-shaped cross, on which the Son is nailed. There is, however, no dove, so that it cannot be regarded as a complete representation of the Trinity. At Bere Regis there is a matrix of an enthroned figure of almost identical outline.

The memorial to Nicholas Martyn and his wife belongs to the other type of brass. In the centre, indeed, are two rectangular plates, one bearing the heraldic shield (Martyn impaling Wadham), the other the inscription; but the other plates are cut round the figures, and have little background. On the right or dexter side, the husband, clad in armour, but not wearing a helmet, kneels, with hands clasped in prayer, before an altar covered with a fringed cloth, on which lies an open book; behind him kneel his three sons, wearing cloaks, with ruffs around their necks. On the left-hand side, Margaret, his wife, kneels before a similar altar and book; behind her are her seven daughters, all engaged in prayer. They all wear Elizabethan costume—hoods, large ruffs, long bodied peaked stomachers and skirts, extended by farthingales of whalebone.

Thorncombe.—The brasses to Sir Thomas and Lady Brooke, of Holditch and Weycroft, are two of the most distinguished to be found of the fourteenth century. He was sheriff of Somerset, 1389, and of Devon, 1394, and is shown clad in a long gown with deep dependent sleeves, guarded with fur around the skirt, and pulled in at the waist by a belt studded with roses; within the gown a second garment appears, with four rows of fur around the skirt. His hair is short, and his feet rest on a greyhound couchant, collared. Lady Brooke wears a long robe, fastened across the breast by a cordon with tassels, over a plain gown; her hair is dressed in semi-mitre shape, and confined by a richly jewelled net, over which is placed the cover-chief, edged with embroidery and dependent to the shoulders. At her feet is a little dog, collared and belled. Sir Thomas and his wife each wear the collar of SS.; their arms are in tightly-fitting sleeves, and the hands are raised in prayer. The inscription around the effigies has been restored, and plain shields inserted in place of originals, which would have shown Gules on a chevron argent a lion rampant sable; Brooke with, among others, Cheddar, Mayor of Bristol, 1360-1, and Hanham.

Wimborne Minster.—The Ethelred effigy here is only half length. The king is represented, in part, in priestly vestments. (" As kings by their coronation are admitted into a sacred as well as a civil character, the former of these is particularly manifested in the investiture with clerical garments.") Though the brass commemorates a king of the West Saxons, it dates only from 1440. The inscription is on a copper plate, and the king's death is said thereon to have occurred in 873, two years too late. A brass plate on which the date is correctly given is preserved in the Minster Library. It is supposed that the figure and the plate bearing the inscription were removed from the matrix and hidden for safety in the time of the Civil Wars, and that the plate could not be found when the figure was replaced, so that the copper one now on the slab was engraved to take the place of the one lost, which, however, was afterwards found, but not laid on the stone. It is a noteworthy fact that the effigy is fastened to the stone with nails of copper, not of brass; doubtless these are contemporary with the copper plate which bears the inscription. The Ethelred brass is the only brass commemorating a king that is to be found in England, and is so illustrated in Haines' *Manual*, p. 74.

Wraxall.—Elizabeth Lawrence, wife of Mr. William Lawrence, 1672. A six-line verse and an impaled coat of arms.

Yetminster.—This brass, one of the finest in Dorset, was at one time loose at East Chelborough Rectory, but it has now been fixed to a slab on the south wall of the church. It was originally laid on a large stone in the floor of the chancel. John Horsey is represented in full and very richly ornamented armour; his wife is in a graceful gown and mantle, with dependent pomander, and fine head-dress.

SHERBORNE

By W. B. Wildman, M.A.

SHERBORNE, as far as we can tell, owes its existence as a town to the fact that it was chosen in 705 to be the site where the bishop-stool was fixed of St. Ealdhelm, the first bishop of Western or Newer Wessex. Sherborne, like its daughter-towns Wells and Salisbury, is a Bishop's town; but, unlike them, it was also, from 998 to 1539, the seat of a Benedictine Monastery. Thus Sherborne has suffered two distinct shocks in its career; the first came upon it when it lost its bishop in 1075; the second, when its Abbey was dissolved in 1539.

Another point worth mentioning concerning the past dignity of the town is this, that Sherborne, or at any rate, a part of it—Newland—was once actually a borough, as was also what we may call the suburb of Castleton.

This part of Sherborne is still called the Borough of Newland; it was given burghal privileges by Richard Poore, Bishop of Sarum, in 1228, and, according to Hutchins, it actually sent members to the House of Commons in 1343. But long after Newland got rid of this then burdensome privilege it still kept the name and other privileges of a borough, and both it and Castleton were for administrative purposes outside the Hundred of Sherborne; they kept their own tourns twice a year, and their own courts every three weeks; they had their own view of frank-pledge quite apart from the rest of the town and Hundred. It is not known to what bishop Castleton owed its title and dignity of *burgus*.

When Sherborne came into being, the surrounding country bore a very different look from that which we see to-day. It lay on the western edge of the great forest of Selwood, a fragment of which still remains to us here in Sherborne Castle Park. There were then no trim water-meadows, and the course of our river was marked by moor and marsh. Here, in the last fold of the Wessex hills, under which lies the great plain of Somerset, Ealdhelm's seat was fixed, in a site central and convenient for the new district, which had barely a quarter of a century before been added to the West Saxon realm.

Sherborne was never a walled town; it lay under the protection of the fortified palace of its bishop, and in troublous times of Danish inroad its site was a safe one. The story that Swegen ravaged the town rests on nothing like contemporary evidence; on the other hand, the safety of its position, coupled with the fact that it was once the second city of Wessex, accounts for its being chosen by King Æthelbald for his capital, so to speak, when Winchester, in 860, was laid waste by the Danes; indeed, the change may have taken place soon after 856. Sherborne continued to be the capital of Wessex till about the year 878. During a considerable part of that time we may well believe that King Alfred spent his boyhood here, almost certainly during King Æthelberht's reign; and here, in this centre of education which Ealdhelm had founded, he may well have received such education as he got during his boyhood. There is no other centre of education which has so good a claim to him; here were buried his two brothers, Æthelbald and Æthelberht, who successively reigned before Æthelred and himself. Æthelberht was his guardian after his father's death. Alfred must have known Sherborne well; he was a benefactor of our church, and we claim his boyhood.

SHERBORNE ABBEY

But besides Alfred and Ealdhelm, early Sherborne claims other heroes; Ealhstan, our bishop, the first West Saxon general to win a decisive victory over the Danes, was the right-hand man of Kings Ecgberht, Æthelwulf, Æthelbald, and Æthelberht; he was the most powerful man of his time. Here, in Sherborne, he lies buried beside Æthelbald and Æthelberht.

We claim, too, among our Sherborne bishops, St. Heahmund, who fell fighting against the Danes at Merton (probably Marden, Wilts.); Asser, the biographer of King Alfred, who is said to lie buried among us; Werstan, another warrior who fell in battle; St. Wulfsy and St. Alfwold, names rather forgotten now, but great and famous in their day. St. Osmund, who compiled the *Use of Sarum*, was one of our abbots; and St. Stephen Harding, the author of the *Carta Caritatis*, and the real founder of the Cistercian Order, is the earliest scholar of Sherborne School whom History records as such.

Nor can Sherborne forget what it owes to the great Roger Niger, that dark, stalwart Bishop of Sarum, who built the Norman Castle here and the Norman part of our Abbey Church, who organized the English Court of Exchequer, was the trusted adviser of the "Lion of Justice," Henry I., and deserved a better end than to break his heart in a contest with such a poor creature as King Stephen.

Our Abbot, William Bradford, will not be forgotten by lovers of architecture, for under his rule in the fifteenth century the choir of our Abbey Church was rebuilt; while to another Abbot, Peter Ramsam, we owe, later in the same century, the restoration of our nave. To Abbot Mere we are indebted for a little building, which every visitor to Sherborne knows, the Conduit, which stands in our old market-place, now called by the somewhat affected name of the "Parade." This conduit, though it was built, as we have said, by Abbot Mere (1504-1535), is described by one of those omniscient gentlemen who have lately been enlightening us about the beauties of Wessex, as "a structure of the fourteenth century." It originally stood on the north side of the nave of the Abbey Church, inside the Cloister Court, which is now a part of Sherborne School; but it was removed to its present site, or nearly its present site, by the school governors in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is to this day the property of the school.

And so we are brought to the time when our ecclesiastical lords, the Bishop of Sarum and the Abbot of Sherborne, passed away from us, and their places were taken by lay lords. Here, too, we meet with famous names. We have the Protector Somerset, to whom, indirectly, Sherborne School may owe its post-Reformation endowment. We have, also, Henry, Prince of Wales, that "young Marcellus of the House of Stuart," the eldest son of James I., whose hatchment, as that of a squire of Sherborne, still hangs in our Abbey Church; we have Walter Ralegh, that restless, strenuous soul, whose dearly-loved home Sherborne was, where he would gladly have been buried; we have John Digby, first Earl of Bristol, whose name stands high among those of English worthies in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have hazarded his all in a better cause. And another name insistently presents itself to anyone who has followed Sherborne history—that of Hugo Daniel Harper. To him Sherborne town and school owe much that is precious and enduring. That a little town like ours has kept something of its ancient state, that here we can still so easily call back the past of Wessex, can still see standing in beauty and dignity these buildings which the Middle Age has left us—all this is in no small degree owing to that famous headmaster of Sherborne School and to his successors.

We now proceed to write more particularly of the most interesting of these ancient buildings and institutions.

They are four in number: the Abbey Church, the School, the old Castle, and the Almshouse.

With the exception of a small part of the west front of the Abbey Church, there is, so far as we can tell, not a single piece of wall standing now in Sherborne which was standing in the year 1107, when Roger of Caen became Bishop of Sarum and Abbot of Sherborne. We know that the doorway, now blocked up, on the north side of the west front of the church, and, therefore, also some of the adjoining wall, is older than Bishop Roger's time; but with that exception, we are forced to admit that the Norman from Caen pulled down all the rest of Ealdhelm's church. If he left any more of it, either time has destroyed this, or he so used the walls that they cannot now be recognised with any certainty. At the same time there is a piece of outside wall at the north end of the north transept, in the old slype, which looks very like pre-Norman work.

The church which Roger built extended as far east as the present church does, excluding the lady chapels; for the lady chapel of the thirteenth century must have abutted on the Norman east end, just as it now does on the Perpendicular ambulatory. The church extended probably rather further to the west than the present church does, for there exists evidence to show that, before the parish church of All Hallows was built on to the west end of the Abbey Church in the fourteenth century, the west front of the Abbey Church was embellished with a large porch of Norman work.

The chief traces of Roger's work still existing in the church are the piers and arches that carry the tower, the transept walls, the arches leading from the transept into the side aisles of the nave, and the walls of these aisles. Other interesting traces of Roger's work will be found in the little chapel which projects eastwards from the north transept; also in the south and west walls of the early English chapel on the north side of the north aisle of the choir, commonly called Bishop Roger's Chapel, and now used as the vestry; these Norman walls were outside walls of Roger's church before this early English addition was made. There is also the jamb of a window to be seen on the outside of the east wall of the south transept, the only relic which gives us an idea of what the Norman clerestory was like.

The choir of Roger's church extended west of the central tower, and to allow room for the stall-work, the shafts of the east and west tower arches were corbelled off above the line of the stalls, as may still be seen in the existing church. That part of the Abbey nave which lay to the west of the Norman choir was used, until the building of All Hallows, as the parish church; and the fine Norman south porch, which has been rather over-restored in the nineteenth century, was, no doubt, a parochial porch, for it faces the town, not the monastic buildings, which are on the north side of the church.

The tower up to the floor of the bell-chamber is Norman. Over the pier-arches which carry it, except on the east side, there is a passage in the thickness of the wall, with an arcade of semi-circular arches resting on circular and octagonal shafts, eleven inches in diameter. On the east side the Norman pier-arch was removed at the re-building of the choir in the fifteenth century, and the removal of this arch so weakened the tower that its condition in the course of years became dangerous. The tower was made secure in 1884-5, and these shafts on the north-west and south sides of the lantern, which had been concealed by the fifteenth century masonry, were again displayed to view.

A large lady chapel was added in the thirteenth century; the fine Early English arch, by which it was entered from the church, may still be seen in the east wall of the ambulatory. The centre of this arch is to the south of that of the fifteenth century arch, and hence the corbels of the Perpendicular vaulting do not correspond at all with the Early English arch; one of them is actually constructed to hang as a pendant, free of this arch altogether.

The changes made inside the church in the fourteenth century were so slight as to need no mention. Outside the church, however, a great change took place, for towards the end of this century the church of All Hallows was built. The great west porch was pulled down so that All Hallows might stand directly against the west front of the Norman church. There are still to be seen remnants of All Hallows, viz., the lower part of the north wall of the north aisle, and four responds built into the west wall of the Abbey Church. When All Hallows was standing with its pinnacled western tower, one would have seen a church some 350 feet long, with a central and a western tower. This latter tower had a ring of bells of its own, at least five in number; and it was to this ring of the parish, not to the Abbey, that Wolsey gave our great bell.

In the fifteenth century Sherborne saw great things in the way of building; not only was the Almshouse then built, but the church also underwent those changes which gave it the appearance it keeps to-day. The choir was taken down during the last year or two of Abbot John Brunyng's rule, and rebuilt from the ground by his successor, William Bradford (1436-1459). During this same century the smaller lady chapel, called the Bow Chapel, was built, and the nave restored in the style of the time by Abbot Peter Ramsam (1475-1504). To these two men we owe our present splendid fabric. Any visitor to Sherborne Abbey can for himself easily perceive the differences which mark off the choir as a building from the nave. The choir from floor to vault is one harmonious piece of work, so lovely, so complete, that the wit of man could scarcely design anything finer; while the nave is a compromise, for in the nave yet stand the old Norman piers cased in Perpendicular panelling, and the effect which the nave gives us is that of two stories distinctly marked off the one from the other, the lower story bearing strong traces of its Norman origin, the upper or clerestory plainly a Perpendicular work, and worthy of the companion clerestory of the choir. The pillars of the southern arcade of the nave are not opposite those of the northern arcade, and the arches are of different widths; the clerestory arches of the nave, on the other hand, are of equal widths, and hence the clerestory arches are not directly above the arcade arches. This compromise has, however, been effected so cleverly that few people notice the irregularity.

The rebuilding of the Abbey Church choir in the fifteenth century recalls to our mind the great quarrel between the Abbey and the townsfolk, which came to a head in the year 1437. It has already been noted that in ancient times the townsfolk had been allowed by the Abbot and Convent to use the western part of the Abbey Church nave as a parish church. Thus the Abbey Church had become a divided church—part was conventual, part parochial. But as time went on this arrangement ceased to please one or other, or both, parties, and the consequence was that All Hallows was built at the west end of the Abbey Church for the use of the parishioners. After this addition was made, the large Norman doorway at the west end of the south aisle of the Abbey Church nave was narrowed by the insertion of a smaller doorway. Now, All Hallows had not the *status* of a parish church; technically, the parish church was still the western part of the Abbey Church nave, and here it was still necessary for all Sherborne children to be baptised in the font, which originally stood where the present font stands. The parishioners, to get to the font, had to enter All Hallows' Church, and pass thence into the Abbey Church through the Norman doorway, which had been narrowed. This the parishioners regarded as a grievance. It appears, also, that the Abbot had moved the font from the place where it now stands to some other site which the parishioners regarded as inconvenient. The parishioners, therefore, in 1436, took the law into their own hands, and eight of them are charged before the bishop with having set up a font in All Hallows. The Abbot, of course, regarded this as a usurpation of the rectorial rights of the Convent; he complained, also, of another grievance, to wit, that the parish bells rang to matins at too early an hour, and disturbed the morning slumbers of the monks. For though they got up at midnight to sing matins and lauds, they went to bed again, and slept till the hour for prime, somewhere between 6 and 7 a.m. Abbot Bradford, therefore, appealed to the Bishop of Sarum, Robert Nevile, who came to Sherborne and held an inquiry on the 12th November, 1436, in what is now the chapel of the school, but was then the Abbot's hall. He examined one hundred or more of the parishioners, many of whom had not approved of the high-handed course taken in the matter of the font. After a thorough investigation, the Bishop, by the advice of his counsel learned in the law, gave his decision from his manor of Ramsbury, on the 8th January, 1437. It was to this effect—(*a*) that the font in All Hallows was to be at once utterly destroyed and removed and carried out of the church by those who had caused it to be set there; (*b*) that the ringing of the bells to matins for the parishioners throughout the year was not to be made till after the sixth hour had struck on the *clocka* or *horologium* of the monastery, except on the following solemn feasts: All Saints, Christmas, Epiphany, and Easter; (*c*) that the font of the Abbey Church was to be replaced in its old accustomed position, and all infants born or to be born in Sherborne were, as of old, to be baptised therein; (*d*) that the intermediate door and entrance for the procession of parishioners to the font was to be enlarged and arched so as to give ample space and bring it to its original form; (*e*) that the manner of the procession and other ceremonies about the font were to be observed in the old and wonted way; (*f*) that there must be made, at the expense of the monastery, in the nave of the monastic church, close to the monks' choir, a partition, so that there should be a distinct line of separation between the monks and the parishioners; (*g*) that the replacing of the Abbey Church font in its wonted place, and the enlarging of the door, must effectually be completed before the following Christmas.

This admirable judgment was not received by the disputants with the respect which it deserved; delays and evasions on both sides brought about a violent termination of the dispute. The monks induced "one Walter Gallor a stoute Bocher dwelling yn Sherborne" to enter All Hallows, where "he defacid cleane the Fontstone; the townsmen, aided by an Erle of Huntindune lying in these Quarters . . . rose in playne sedition . . . a Preste of Alhalowes shot a shaft with fier into the Toppe of that part of St. Marye Church that divided the Est Part that the monks usid; and this Partition chauncing at that tyme to be thakked yn the Rofe was sette a fier, and consequently al the hole Chirch, the Lede and Belles meltid, was defacid." After the fire the monks were induced to agree to the legal transformation of All Hallows' *Chapel* into the parish *Church*, in order to get rid of the parishioners altogether.

The monks never removed the smaller doorway by which the old Norman entrance was narrowed; there it stands to this day, a monument of that stormy time, and connected with it there is still a curious tale to tell. Among the eight parishioners who, "casting behind them the fear of God," set up the obnoxious font in All Hallows, and complained of the narrowed doorway, there was a certain Richard Vowell. Anyone who now examines this doorway will notice that the wall, which now blocks it up, is almost wholly occupied by a large monumental tablet to the memory of Benjamin Vowell, who died in 1783, and to his three wives; thus, as Professor Willis neatly showed, the doorway which in the fifteenth century Richard Vowell felt to be too narrow, Benjamin Vowell in the eighteenth blocked up altogether. The "partition" referred to, which was being thatched, must have been the tower, which was being raised in height, and was covered with a temporary roof of thatch to keep out the rain; no doubt, also, the new choir, which was already built as high as the springing-stones of the vault, was also thatched for the same purpose. The reddened stones in the choir and tower still bear witness to this fire.

John Barnstaple, last Abbot of Sherborne, surrendered the Abbey into the hands of King Henry VIII. on the 18th March, 1539. He received a pension of £100 a year, and the Rectory of Stalbridge in 1540; this living had been in the patronage of the Abbot and Convent. He died in 1560; we know neither the place of his death nor of his burial, but he certainly was not buried at Stalbridge; he left a small legacy to Sherborne School.

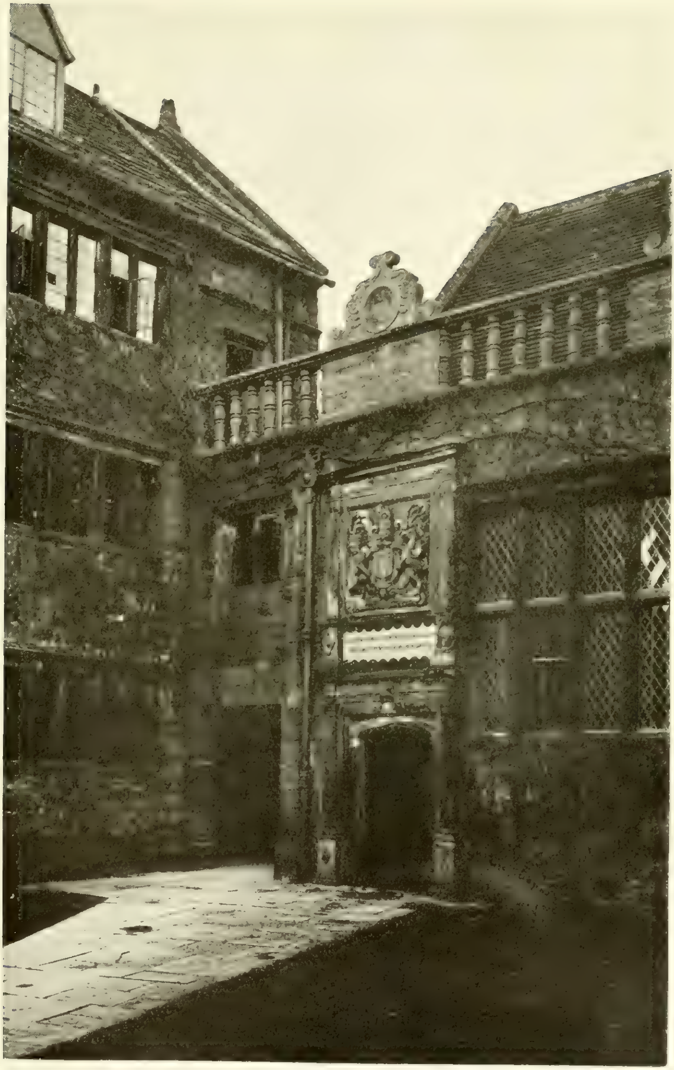
Henry VIII. sold the Abbey Church, and the demesne lands of the Abbey, to Sir John Horsey, of Clifton Maybank; Sir John, in 1540, sold the Abbey Church to the parishioners; the lead, however, with which the church was roofed, had not been granted to Sir John, and the parishioners had to buy that through him from the King. The parishioners appear to have begun at once to sell All Hallows for building stone. The parish accounts for 1540 and 1541 are missing, but that for 1542-3 shows the process of selling going merrily on, until, finally, in the account for 1548-9, we get the last of it in such entries as these: "George Swetnam, for vi. yerds off one syde off the Tower, xxs.; Robert ffoster, for foundation stones of ye Northe Syde of ye Tower, xiiis.; Mr. Sergyer, for a yard off the grace table off the sowthe syde and for the dore yn the north syde off ye Tow^{r}, xs."!

It may be interesting to set down here what the parishioners paid for the Abbey Church and lead. We have already noted that the parish accounts for 1540 and

1541 are missing. They were not missing, however, in the eighteenth century, as is evident from an entry in the parish account book in use from 10th April, 1721, to 4th April, 1809. This entry is due to Francis Fisher, a Sherborne attorney, who was steward to the Governors of the School during the years 1720-1730. He tells us that by an indenture made the 28th September, 1545, between the King on the one part and Sir John Horsey on the other, the parishioners paid £230 for the body of the church and tower and for the lead. He adds that the parish account rolls give us the following information: In 1540 the parish paid £40 for the church, in 1541 £26 13s. 4d. for the same, in 1541 £17 17s. 6d. for the bells of the Abbey, in 1542 £100 for the lead, in 1544 £80 in full payment for the church and lead. So that, if the King got in 1545 £230, and the parish actually paid £264 10s. 10d., Sir John put into his pocket the balance. However we may regard this matter, the parishioners of Sherborne made an excellent bargain.

No man can doubt but that the dissolution of the monastery meant serious loss to Sherborne. Its Abbots had ruled wisely and well, as far as we can judge, a strip of territory stretching, though not in an unbroken line, from Stalbridge to Exmouth. Anyone who will make for himself a map of the manors in Dorset and Devon belonging to our Abbey, will see that this is so; and besides these, our Abbey held other lands as well, so that when Sherborne ceased to be the *caput* of this fair estate, much that had once come our way ceased to come hither any more. Though the presence of the school here has in later times done much to redeem this loss, one cannot say that it has entirely done so.

Of all the ancient institutions in Sherborne, that one which has kept its dwelling-place longest, which is to-day what it was before Wessex became one with England, is Sherborne School. The old Castle is a ruin, the Almshouse dates only from the fifteenth century, the



The Entrance to Sherborne School.

Abbey Church became the parish church only in 1540. But the School, though it suffered pecuniary loss in 1539 by the dissolution of the monastery, suffered no breach of continuity; it was in existence when the Almshouse was founded, it educated St. Stephen Harding in the eleventh century, and we have no reason to think that its existence suffered any break from Ealdhelm's day till then. A school with such a history may well call forth some reverence from those who love Wessex and know something of its history. Our school has roots which stretch down into the very beginnings of things Christian among the West Saxons, and there is certainly no existing school in Wessex that can rival its claim to antiquity.

Sherborne School is fortunate in possessing many ancient documents illustrative of its history; among these special mention must be made of a series of accounts commencing in 1553 and continuing to the present time. Only eleven are missing. Till towards the end of the eighteenth century they are written on rolls of parchment, and are for the most part in excellent condition. Besides these there are a few early court rolls of the school manors at Bradford Bryan and Barnesby, Lytchett Matravers and Gillingham, and schedules and leases of its other lands. Among these documents, too, are records belonging to the old chantries, with the lands, of which Edward VI. endowed the school; some of these go back to the reign of Henry VII.

There is no existing minute book of the governors' proceedings older than that which begins in 1592; but, luckily, a draft of minutes exists relating to the years 1549 and 1550, relating, that is to say, to the time of transition from the old condition of things which obtained before the dissolution of the monastery, to the new condition created by the charter granted to the school by Edward VI. The series of minute books from 1592 onward is complete.

From the school statutes much can be gathered about the character of the education given in the school. The oldest statutes of the post-Reformation epoch are lost; they were based, as we learn from the accounts, on those drawn up by Dean Colet for his school, once attached to St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1592, however, a new set was drawn up for the School of Sherborne by its visitor, Richard Fletcher, Bishop of Bristol, who, as Dean of Peterborough some years before, had imposed on him the terrible task of attending Queen Mary Stuart on the scaffold. Great stress is laid in these statutes on the "abolishing of the Pope of Rome and all fforrein powers superiorities and authorities." From time to time after this new statutes were made to suit the changing educational and political views. The statutes all still exist, except those made in 1650 by the Puritans; of these all trace is lost, except the bill for engrossing them, which amounted to 25s. Statutes were drawn up in 1662 by Gilbert Ironside, Bishop of Bristol, which the Governors were unwilling to accept, because by these statutes the headmaster was protected from arbitrary interference on the part of the Governors. It was not till 1679 that Bishop William Gulston succeeded in making them accept a new body of statutes, which contain almost all that Gilbert Ironside proposed, together with some additional matter. In Bishop Ironside's draft and Bishop Gulston's statutes, it is laid down that it is never lawful "for subjects to take up armes ag^{t} theire Soveraigne upon any pretence w^{t}soever." The language used in and out of school in all official matters was Latin, and no scholar was to go about the town alone, but with "a companion one of the Schollars that may be a witness of his conversation and behaviour under penalty of correction." The system of monitorial rule has always been in vogue in the school; in 1592 these rulers are called *Impositores*—a somewhat awkward term one must admit; in 1662 and 1679 they are called *Prepositores;* nowadays they are called

Prefects. In 1679 they were four in number: "One for discipline in the Schoole, to see all the Schollars demeane themselves regularly there, the Second for manners both in the Schoole and abroad any where, the Third for the Churche and Fields, the Fourth to be *Ostiarius*, to sitt by the doore, to give answere to strangers and to keepe the rest from running out."

When the assizes were held at Sherborne, the judge sat in what is now the schoolhouse dining-hall—it was then the big schoolroom; and just before the assizes took place, we get from time to time an entry of the following kind in the school accounts: "for washinge of ye King, 6d." The King referred to is the statue of Edward VI., which still adorns the room; it is of painted Purbeck marble, and is the work of a certain Godfrey Arnold; it cost £9 5s. 4d., and was set up in 1614.

The two royal coats of arms, which may still be seen on the south wall of the old house of the headmaster, and over the south door of the schoolhouse dining-hall, were taken down by order of a Commonwealth official in 1650; but they were carefully preserved, and were restored to their old positions at the Restoration. That on the old house dates from 1560; that on the dining-hall from 1607. They used to be bright with tinctures and metals, but since 1670 they have been "only washed over with oil or some sad colour, without any more adorning." The chronogram on the dining-hall is unique, for it can be made to give two different dates, according to the ways in which the significant letters are taken. Mr. Hilton, our chief authority on chronograms, knows of no other which gives two dates in this fashion. The first date which our chronogram gives is 1550, the date of the granting of the charter; the second date which it gives is 1670, that of the rebuilding of the dining-hall.

Among other school buildings of ancient date we must not omit the library, partly of the thirteenth century, but certainly restored in the fifteenth; and the school chapel, with its undercroft of the twelfth century, and its upper story of the fifteenth. The undercroft is a very precious relic of the past, but the school chapel, which was once the Abbot's Hall, has undergone changes and additions; it still keeps its fine fifteenth century timber roof. The library, on the other hand, has gone through little change. It was the Guest House of the Monastery, and has kept its timber roof of the fifteenth century. It is curious that the windows on the east side of the room are not quite opposite those on the west side, nor is the divergence uniform; the large window in the south end of the room is not in the middle of the wall, but rather towards the west side.

The modern buildings of the school harmonize well with the older work, for they are all built of the same lovely stone, and the style in which they are built, though it is in no sense an imitation of this older work, is yet in harmony with and worthy of it. One of these buildings deserves more than passing notice, viz., the new big schoolroom, completed in 1879. The whole group of buildings, with its surroundings, classrooms, museum, laboratory, drawing school, music house, Morris tube range, bath and fives courts, deserves more attention than it usually gets from visitors to Sherborne. These sojourners often forget that the north side of the exterior of the church is likely to be as interesting as the south side; if once they take the trouble to get to this north side, they will be surprised to find how much fine work, ancient and modern, is to be seen there.

Sherborne Old Castle is situated on an elevated piece of ground to the east of the town; this ground is about 300 yards long by 150 yards broad; the surface has been made level, and an oval area, 150 yards long by 105 yards broad, has been traced out, and its edges scarped to a steep slope, with a ditch about 45 feet deep. The material taken away in forming this scarp and ditch has been thrown outward, so that the counter scarp is formed of a mound more or less artificial. It was within this area, above described, that our Pageant of 1905 was given.

The remains of the Castle are as follows: parts of the curtain wall, with the gatehouse, the keep, the chapel and hall, along with other parts of the domestic buildings —all ruinous. The builder of this castle was Bishop Roger; and William of Malmesbury, who knew it well, has described the masonry in glowing terms. All that remains is of this Norman period, though it was somewhat restored and altered in the fifteenth century. The keep belongs to the class of square keeps. To judge from two windows of the chapel which still remain in a fragmentary condition, that building must have been of a very ornate character. The barrel vaulting of the basement of the keep is worth study, and a Norman pillar, still standing and supporting a quadripartite vault, is well known to students of architecture. There is also a Norman chimney with three flues in the gatehouse.

The ruinous condition of the Castle is not so much due to time as to gunpowder, for in 1645, after the Castle was taken by Fairfax, it was blown up by order of the Long Parliament, so as to be no longer tenable as a fortress. After this, while the troops of the Parliament occupied Sherborne, their barracks were the school, and their "Court of Guard" the schoolhouse dining-hall.

This is not the place to deal with the vicissitudes in the tenure of Sherborne Castle—how the Bishops of Sherborne lost and regained it. It finally passed from Bishop Henry Cotton into the hands of Queen Elizabeth in 1599. Sir Walter Ralegh had, however, been tenant of it since 1592, and when Queen Elizabeth got the fee-simple of it, she gave it to Ralegh. Ralegh, however, did not care to live in it; other magnates in this part of the world were building fine modern houses, and he followed their example. Thus arose the modern Castle, known in former days as Sherborne Lodge, on the other side of the lake, the central and loftier part of which is due to

Ralegh. There is no trace of any evidence that Sherborne Castle was ever besieged before the great Civil War. It was used at times in the Middle Ages as a prison; for example, in King John's reign. King John himself stayed here in 1207 and in 1216.

After some tragic vicissitudes the Sherborne estate came to the Digbys in 1617, and since this date, with the exception of the troublous period of the great Civil War, it has remained with them.

Sherborne Castle was twice besieged during the Civil War, first in 1642, and again in 1645. The first siege was uneventful and unimportant. In 1644 Charles I. had been here after his successful campaign in the West; Prince Rupert, too, had come, and there had been great doings with reviews of men in Sherborne Park, after which followed the second battle of Newbury and the self-denying ordinance and the creation of the New Model. The second siege, that of 1645, was more important; not only was Fairfax drawn hither by it, but Cromwell, too, came as general of cavalry. Though the Parliamentary troops destroyed much of the old castle that we should like to see standing now, we must, on the whole, acquit them of having done any great injury to the buildings of the church or school.

In 1688, King William III.—then Prince of Orange—on his advance from Exeter to London, stayed in the modern castle here; his proclamation to the English people is said to have been printed in the drawing-room at a printing-press set up on the great hearth-stone, which was cracked by it.

Let us now turn to the last of our four ancient institutions, viz., the Almshouse. This institution is certainly older than the year 1437, in which year, by a license from King Henry VI. to Robert Nevile, Bishop of Sarum, to Humfrey Stafford, Kt., Margaret Goghe, John Fauntleroy, and John Baret, it was refounded in honour of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist.

It is actually older than this, because some accounts of the charity exist for a few years prior to this date. Some day, no doubt, the history of the institution will be more fully worked out than it is at present. Plenty of material exists in its account rolls which could hardly fail to throw light on old Sherborne life.

According to the deed of foundation, there were, we are told, to be twenty brethren, called the Masters of SS. Johns' House—they are now called master and brethren—together with a perpetual priest to pray for the good estate and the souls of the founders and inmates. The house was to contain twelve poor men and four poor women, who were to be governed by one of themselves, called the Prior, of their own election, and a woman of domestic ability was to buy their food and dress it, wash their clothes and make their beds, who should be called the Housewife of SS. Johns' House. The older part of the building was finished in 1448, and here still stand, not much altered from what they were then, the chapel, ante-chapel, and dining-hall, with a long dormitory over the dining-hall; this dormitory used to open into the chapel, so that the sick and infirm might hear the service, and, so far as they could, join in it. The chapel contains an interesting triptych of the fifteenth century by a Flemish artist, name unknown. One cannot imagine a more desirable haven of rest than this for those who are fortunate enough to become its inmates.

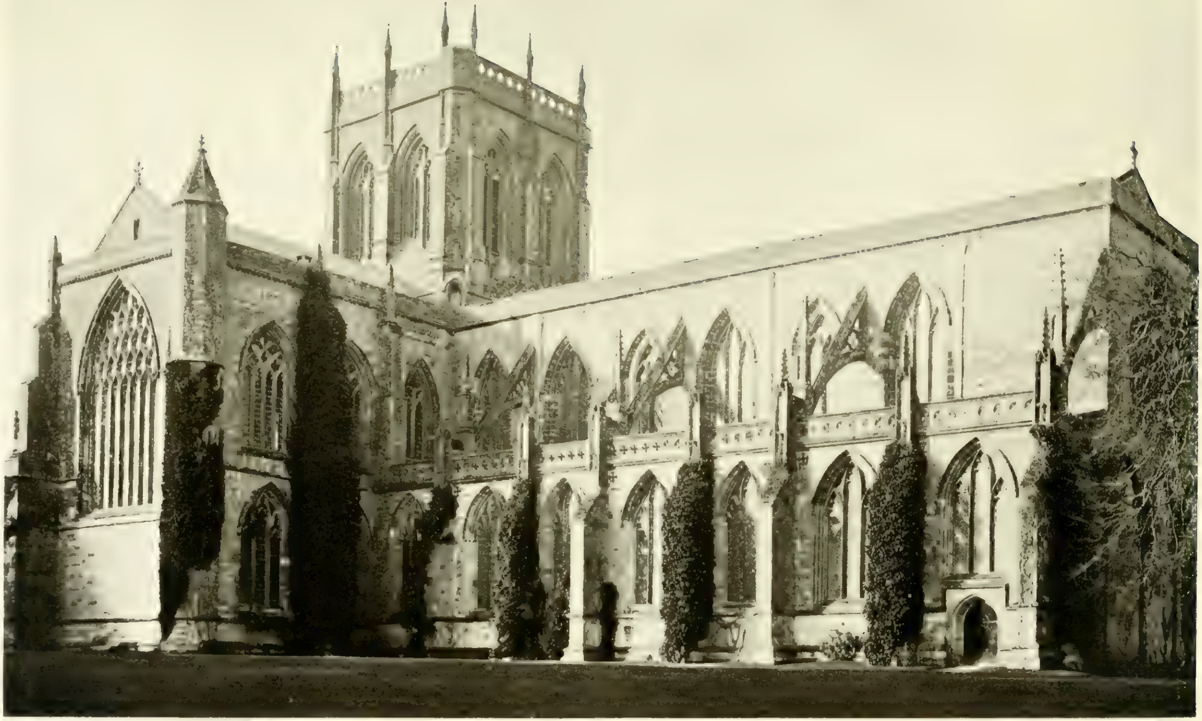
Enough has now been told to show that among old English towns Sherborne holds a peculiarly interesting place. It still keeps much of its old-world look and ancient dignity, and its inhabitants, many of whom bear the names of the old stock who were living here in in the time of Henry VI., are a kindly race, among whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to live.

MILTON ABBEY

By the Rev. Herbert Pentin, M.A.

THE county of Dorset is one of the few counties in England that contain three great minsters in good repair and in parochial use—Sherborne, Wimborne, and Milton. And each of these minsters is of Saxon and Royal foundation. King Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred the Great, founded the Monastery and Collegiate Church of Milton for Secular Canons, in or about the year 938. In the year 964 King Edgar and Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury converted the monastery into an abbey, with forty Benedictine monks, and chose a very able man, Cynewearde (or Kynewardus), as the first Abbot. This Cynewearde, a few years afterwards, to the loss of Milton, was made Bishop of Wells.

The original minster built by Athelstan was a noble stone building of its time, and was very rich in shrines and relics. The King gave a piece of our Saviour's Cross, a great cross of gold and silver with precious stones, and many bones of the saints, which were placed in five gilt shrines. The bones of his mother were also brought to the church (for burial). We also know that the Saxon Minster was restored and enlarged, if not rebuilt, in Norman times. It has been reasonably conjectured that the size of the Norman Abbey was that of the choir and presbytery of the present church. Some large fragments



Milton Abbey.

of Norman masonry have been dug up,[1] which show that the Norman Abbey was a building of some considerable architectural pretensions; and encased in the south wall of the present choir and presbytery are the remains of two enriched Norman arches which escaped destruction in the fire of 1309. In that year the church was struck by lightning, and was almost entirely burnt to the ground.

KING ATHELSTAN.
Founder of Milton Abbey.
(*From a Painting in the Church.*)

"ATHELSTAN'S MOTHER."
Buried in Milton Abbey.
(*From a Painting in the Church.*)

Thirteen years later, however, under Abbot Walter Archer, the present Abbey Church was commenced on the same site, but on a much larger and grander scale; and building operations went on, from time to time, until within a short period before the Dissolution in 1539.

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[1] One of these Norman fragments was sent in 1904, as a relic, to the parish church of Milton, near Boston, Massachusetts. The American town of Milton, incorporated in 1662, was named after Milton, in Dorset, and the crest on its corporate seal is a reproduction of the west front of Milton Abbey (see illustration at the end of this chapter).

The following styles of architecture are represented in the main portions of the church, built of stone from Ham Hill and Tisbury:—First Decorated, the choir and presbytery of seven bays, with aisles; Second Decorated, the south transept; Third Decorated, the two western piers of the "crossing"; Perpendicular, the north transept and central tower. The Perpendicular work was undertaken by the penultimate Abbot, William de Middleton, assisted by Bishop Thomas Langton, of Salisbury and of Winchester, the Abbey of Cerne, and the families of Bingham, Coker, Latimer, Morton, and others.

At the Dissolution, the Abbey estates were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir John Tregonwell, who had helped to procure the King's divorce from Catharine of Aragon; but the whole of the Abbey Church was preserved for the parishioners, with the exception of the Ladye Chapel, which was pulled down, although some of its vaulting shafts can still be seen outside the east end of the church. The last of the Abbots (John Bradley, B.D.), after leaving Milton in Tregonwell's hands, was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of St. Asaph, with the title of Bishop of Shaftesbury,[1] and the Abbey Church of Milton then passed under the sole spiritual control of Richard Hall, Vicar of Milton, and his successors.

Unfortunately, the Abbey underwent a "restoration" in 1789, when the church was despoiled of many of its fittings; and chantry chapels and other valuable objects of interest went down under the hand of the "restorer." But Sir Gilbert Scott, in 1865, restored the church at the

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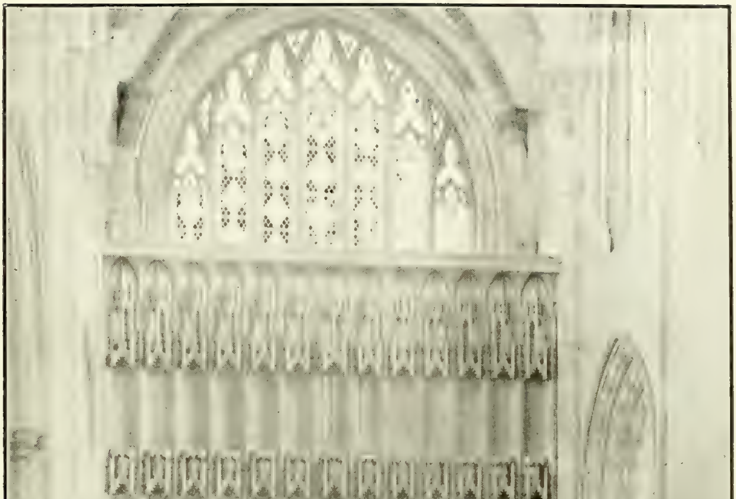
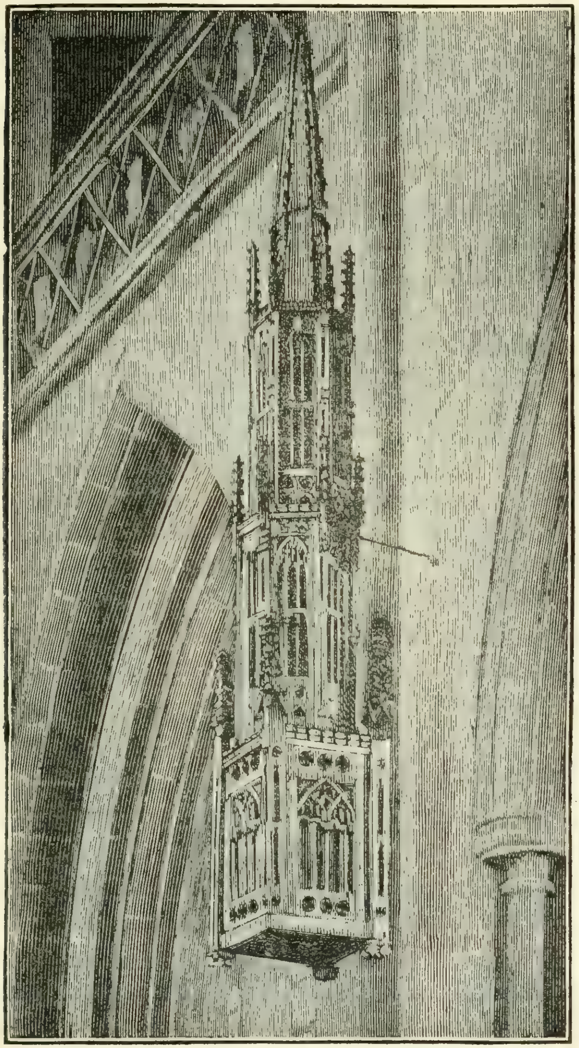
[1] It is curious that the first Abbot and the last Abbot of Milton should have become bishops, while none of the intervening abbots were raised to the episcopate. It is true that in 1261 William de Taunton, Abbot of Milton, was elected to the bishopric of Winchester, but he desisted from his right. A Milton monk, however, in 1292, filled the See of Salisbury (Nicholas Longspée); and Thomas Jan, a native of Milton, became Bishop of Norwich in 1499.



Milton Abbey: Interior.

expense of the late Baron Hambro, and left the Abbey in its present beautiful condition, and, as far as was possible, in its original state.



THE TABERNACLE.

The view of the church at the beginning of this chapter will save the necessity of a description of its exterior. But the interior contains many things which demand notice.

And first of all must be mentioned the "ornament," which many antiquaries consider to be a Tabernacle for reserving the Eucharist. This very beautiful and richly carved "Sacrament-house" dates from the fifteenth century, and is made of oak in the form of a spire composed of four storeys, the lowest containing the opening through which the reserved elements may have been passed. It is not in its original position, but is now fastened to the west wall of the south transept beneath the triforium.

The great altar-screen is a very lofty, beautiful, and peculiarly rich construction, even though the two long rows of ornamental niches now lack the statues of the saints that once stood in them—saints with "very bluff countenances, painted in very bright colours and heavily gilded." On its lower portion there is a Latin inscription, which bids prayers for the souls of William Middleton, Abbot of Milton, and Thomas Wilken, Vicar of the parish, who worthily decorated ("*honorifice depinxerunt*") the screen in 1492. The three stone sedilia in the sanctuary are fine specimens. The bosses throughout the church are of very rich design.

The Abbey also contains two fifteenth century oil paintings of a crude description, one of which represents Athelstan, the founder, giving to the first head of the monastery a model of the minster (with three spires)[1] over which he was to preside. The other painting is supposed to represent Athelstan's mother — Egwynna, "*femina illustris.*"[2]

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[1] In the thirteenth century seal of the Abbey "the Church of Midelton" is also represented with three spires.

[2] See Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxvi., 201 ff.

The tombs of the abbots within the Abbey are most interesting. In front of the altar steps there is a Purbeck marble grave-slab of the fourteenth century, which was once inlaid with the brass figure of an abbot clad in *pontificalia*, with a marginal Latin inscription in Lombardic capitals:

ABBA : VALTERE : TE : FATA : CITO : RAPVERE : TE : RADINGA : DEDIT : SED : MORS : MALE : NOS : TVA : LEDIT.

This is the slab of an Abbot of Milton whose Christian name was Walter, and who was formerly a monk of Reading, probably Walter de Sydelinge, who died in 1315. In the north transept there is a thirteenth century grave-slab of another abbot. This slab is also of Purbeck marble, but the upper portion is broken off. The remaining portion shows part of an incised figure of an abbot, with pastoral staff, chasuble, stole, maniple, alb, and an imperfect marginal inscription in Norman French:

VVS : KI : PAR : I : CI : PASSET : PVR : LEALME : PRIE...
...RCI : LISET : LE : PARDVN : I : CI[1]

There are other large marble grave-slabs, without inscriptions, in the church, which are supposed to cover abbots, monks, and benefactors. On some there are the matrices of missing brasses. One, in front of the altar steps, shows the outline of a civilian in a plain gown, and his wife wearing a "butterfly" head-dress, with their five sons and four daughters, *circa* 1490. In St. John the Baptist's Chapel, at the east end of the north aisle of the church, there is a small fifteenth century brass to John Artur, one of the monks of the Abbey, with a Latin inscription, which bids God have mercy on his soul. In the same chapel, a very fine coloured armorial brass over Sir John Tregonwell's altar-tomb contains the latest tabard example on a brass in England (1565).[1]

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[1] This inscription is discussed in the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxv., 191 ff. It announces an indulgence to those passers-by who pray for the soul of the deceased abbot (possibly William de Stokes, who died in 1256).

But to mention all the ancient or modern memorials (some of wondrous beauty, such as those of Lord and Lady Milton, and Baron Hambro) would take far too much space. A marble tablet in the vestry informs the reader that John Tregonwell, Esquire, who died in the year 1680, "by his last will and testament gave all the bookes within this vestry to the use of this Abby Church for ever, as a thankfuld acknowledgement of God's wonderfull mercy in his preservation when he fell from the top of this Church." This incident happened when he was a child; he was absolutely uninjured, his stiff skirts having acted as a parachute.[2] The chained library of sixty-six leather-bound volumes comprises the works of the Latin and Greek Fathers and other early Christian writers, and some standard theological works of the seventeenth century. The books have been kept at the vicarage for many years.

The abbey now contains very little painted glass.[3]

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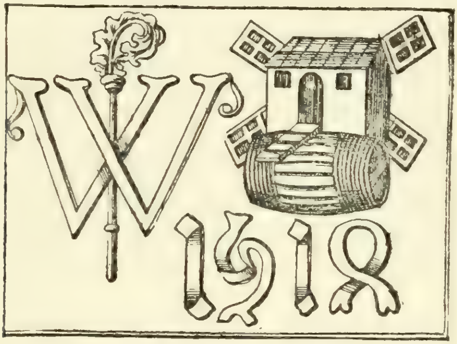
[1] A full description of these brasses appeared in *The Antiquary* for March, 1904.

[2] A full account of this incident and of the bequest appears in Heath and Prideaux's *Some Dorset Manor Houses*, pp. 199, 200.

[3] In connection with the glass in the windows of Milton Abbey, it may be of interest to add the tradition that John Milton "planned" his *Il Penseroso* at Milton, and that the following lines in the poem are supposed to have been suggested to him by the Abbey Church:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voicèd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

There is a large "Jesse window" by the elder Pugin in the south transept, and some coloured coats of arms and devices of kings, nobles, and abbots in some of the other windows. The dwarfed east window contains the only pre-Reformation glass in the church.[1] The Abbatial Arms are emblazoned in several parts of the building. They consist of three baskets of bread, each containing three loaves. On one of the walls in the south aisle, near the vestry, there is the carved coloured rebus of Abbot William de Middleton, with the date 1514 in Arabic numerals—the 4 being represented by half an eight.



ABBOT MIDDLETON'S REBUS.

It comprises the letter W with a pastoral staff, and a windmill on a large cask—in other words, a mill and a tun (Mil-ton). The old miserere seats still remain in the choir, but the carving thereon is not very elaborate, and many of them have been renewed. The inscriptions on the Communion plate (which consists of two large silver barrel-shaped flagons, a bell-shaped chalice, and a large and a small paten) tell us that "John Chappell, Sitteson and Stationer of London, 1637," and

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[1] A full description of this glass (*temp.* Henry VII.) appeared in *The Antiquary* for May, 1907.

"Mary Savage, 1658," and "Maddam Jane Tregonwell, widdow, 1675," gave these to "Milton Abby."

There are several other interesting things in the church, albeit not ancient—*e.g.*, the rood-loft, the font, and the pulpit.

The rood-loft, although not entirely ancient, is composed of ancient materials. When the party-walls of St. John the Baptist's Chapel, the chantry of Abbot William de Middleton, and other side-chapels, were destroyed or mutilated at the "restoration" in 1789, some of the materials were used to reconstruct the rood-loft. The eastern cornice, for instance, is probably a portion of Abbot Middleton's chantry, and bears thirteen coats of arms, including those of the Abbeys of Milton, Sherborne, and Abbotsbury, and the families of Chidiock, Latimer, Lucy, Stafford of Hooke, Thomas of Woodstock, and others.

The font of the Abbey, in the south transept, is modern, but of unusual design. It is composed of two beautiful life-sized white marble female figures, representing Faith and Victory, with a baptismal shell at their feet.

Near the font is an oak case containing a fourteenth century coffin chalice and paten, and fragments of a wooden pastoral staff and sandals, discovered during the restoration of the church in 1865.[1]

The pulpit is also modern, of carved oak; but it is interesting, because it contains statues of all the patron saints connected with the Abbey and the parish, and of these there are no fewer than six, viz.: St. Sampson of Dol, St. Branwalader,[2] St. Mary the Blessed Virgin,

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[1] A full description of these burial relics appeared in *The Antiquary* for July, 1905.

[2] It is possible that Athelstan found a Celtic sanctuary at Milton dedicated to these two Celtic bishops, and retained the dedications for his new minster in order to conciliate the vanquished race. Such a graceful act would be quite in keeping with the King's imperial maxim: "*Gloriosus regem facere quam regem esse.*"

St. Michael the warrior-archangel, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. James the Great.

St. Catherine of Alexandria is the patron-saint of "King Athelstan's Chapel," which stands in the woods at the top of the hill to the east of the Abbey. And this little church has also had a history well worth the telling. When Athelstan was fighting for his throne he had to pass through the county of Dorset, and he encamped on Milton Hill, and threw up an earthwork, or made use of one already existing there, the remains of which can still be seen beyond the east end of the chapel. During the night he believed that some supernatural revelation was made to him, assuring him that he would conquer his many enemies and become King of all England. He pushed on, and at Brunanburh, "Christ helping him, he had the victory, and there slew five kings and seven earls" (*Saxon Chronicle*). The song commemorating this important and decisive victory is given in the *Old English Chronicle;* and the first stanza of Professor Freeman's version and that of Lord Tennyson reads thus:

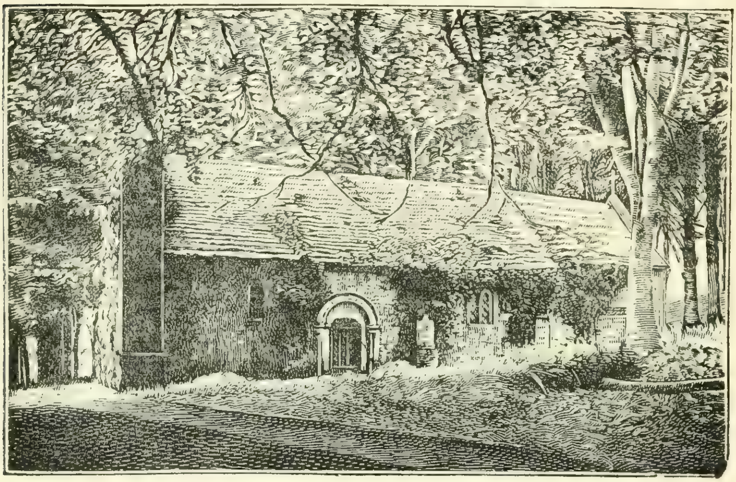
Now Æthelstan King,
Of Earls the Lord,
In warriors the ring giver
And his brother eke,
Eadmund Ætheling,
Eld-long glory
Won in the fight
With the swords' edge
By Brunanburh,
The boardwall they clave,
And hewed the war-linden,
With hammer's leavings
Offspring of Eadward.

Freeman.

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He, with his brother
Edmund Atheling
Gaining a life-long
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hew'd the linderwood,
Hack'd the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward, with
hammer'd brands.

Tennyson.

Athelstan, being a thoroughly religious man, as well as a great warrior, expressed his thankfulness to God in the way usual in those times. He founded the monastery at Milton, and erected the *ecclesiola*, afterwards dedicated to St. Catherine, within the entrenchment where he received the remarkable revelation. Chapels on the top of hills were often dedicated to St. Catherine of Alexandria, on account of the legend which tells that St. Catherine's body was buried by angels on Mount Sinai. Other instances, in many places, of this dedication with its connection still remain—in Dorset, for example, at Abbotsbury and Holworth. The little church at Milton did its work in Saxon times, and then underwent a considerable restoration in Norman days. It also underwent a lesser restoration in the early part of the sixteenth century. As it stands at present, it consists of a nave and chancel. The main walls, which are very thick, and



ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL.

the door arches are Norman. On the west jamb of the south door there is a curious and rare inscription in Lombardic capitals relating to an indulgence :

INDVLGENCIA : H' : SC̄I : LOCI : C : E : X : DIES :[1]

The windows in the nave are Early Norman and Perpendicular. The old west front was taken down for some reason in the eighteenth century, and at this time an effigy of a monk in his habit (lying along and resting on his hands, looking down at the Abbey below) was destroyed. Some paintings also perished at the same time. The chancel was also partly rebuilt, and the roof raised, but the Transition-Norman chancel-arch was preserved. On the south side of the altar is a pedestal, on which the statue of St. Catherine may have formerly stood. The encaustic tiles in the chancel were removed from the Abbey Church in the year 1865. Some of these mediæval tiles are heraldic, and contain the arms of the See of Exeter, the Earls of Cornwall, Gloucester and Hertford, and others. A tile manufactured at Malvern has an inscription and date, 1456.

In pre-Reformation days King Athelstan's Chapel was possibly used as the *capella extra portas*—the chapel, that is, outside the gates of the monastery, at which strangers and women who were not admitted within the gates might hear Mass. That women used St. Catherine's Chapel for another purpose is also possible. St. Catherine is the patron-saint of spinsters, and in days gone by she was supposed to have the power of finding a husband for those who sought her aid. The following Milton rhymes in use to-day may be echoes of the mediæval Latin doggerels:—

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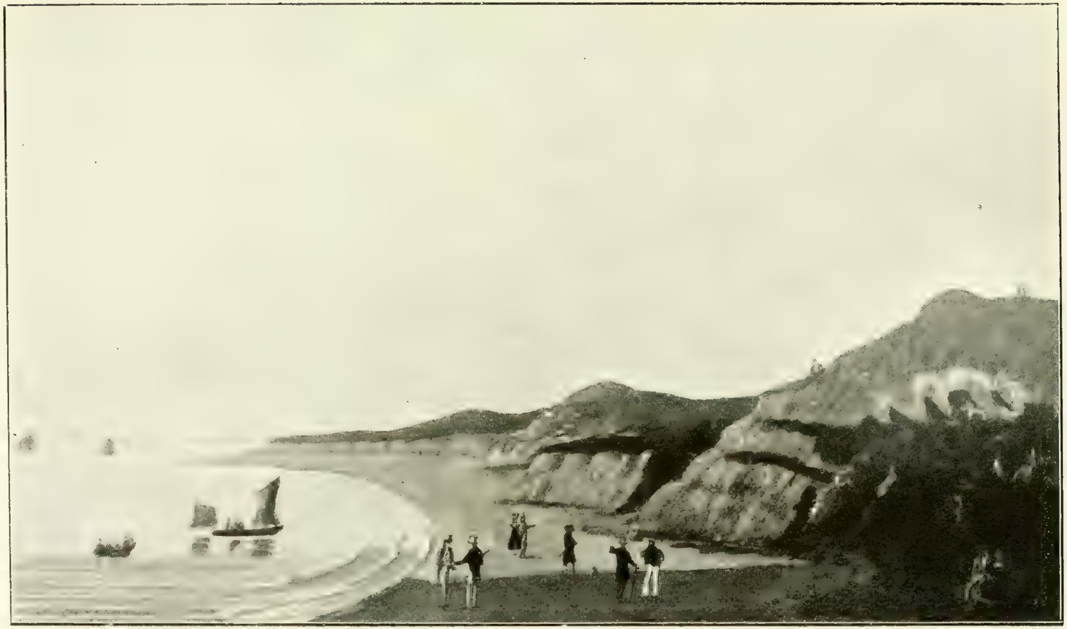
[1] This thirteenth century inscription is discussed in the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxv., 187 ff. One wonders if this indulgence was granted by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the occasion of his visit to Milton Abbey in 1277. The indulgence was offered, presumably, to those who would contribute to the fabric fund of the chapel.

St. Catherine, St. Catherine, O lend me thine aid,
And grant that I never may die an old maid.

A husband, St. Catherine,
A *good* one, St. Catherine;
But arn-a-one better than
Narn-a-one, St. Catherine.

Sweet St. Catherine,
A husband, St. Catherine,
Handsome, St. Catherine,
Rich, St. Catherine,
Soon, St. Catherine.

After the Reformation the chapel was allowed to decay and to become desecrated. In the eighteenth century there is a record that it was being used as a pigeon-house. Then, when more houses were needed in the parish, the "Chapel Royal" was turned into a labourer's cottage—the interior was whitewashed, and a ceiling added; the chancel became a bedroom, and the nave a living room, with a kitchen grate and chimney affixed. Afterwards the little church was used as a carpenter's workshop, and then as a lumber store. But, in 1901, the neglected building was cleaned out, and a service was held there on St. Catherine's night (November 25th). The parishioners assembled in the building, the roof of which was full of holes (admitting ivy, wind and wet), the windows had long been broken, and the south wall was dangerously bulging. Confession of wrong was made for the past desecrations, and prayers were offered that the Church of St. Catherine might for the future be reverently treated as a "holy place" (as the Indulgence-inscription calls it); and, happily, the building has since been most conservatively restored by Mr. Everard Hambro, the lord of the manor. Thus, the little church which commemorates a very critical event in the early history of England has been saved from further desecration and

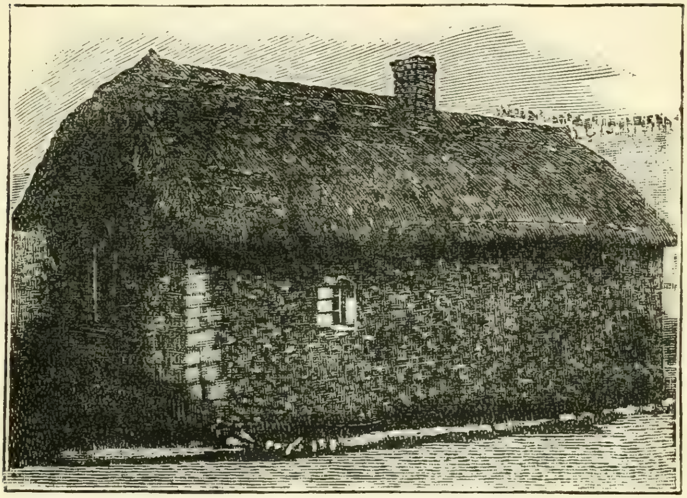


The Sea-Side Hamlet of Milton.

Holworth, in 1827, showing the Burning Cliff.

decay; and King Athelstan's Chapel is once again used for the service of God, while remaining a valuable historic relic of Saxon days.

Another *capella* belonging to the Abbey, but now in private ownership, has been less fortunate. Liscombe Chapel,[1] in the parish of Milton, five miles from the Abbey Church and two miles from Chesilborne, is still desecrated. This little building, built principally of flint, stone, and large blocks of rock chalk, is entire, and consists of chancel and nave, divided by a handsome Transition-Norman arch, with massive rounded columns. The east window and the two other chancel windows are Norman, with some later work inserted. But the chapel of Liscombe has been desecrated for a long time. The nave thereof is now used as a bakehouse (there is a large open grate, oven, and chimney in the centre), and the chancel is used as a log-house. A flight of stone stairs has been



LISCOMBE CHAPEL.

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[1] A full account of Liscombe appeared in the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxvi., 1 ff.

erected in the chancel, which leads to the bedrooms over the bakehouse and log-house. The bedrooms have been ceiled, and the whole interior of the little church has been whitewashed, including the handsome chancel arch; the roof of the building is of thatch. An old stone sundial is preserved in the west wall. Warne, in his *Ancient Dorset*, states that the chapel is credited with being "tenanted by a supernatural visitor"; and this is still believed by the country folk. The house adjoining this desecrated sanctuary is also ancient, and built chiefly of flint and stone. It possesses several interesting windows of various dates (including a *loup* in the east wall), and an old stone sundial on its south wall. The interior contains some oak-work, portions of which may be pre-Reformation. This house is now used as a labourer's cottage; but there is a tradition that it was formerly inhabited by the monks, who ministered ("*Divina celebrant:*") in the little church. And the building itself, from its position and evident antiquity, lends colour to the tradition; but there are marks that it became the manor farmhouse after the Dissolution. There is also a tradition that the stream which now runs through the hamlet of Liscombe was formerly larger than it is now, and that there were fish-ponds close by, and that the monks at Liscombe supplied their over-lord, the Abbot of Milton, with fresh-water fish.

Milton Abbey also possessed three other Norman *capellae*—in Woolland, Whitcombe, and Holworth respectively; but Woolland is now a separate ecclesiastical parish; Whitcombe is a donative held by the Rector of Came (it was held for many years by William Barnes, the Dorset poet); and Holworth, alone of the three, still remains a part of the ecclesiastical parish of Milton.

Holworth is sixteen miles from the Abbey Church, and now possesses a modern chapel, on a hill near the "Burning Cliff," known as the Chapel of St. Catherine-by-the-Sea. It is said that in days gone by the monks at Holworth supplied their Abbot, at Milton, with salt-water fish. The hamlet of Holworth, overlooking Weymouth Bay and Portland Roads, has been well described as resting in "a most lonely and most lovely valley by the sea, an earthly paradise, which those who have discovered cherish and dream about. It is far away from the haunts of men, and remote from the cares of life; where the newspaper is two days' old before it invades the religious calm of a mind attuned by the most exquisite scenery to rise to thoughts above this world; where one may walk along the undulating downs that skirt the Channel, held in place by parapets of cliff that break down straight into the sea; where one may walk mile after mile on natural lawn and not meet a soul—just one's self, the birds, the glorious scenery, and God."[1]

The hamlet of Holworth is, indeed, worthy of being a portion of the parish that is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful places in Dorset. The village of Milton lies enfolded between richly-wooded hills, at the foot of a wonderfully picturesque descent. Sir Frederick Treves, in his *Highways and Byways in Dorset*, says that "there is nothing like to it in any part of England." He calls it a "surprising" village, "a toy town." The first impression on seeing it "is one of amazement, for the place is both extraordinary and unexpected." Each of the houses is of the same pattern, and each is separated from the others by a chestnut tree. The builder of this unique village, as will be seen, was Joseph, Lord Milton (afterwards Earl of Dorchester). The old town of Milton lay near the south side of the Abbey Church; but the ancient town was pulled down by Lord Milton about the year 1780, as it was too close to his new mansion (in which he had incorporated the magnificent fifteenth century monastic refectory), and proved an annoyance to him. The death, in 1775, of his wife ("the most noble and most excellent Lady Caroline, Lady Milton, daughter of Lyonel, Duke of Dorset, the wisest and most lovely, the best and most virtuous of women"), to whom he was passionately attached, and the suicide, in the following year, of his eldest son (the husband of "the beautiful Anne Seymour Damer"[1]), probably had a hardening influence on Lord Milton's character, and made him use his giant's strength tyrannously like a giant. At any rate, he swept away the old town, and the "new town" was then built, further off, as a substitute. Some fragmentary particulars of the old town of Milton have been gathered together,[2] which perhaps are of sufficient interest to be reproduced here.

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[1] The loneliness of Holworth has also been remarked upon by Thomas Hardy in his smuggling story, "The Distracted Preacher" (*Wessex Tales*). Such a lonely spot, with its under-cliff sheltered by "White Nose"—the great white promontory jutting like an enormous Wellington nose into the sea—naturally attracted smugglers, who, as tradition says, hid their goods in the tower of the neighbouring parish church of Owermoigne. In this church there is an interesting inscription recording the will of "Adam Jones of Holworth, in the parish of Abbotsmilton" (*sic*), 1653.

The old town was one of the most ancient in Dorset. It grew up with the Abbey, and was known as Middleton (of which Milton is a contraction), because it was the middle town of the county. It contained shops of all kinds, four inns, a pre-Reformation Grammar School, almshouses built in 1674, and a brewery, which helped to supply Weymouth, Poole, and other large towns in Dorset. Milton Abbey ales were at one time among the most famous in the county; they could also be obtained in London. The tradesmen of old Milton were prosperous, but the "working classes" were very poor. Their staple food was barley cake; and to keep down expenses they saved every morsel of fat and made their own candles in pewter moulds. Two, if not more, of the leading shopkeepers issued "tokens" in the seventeenth century,[3]

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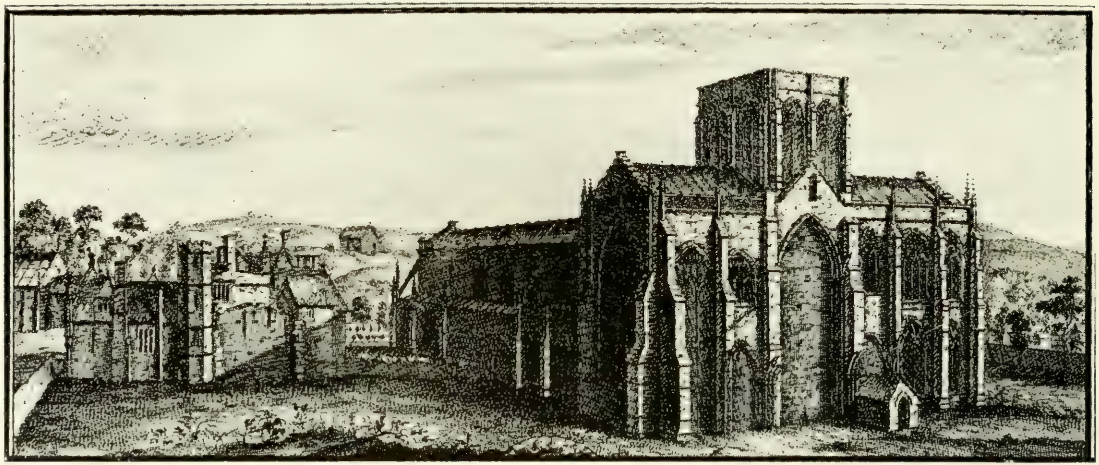
[1] See Mary Craven's *Famous Beauties of Two Reigns*, pp. 141-151.

[2] See *Old Milton*, and Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxv., 1 ff.

[3] Zanchy Harvyn, grocer, of "Abby Milton," was the second tradesman in Dorset to issue a "token" (1651).



MILTON ABBEY, IN THE YEAR 1733.

Showing the old Monastic house on the left, and the old town on the right of the church.

specimens of which exist; and among the old parish papers are a number of apprenticeship indentures which bound poor boys to various tradesmen in the place. The girls of the parish were taught to spin.

The handsome fifteenth century market cross was one of the finest in the kingdom, quite worthy of its position near the Abbey Church. It had an ascent of no fewer than thirty steps. Its site is marked in the present park by a very massive octagonal socket stone, which is said to be a portion of the original cross. The parish registers state that, in the days of the Commonwealth, banns of marriage were published "in the markett."[1] The weekly market was well attended, it being the central market of the county, and was held around the market cross. The annual fair was held on St. Sampson's Eve and Day, July 27th and 28th, St. Sampson being the chief patron saint of the Abbey. This fair, like the market, was granted by King Athelstan; but it was practically discontinued when the old town was pulled down.

The sports in old Milton were badger-baiting under the cedar trees in the Abbey churchyard; cock-squailing, cock-fighting, and "fives," outside the west end of the church; bowls were played on the bowling green, and ringing was very popular. The ringers only claimed "bread and beare" for their services each year—on the Restoration Day of Charles II. (May 29th), on Guy Fawkes' Day (November 5th), and on Christmas Day. They were also paid on special occasions, such as "for ringing ye Bishope throu Towne"; but episcopal visits were rare. During Lent the children went "shroving" and "Lent crocking." On Shrove Tuesday the children, carrying sticks, knocked at the doors of the principal residents and repeated this doggerel verse:

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[1] See *Milton Abbey Marriage Registers,* in Phillimore's "Dorset" series. But during the years 1657-8 the banns of some of the more zealous church-people were published in the church.

Please I've come a-shroving
For a piece of pancake,
Or a little ruckle cheese
Of your own making.
If you don't give me some,
If you don't give me none,
I'll knock down your door
With a great marrow bone
And a-way I'll run.

The result of this threat was that the children were given hot half-pence, apples, eggs, a piece of pancake, or a hunch of ruckle-cheese. A ruckle-cheese was a small sour-milk home-made cheese, weighing about one pound. It could be ruckled—*i.e.*, rolled along the ground. Hence its name. In the evening the "Lent-crocking" began. Those people who had not given the children anything when they came "a-shroving" were then punished by having pieces of crockery and pans and other missiles thrown at their doors. In this way real damage was often done, and the two parish constables do not seem to have interfered. The practice of shroving is still continued in the present village of Milton: it is one of the customs that have survived the demolition of the old town. It obtains in other Dorset parishes, but is gradually dying out.

The Abbey churchyard was a very large one. Its area was about three times the area of the Abbey Church. The sports which took place therein have been already mentioned. It was also used as a public flogging-place for offenders against the law. Lord Milton, when he decided to pull down the old town, had all the headstones in the churchyard removed, broken up, or buried. In converting the churchyard into lawns, many bones of parishioners were turned up and irreverently treated; and the superstitious tradition in the present village is that, in consequence of this, Lord Milton died of a gruesome disease. There was an ancient cross in the churchyard called the "Druid's Cross," and also a preaching cross.[1] It is hardly necessary to add that these perished with the churchyard.

The old Grammar School, founded by Abbot Middleton in 1521, was also pulled down. It was one of the chief public schools in the south-west of England, and was known as "the Eton of the West."[2] It had, as a rule, between eighty to one hundred boys, mostly boarders, sons of the leading county families. There were several boarding-houses for the boys in Milton, and the existence of the school helped on the prosperity of the town. Two of its most distinguished *alumni* were Thomas Masterman Hardy, Nelson's favourite captain, who in after life did not forget his old friends at Milton[3]; and Thomas Beach, a native of Milton, the famous Dorset portrait painter, who from 1772 to 1800 "limned the features of everybody who was anybody."

It must be admitted, reluctantly, that the Grammar School boys were an undoubted nuisance to Lord Milton. They lived within a stone's throw of his mansion, they broke into his privacy and seclusion, they scoured his gardens and plantations in every direction, stole his fruit, and disturbed his game. Records exist of the expulsion of some boys bearing the most honoured of Dorset names for persistent stone-throwing down chimneys, and for stealing cucumbers from the Abbey gardens, and game-fowl eggs for the purpose of rearing birds to compete in fighting. In the Abbey Church the Grammar School boys sat in a large gallery which stretched from the rood-loft to the west wall. This gallery was pulled down by Lord Milton's orders as soon as he had removed the school. The head-master and assistant-masters of the school, being in Holy Orders, frequently held the position of Vicar or Curate of the Abbey Church. Among them was John Hutchins, the Dorset historian, who was Curate of the Abbey and "usher" of the school.[1]

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[1] See Alfred Pope's *The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset*, pp. 69-71.

[2] See *Milton Abbey and its School*, chap. ii.

[3] See Broadley and Bartelot's *The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar*, p. 124.

It must not be thought that Lord Milton's "fine quarter-deck high-handedness" aroused no outcry. The parishioners regarded his action as a cruel piece of tyranny, and they resisted it with stubborn and obstinate opposition.[2] For over twenty years his lordship was involved in considerable trouble and expense while gradually getting all the houses into his possession, in order that he might raze them to the ground. Mr. Harrison, a resident solicitor, refused to sell his lease, although he was offered three times its value; so Lord Milton let the water from the "Abbot's Pond" (a small pond which then lay just below the Abbey Church) creep around the premises. Mr. Harrison at once entered an action against his lordship for flooding his house, and the lawyer won the case. A few days afterwards Lord Milton went to London, and on his way to Blandford he heard the Abbey bells ringing. This he interpreted as a sign of parochial joy at his defeat and departure; and nothing would satisfy him but the sale of the offending bells. The bells were really ringing to commemorate

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[1] During Hutchins' residence at Milton, the Lord of the Manor (Mr. Jacob Bancks, M.P.) employed him to make some antiquarian researches concerning Sir John Tregonwell; and while making these researches Hutchins conceived the idea of writing a book on the antiquities of Dorset. He began to collect materials, and at Milton laid the plan of his monumental history. His wife, Ann Stephens, is described in the Melcombe Bingham marriage registers as belonging to the parish of Milton.

[2] This fight between squire and people recalls Thomas Hardy's allusion, in *The Woodlanders*, to "Middleton Abbey" as being a place where one might gain strength, "particularly strength of mind."

Guy Fawkes' Day: it was November 5th. But the bells had to go: "the autocrat" had spoken. And his friend, the Dean of Norwich, had said that "bell-ringing caused much idleness and drinking." There is a record that, when the parishioners saw their bells carted away, they stood at their house-doors weeping, even though two of the bells were saved for the new Church of St. James.

In pulling down the old town Lord Milton preserved the Abbey Church, and employed James Wyatt to restore it. Much havoc was then wrought in the interior, but at the same time the vast building underwent a thorough repair, which it needed very badly. There is a tradition that this restoration cost Lord Milton no less than £60,000; but this seems a fabulous sum.

With the materials from the demolished buildings of the old town Lord Milton built the present village of Milton (he also built some ecclesiastical-looking sham "ruins" in the park, which are still standing);[1] and the stone and timber from the old Abbey tithe-barn were used to construct a new church in the new village. The few interesting things in this church, which is dedicated to St. James the Great, were originally possessions of the Abbey—two bells of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively, a thirteenth century Purbeck marble octagonal font, an old pulpit, two pewter plates, two oak coffin-stools, and three elaborately-bound volumes, in black letter, of Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs* (1632), which aforetime were chained in the Abbey to a desk covered with "red shagg" and studded with 200 brass nails.

But although St. James' Church suffers loss by comparison with the other more ancient churches in the parish, its churchyard is remarkable in that it is higher than the church itself. The dead are buried not below the level of the church, but above the level of its roof. This is certainly unusual.

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[1] A full account of these "ruins" appeared in the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxvi., 195 ff.

Yet it may be regarded as a fitting *finale* for the inhabitants of a parish that has been described truly as "a curiosity, surprising, and remarkable."

THE SEAL OF THE TOWN OF MILTON IN AMERICA.
Incorporated 1662.

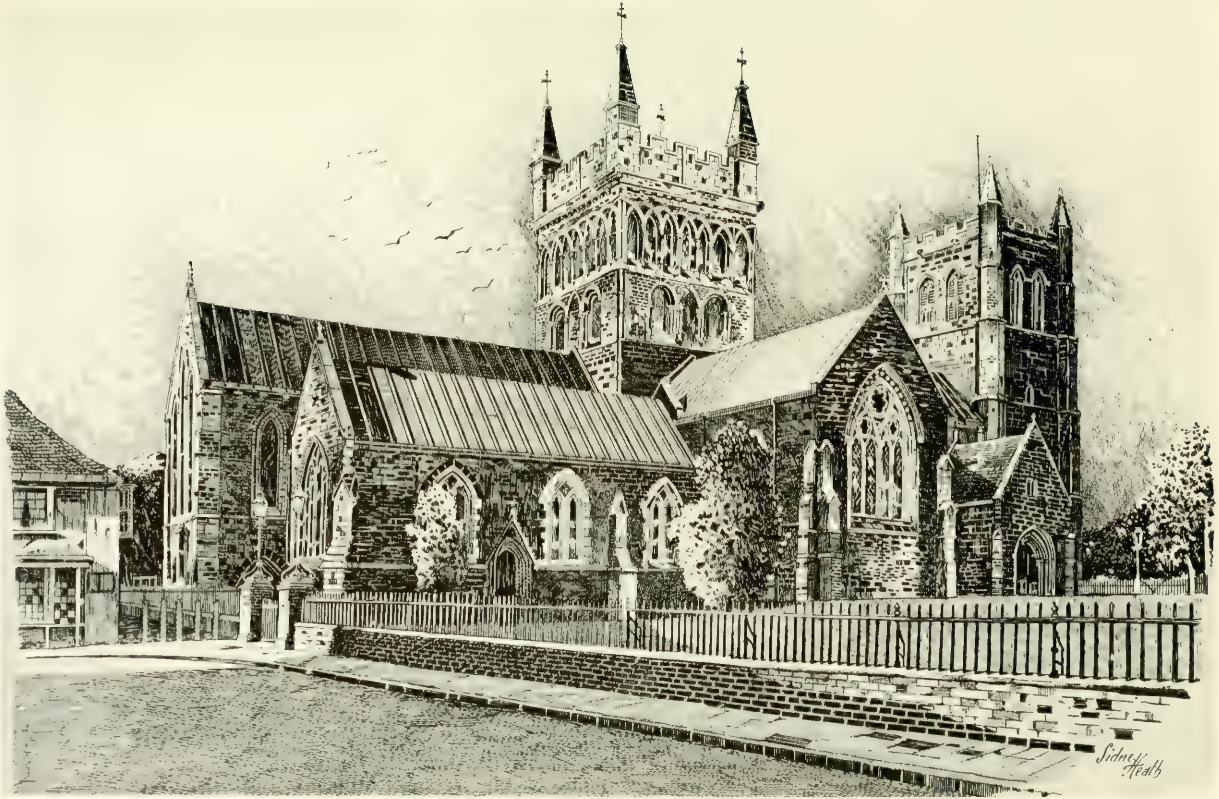
WIMBORNE MINSTER

By the Rev. Thomas Perkins, M.A.

WIMBORNE MINSTER, as it is called to distinguish it from the village of Wimborne St. Giles and Monkton-up-Wimborne, is at the present day a bright, clean, prosperous-looking little market town, showing few remains of olden times save in its church. There is no doubt that its name is connected with the little river or "bourne" on which it stands, for the two villages mentioned above, bearing names of which Wimborne forms a part, stand on the same stream, which, like some other Dorset rivers—the Var or Frome, the Piddle or Trent—bears two names, the Wim or the Allen.

And yet it is an ancient place. Here, early in the eighth century, Cudburh, or Cuthberga, sister of Ine, the famous King of the West Saxons, whose laws were the foundation of the liberties of his subjects, and show a spirit of tolerance hitherto unknown towards the conquered Celts, founded a nunnery. Here, in 851, the then Earl of Devon is said to have defeated the Danes; here Æthelred, the brother and immediate predecessor of Ælfred on the West Saxon throne, having died of a wound received in battle with the Danes, we know not where, was buried in 871. Hither came the Danes again, plundering the town and destroying the convent. Hither, too, after the death of Ælfred, in 901, came Æthelwold, the Ætheling (son of Ælfred's brother, Æthelred, who had been passed over as too young to rule when his father died) rebelling against the new King, Ælfred's son, Eadward the Unconquered, and possessed himself of Wimborne. Eadward marched from the south against him, and encamped within the rampart of Badbury Rings, a few miles to the west of Wimborne; hence he sent a message to Æthelwold, bidding him surrender. To this Æthelwold returned stout answer that he would either live or die in Wimborne. But after the messenger had gone back he took counsel with himself, and decided that as the first alternative was impossible, and the second unpleasant, he would see if a third course were not open to him—namely, to live elsewhere. So he fled to Normandy, and thence to Northumberland, which was then under Danish rule, and, throwing in his lot with the enemies of Wessex, he collected a band of freebooters from beyond the sea, and received some assistance from the East Anglian Danes. But all to no purpose, for the "Unconquered" King overthrew him and his Danish allies in many fights, and recovered all the booty they had carried off.

But it is the church that is the centre of interest of Wimborne. Ine, King of the West Saxons, had two sisters, perhaps more, but only two are connected with Wimborne. Cuthberga was betrothed to the Northumbrian King, Æcgfred, or Osric, as he is often called, but when she met him she found his rough northern manners and his intemperate habits little in harmony with her more refined disposition and mode of life. Therefore, she persuaded him to allow her to devote herself to a religious life, and retired to the nunnery at Barking; and afterwards, at what exact date we do not know, but probably not later than 705, she founded a nunnery at Wimborne, her sister being associated with her in the work. Both of these royal ladies were buried within the precincts, and in due time canonised as St. Cuthberga and St. Cwenberga; the former was commemorated as a virgin on August 31st. A special service appointed for the day



Wimborne Minster.

may still be read in a Missal kept in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury.

The convent of Wimborne can boast of another illustrious lady among those who took the veil within its walls—St. Walburga, or Walpurgis. Somewhere about the end of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century, she was born in Sussex, and was educated at the newly-founded nunnery at Wimborne, and became in due course a nun; here she stayed for yet another twenty-seven years. Then, by the desire of her uncle, St. Boniface, and her brother Wilibald, she set out with thirty other nuns to found religious houses in Germany. She first settled at Bischofsheim, in the diocese of Maintz, and in 754 became Abbess of the Benedictine house at Heidenheim, which was situated within the diocese of Eichstädt, in Bavaria, of which her brother, Wilibald, was Bishop. Another brother, Winebald, was head of the Benedictine monastery in the same place; and when he died, in 760, Walburga received the charge of this house in addition to her own, and continued to rule both until her death in 779. She was buried in a hollow rock at Eichstädt, from which a bituminous oil, afterwards called Walpurgis' oil, exuded. This was supposed to possess miraculous powers of healing, so that her grave was much visited by pilgrims, and a church was built over it. She is commemorated at different times in different places, but chiefly on May 1st, a day originally celebrated with heathen ceremonies, emblematical of the birth of Summer. Hence some of the heathen rites still lingered on, just as certain of our Christmas customs are of heathen origin. The readers of Göethe's *Faust* cannot help remembering the revels of the witches on the Brocken on Walpurgis' night.

The nunnery at Wimborne perished in some plundering raid of the Danes some time during the ninth century. Whether Ælfred did anything to restore it we do not know, but a king of the name of Eadward, either Ælfred's son, the "Unconquered," or the Confessor, founded a college of secular priests at Wimborne. Again, we know not whether the church of this college occupied the site of the old convent church or not. The names of the deans from 1224 until the Dissolution, in 1547, have come down to us. The only one of these whose name is known in history is the last but one—Cardinal Pole, who held this position from 1517 till 1537, being only seventeen years of age at the time of his appointment. When the deanery was abolished, Wimborne Minster became a Royal Peculiar, under the administration of three priest-vicars. The arrangement was a somewhat unusual one; each of the three was responsible for the services for one week, one of the other two acted as his curate in the Minster, and the other took charge of the chapelry of Holt. The next week they changed places; and so on continually. This curious arrangement continued in force till 1876, when one vicar retired on a pension, another removed to Holt, where a parsonage had been built for him, and the third became sole vicar of the Minster and the parish attached to it.

The history of the church is best read in its stones; written records are scanty. The central part, all in Norman style, the work of the twelfth century, is the oldest; from this the building gradually extended north, south, east, and west, as well as upwards, in the course of the next three centuries; but the builders who enlarged did not wantonly destroy the work of their predecessors. Probably the chief cause of this was lack of funds; there was no shrine of saint, nor tomb of martyr, nor wonder-waking relic to attract pilgrims, whose alms, had they come, would have enriched the church, as many another church was enriched, and had to pay the penalty of over-much wealth in the form of demolition and reconstruction. Wimborne Minster was simply enlarged; the outer walls, of course, had sometimes to be pulled down. Thus in the thirteenth century the Norman east end, which was probably apsidal, had to be demolished to afford space for eastward extension, and the date of this extension is determined by the character of the east window; the windows of the aisles proclaim themselves to be of fourteenth century date; the western tower is a century later. The church is one of the few that possess two towers, set tandem fashion, one at the crossing, the other at the west end. It is not a very satisfactory arrangement from an artistic point of view, and has in the few instances in which it has been introduced been unfortunate. Hereford had two towers thus placed, but the western one fell; Wymondham, in Norfolk, has two still standing, but the east end of the church is a ruin; Wimborne central tower was once surmounted by a spire, but this fell. Exeter and Ottery have two towers, but these are placed in a different manner, their bases forming the north and south ends of the transept.

The central tower at Wimborne is the older. It is supported on four massive Norman piers; the east and west arches beneath it are wider than the other two; to bring the capitals from which they spring all into one horizontal plane and the crowns of the four arches all into another horizontal plane, the builders made the wider arches segments of a circle less than semi-circles, and the narrower ones segments greater than semi-circles, giving them the shape of horse-shoes. Above this lower stage are three others—the triforium stage, with a gallery in the thickness of the wall; above this comes the clerestory, added later; and above it another stage, still later, because here, in place of the simple arches seen on the outside of the lower stages, we find interesting arches forming lancet-headed openings; above this is a heavy, ugly parapet and set of pinnacles, erected in 1608 after the fall of the central spire. The western tower is higher than the central one, contains the bells, and, just outside the easternmost window, on the north side of the belfry stage, there stands the wooden figure of a soldier, who strikes the quarter-hours on two bells, one on each side of him, and is known as the "Quarter Jack."

Inside this western tower, on the face of the south wall, is a curious clock made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, in the early part of the fourteenth century. It tells not only the time of day, but the day of the month and the age of the moon. The earth is represented by a globe in the centre; the sun by a ball on a disc, which travels round it in twenty-four hours, showing the time of day; the moon as a globe on another disc, which revolves once in a lunar month. Half of this globe is painted black, the other half is gilt, and the age of the moon is indicated by the respective proportions of black and gilt shown, for the ball itself rotates on its axis; when the moon is full the gilt half is entirely visible; when new, the black half. The clock is still in working order. A screen separates the lower stage of the tower from the nave, and forms a baptistry, in which stands an octagonal font of Norman character, large enough for baptising an infant by immersion.

From the west end, the church presents a very imposing appearance. The nearer pillars, it is true, are rather mean; they are of fourteenth century date, and very plain. It has been, with some probability, conjectured that they were brought from some other church which had been pulled down just before the time when this church was extended westward, possibly when the western tower was built. The pillars of the original nave are cylindrical and massive, the arches of the main arcading resting upon them are pointed; above is a plain wall; the division between the original and the added work is shown by the different character of the mouldings of the arches, and of the string-course above them, and by the fact that to the east there are the original Norman clerestory windows, while the walls to the west are not broken by any openings whatever.

The floor of the presbytery is raised considerably above that of the choir, and this is itself higher than the floor of the nave, so that the altar stands at a considerable elevation. One peculiarity is noteworthy—there are no altar rails, but their place is taken by three massive oaken benches, covered at all times with the "houseling linen," fair white cloths—the use of which goes back to very early times. The benches which now stand across the presbytery floor, close to the topmost of the flight of steps leading up to it, are the remains of ten such benches, which were made in Puritan times for communicants to sit on as they received the sacred elements. When the custom of kneeling was revived, these benches were placed on the steps; and on "Sacrament Sundays," the clerk, after morning prayer, went to the lectern and bade those who were prepared to receive the Holy Communion to draw near, whereupon intending communicants left the nave and knelt at the benches, or in the choir stalls, until the officiating clergy brought them the sacramental bread and wine. In 1852, when sundry changes were being made in the arrangements of the church, all these benches except three were removed—the three which were in use as altar-rails.

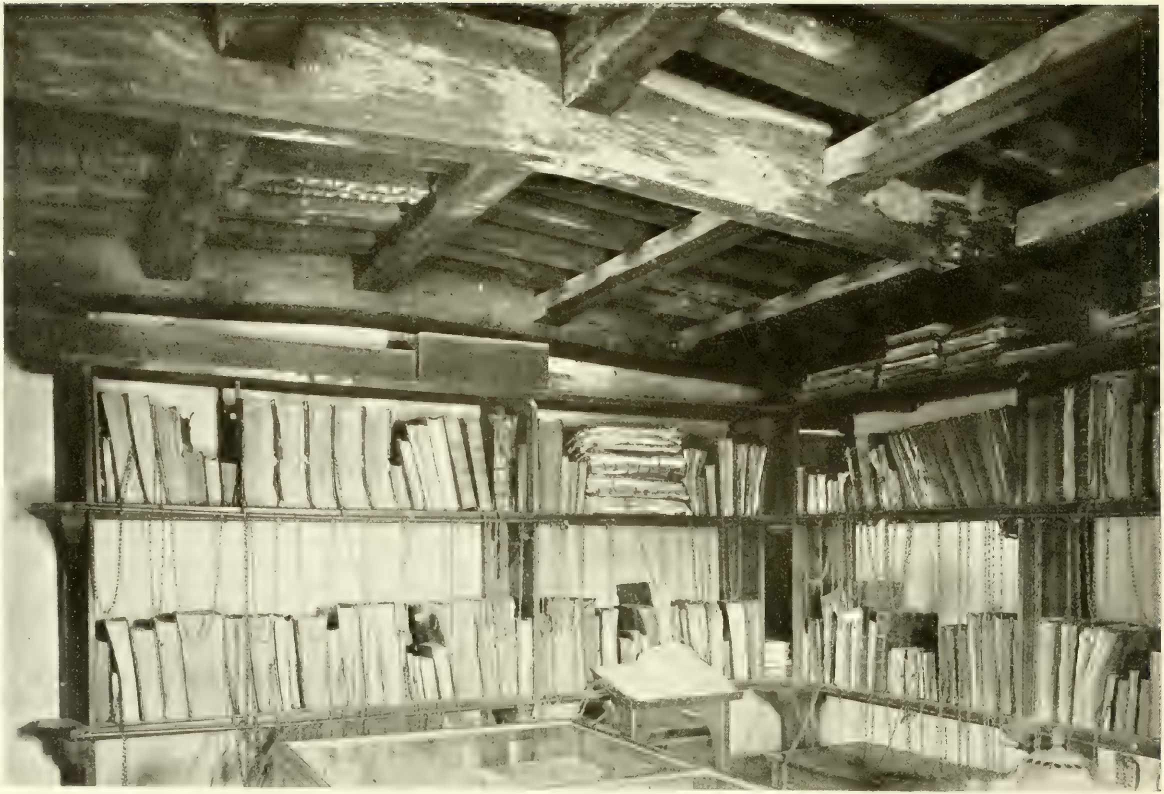
The beautiful triplet of windows, over the altar, end the long vista seen from the west. Beneath the presbytery floor is a vaulted crypt. This is not, as many crypts are, dark and gloomy, but well lit by triangular windows, which from the outside are seen to be just above the level of the churchyard. This crypt does not retain its original altar, but its place is marked by a piscina on the southern side; two arches open out into the choir aisles, through which those kneeling in the aisles might look down on the priest officiating at the altar of the crypt.

There are several monuments worthy of notice, but by far the most interesting is the Beaufort altar-tomb on the south side of the presbytery. This was erected, to the memory of her father and mother, by the Lady Margaret, foundress of Christ's and St. John's Colleges, at Cambridge, well known for her many benefactions, and from the fact that she was the mother of Henry VII. As the history of this family—the Beauforts—is interesting, and its details little touched on by the writers of English history, it may not be out of place, especially as they were connected with Wimborne, to give an outline of it here. Everyone knows that John of Gaunt was the third son of Edward III. and the father of Henry IV., but many know only in a general way that the House of Tudor traced through him their claim to the English crown. John of Gaunt married Blanche, great-granddaughter of Edmund Crouchback, second son of Henry III., who was created Earl of Lancaster in 1257. Her father, on account of his valour in the French wars of Edward III., had been made a Duke—a new title as far as England was concerned, for the only English Duke that had been previously created was the Duke of Cornwall, better known as the Black Prince. Through Blanche, his wife, John of Gaunt succeeded to the estates of the Duke of Lancaster, among them to the Castle of Beaufort, in Anjou. He was himself in 1362 created Duke of Lancaster. Among Blanche's maids of honour was one Kate, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and widow of Sir Owen Swynford. When Blanche died, John married Constance of Castile, but took unto himself Kate Swynford as his mistress; by her he became the father of four children, all born at Beaufort Castle. As they were illegitimate, they took the name of their birthplace as a surname. The eldest of these was John de Beaufort, and the second, Henry, the celebrated Cardinal Beaufort. When Constance died, these four children were legitimatised by a Bull of Urban VI., then by Richard II., then by Act of Parliament. The Duke then married Kate. On January 13th, 1396, John de Beaufort was created Earl of Somerset. He died in 1410, leaving four sons and two daughters; the eldest, Henry, did not long survive his father, and his title and estates passed to his next brother, John. He greatly distinguished himself in the French wars, and was made Duke of Somerset, Earl of Kendale, Lieutenant of the Duchy of Aquitaine and Captain-General of the whole realm of France and Normandy. In 1436 the Duke of Bedford, the Regent, died, and as the King, Henry VI., was still a minor, another regent had to be appointed. The Duke of Lancaster thought he should have obtained this important post, but it was conferred on the Duke of York, and Lancaster therefore retired from active service, and in 1440 married Margaret, widow of Oliver St. John, and daughter of John, Lord Beauchamp, of Bletsoe Manor, Bedfordshire. This John, Duke of Somerset, and Margaret, his wife, are they whose figures lie side by side in alabaster on their altar-tomb at Wimborne. Their right hands are clasped together; angels guard their heads; his feet rest on a dog, hers on an antelope; he is clad in complete armour, the face and right hand alone bare; the left hand holds the right-hand gauntlet, which he has taken off before taking the lady's hand. On the apex of the arch, above the tomb, hangs the helm which he, during his life, used to wear in tournaments. Their only child was born in 1441—Margaret, of whom mention has been made. Her father died in 1444, aged thirty-nine years, and the Duchy of Somerset became extinct in the Beaufort family. His death took place at Kingston Lacy, an estate close to Wimborne, belonging to the Beaufort family. His widow and daughter went to live on the Bedfordshire property. In about four years time, the widow married her third husband, Lord Welles. Young Margaret, when only nine years of age, was sought by the Duke of Suffolk as a wife for his son, John de la Pole, and by King Henry VI. as wife for his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, son of Catherine, the Queen of Henry V., by her second husband, Sir Owen Tudor. Margaret was a clever girl, well educated, knowing even then Latin and French; but sorely distraught was she to know which of the two suitors to choose: so she consulted an old gentlewoman, who advised her to commit the matter to St. Nicholas. She took the advice, prayed to the saint, and fell asleep, and about four o'clock next morning, whether sleeping or waking she could not tell, saw one standing in her room, habited in a bishop's robes, who bade her accept Edmund Tudor as a husband. She told her mother, and she was betrothed to the Earl of Richmond, and they were married in 1455, when she was fourteen years of age and he twenty-four. They lived at Pembroke Castle, which belonged to Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. In 1456 her only son, Henry, afterwards Henry VII., was born, and shortly after this her husband died. He was buried at Caermarthen Abbey, and when the monastery was suppressed, his body was removed to the Cathedral Church at St. David's. His mother, anxious to keep quite aloof from party strife (for the War of the Roses had already broken out), lived on at Pembroke, educating her son. In 1459 she married her second husband, Sir Humphrey Stafford; widowhood, for one of exalted rank, not being a desirable condition in those times of war and turmoil. It has been seen that her mother was thrice married, and Margaret followed her example, for when Sir Humphrey died in 1481, she, at the end of a year, being then about forty years of age, married Thomas, Lord Stanley. After fifteen years she separated from him with his consent, in order to devote herself to a religious life, and retired to the convent at Woking, in Surrey. It must not be supposed that she had a peaceful or happy life. Her thoughts were centred on her only son, and many were the years of separation from this son that his mother had to endure. The story of his wanderings, his dangers, his detention in Brittany, are too long to be told here—suffice it to say that Richard III. became so odious to the chief nobles that at last it was arranged that Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, Margaret's son, should be recognised by the Lancastrian party as their leader, and should claim the throne; and that in order to gain the adherence of those members of the Yorkist party who were opposed to Richard, a marriage should take place between Henry and Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. Both the mothers agreed to the union: but the first attempt at invasion by Richmond was a failure, and Richard seemed free from all danger; and with a view to win over his Yorkist opponents, he made up his mind to marry Elizabeth himself, although she was his own brother's child. This step led to a fresh invasion—this time a successful one—and the death of Richard on Bosworth field virtually placed the crown on Henry's head (1485). So at last the Lady Margaret's troubles were at an end, and she saw her son crowned and wedded, and the red and white roses twined together. It remains only to speak of her benefactions. Those at Cambridge are well known; and the writer of this chapter, who once held at Christ's College one of the scholarships she founded, cherishes the memory of the royal and pious lady with all due gratitude. But it is of her benefactions at Wimborne that mention must now be made. About 1498 she built the beautiful monument to her father and mother in the Minster; founded a chantry, where, for her own soul, and for those of her son, her parents, and ancestors, Mass was to be duly said. She founded and endowed the Grammar School, though, as its endowments were greatly added to by Queen Elizabeth, its name was afterwards changed from the Lady Margaret's to that of Queen Elizabeth's Free Grammar School.

The Lady Margaret just outlived her son; both died in the same year, 1509, but she rather later than he.

Of the other monuments space forbids mention of any, save that of Anthony Etricke, if it can be called a monument, for it is really the sarcophagus that contains the body of this eccentric magistrate, who lived at Holt, and was recorder of Poole. He desired, for some reason, to be buried neither above the ground nor under it, neither within the church nor outside of it; and in order to carry out this strange wish, he got permission to cut a niche in the south wall, partly below the level of the surface of the churchyard, and in it fixed a slate sarcophagus. In this he ordered his coffin to be deposited when he died; and he made all the preparations he could beforehand, even to the painting of the date of his death on the side of the slate coffin. He had a presentiment that he should die in 1691, but he lived till 1703, so that the real date of his death had to be placed on the coffin. The other date was not obliterated, but the new one was painted on the other, and the two may be seen there to-day. The arms of his family are painted on the lid, and, as he left twenty shillings per annum to keep coffin and niche in good repair, the sarcophagus is bright and smart as paint, gilding, and varnish can make it.

The chained library, as it is called, is placed in a chamber above the vestry, rebuilt when the church was restored. It was formed by the Rev. William Stone, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, afterwards one of the "three vicars" of the church. By his will he left some land to St. Margaret's Hospital, and his collection of books to the Minster. These were brought from Oxford in 1686, and placed in what was then known as the Treasury. They were chiefly the writings of the Fathers, with certain other theological books, and were intended for the free use of the people of Wimborne. In these days few would care to pore over these dry and heavy tomes, or make use of the library, for it does not contain any novels, standard or ephemeral; but there were days when it was used for study. In 1725 a catalogue was made, and the number of the books was then two hundred; when next catalogued, about one hundred and fifty years later, the number had dropped to one hundred and eighty-five, despite the fact that ten books not mentioned in the



The Chained Library, Wimborne Minster.

former catalogue were on the shelves. There is but one MS., bearing date 1343, "Regimen Animarum," written on vellum, and containing some illuminated initials. The majority of the books were printed between 1520 and 1710. The most interesting are: a Polyglot Bible (1657), a Breeches' Bible (1595), and Sir Walter Ralegh's *History of the World* (1614). No less than one hundred and four pages of this *History* have had a hole burnt through them. Tradition says that Matthew Prior, the poet, was reading this book by candle light, and fell asleep; when he awoke he found that some snuff from his candle had fallen on the book and done the mischief. He stuck small pieces of parchment over the hole in every page, and inserted the missing letters or words with pen and ink. But the interesting tradition has been controverted in modern times.

The books were originally chained to the shelves, one end of the chain being fastened to the edge of the binding, the other to a ring which would slide along a rod. Many of the books had got loose in the course of years, and lay dusty and uncared for; but at the restoration, new rods were fastened along the new shelves, and the old chains repaired and put to their former use.

In two oaken chests in this room many deeds relating to the Collegiate Church (the earliest dating from the time of Henry III., the latest from that of Henry VIII.) are preserved. Among them is the deed founding the Chantry and Grammar School, drawn up by the executors of the Lady Margaret's will; and also the charter granted by Charles I. to the Governors of the church, from which they derive the powers of appointing clergy, choristers, clerk, vergers, etc., which powers they use to-day.

There is one other ancient ecclesiastical foundation in the neighbourhood of Wimborne, about a quarter of a mile from the town on the road to Blandford. It is now an almshouse, where three poor married couples, three poor single men, and the same number of unmarried women, are maintained; but its original purpose was to relieve only such of the poor as were suffering from leprosy. It is generally said to have been founded by John of Gaunt, and so to have been another connection between that family and Wimborne. There is, it may be said, an old kitchen at Canford which is still called "John of Gaunt's Kitchen"; whether he had anything to do with the building of the kitchen or the endowment of the Lazar-house we do not know, but it is certain that he did not found the latter, for, in the reign of King John, Hugo of Lingiveria gave to it an acre of land, and in 1282 the Bishop of Exeter gave an indulgence to any who would contribute to its support. A deed of the date of Henry VIII. refers to a Bull of Innocent IV., dated 1245, in which this hospital is mentioned. Various gifts of land, vestments, plate, etc., were bestowed on the hospital, to which a small chapel dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Anthony is attached. A chantry was founded here by one John Redcoddes, in order that a priest might daily say masses for his soul's welfare. The chapel, the architecture of which shows that it was originally built in the thirteenth century, still stands, and is fitted up for service. Hither once a week one of the clergy comes from the Minster to conduct a service, which the alms-house people attend.

Other than the buildings already mentioned, there is little mediæval work to be seen in Wimborne. The old Free Grammar School buildings have given place to modern ones erected in 1851, and the school is now managed by a governing body appointed under a scheme drawn up by the Charity Commissioners. So "the old order changeth, giving place to the new"; but, seen from far or near, the two-towered Minster, with its parti-coloured walls of deep red and drab stone, rises grand and old amid its modern surroundings—a noble memorial of the mediæval builder's art.

FORD ABBEY

By Sidney Heath

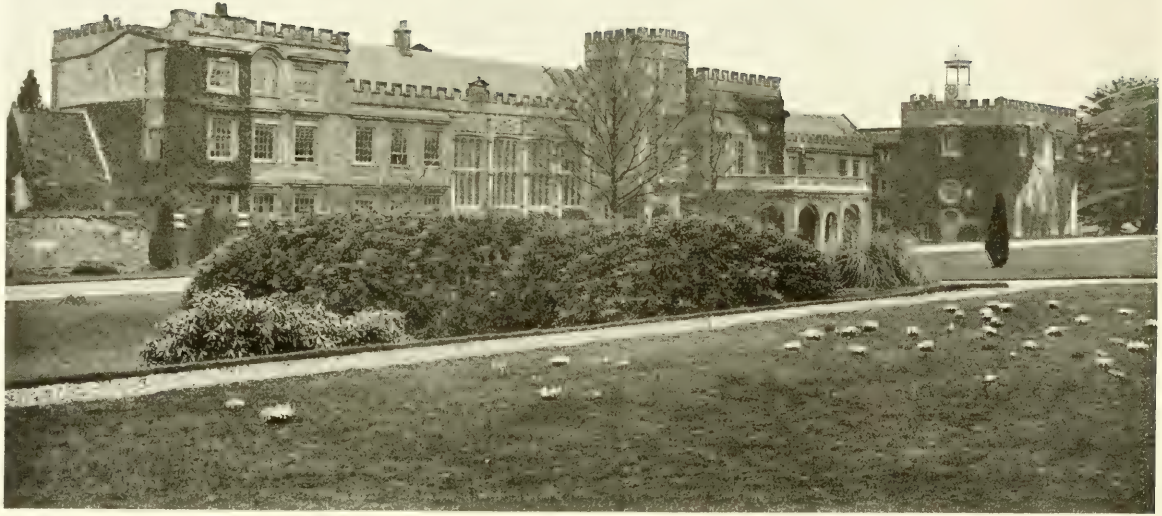
VARIOUS authorities agree with Camden in stating that Ford Abbey (originally in Devon, but now included in the county of Dorset), near Chard, was founded in the year 1140, for Cistercian monks, by Adeliza, daughter of Baldwin de Brioniis, and a grand-niece of William the Conqueror. The circumstances of its origin are interesting and romantic. It appears that Adeliza's brother, Richard of Okehampton, had given, in 1133, certain lands at Brightley, within his barony, to an Abbey of the Cistercian Order, and had secured twelve monks to dwell therein from Gilbert, Abbot of Waverley, in Surrey. This small community remained at Brightley for five years, when they, " by reason of great want and barrenness, could abide there no longer," and commenced a return journey to their original home in Surrey. On their way they passed through Thorncombe, the parish wherein Ford is situated, where they encountered Adeliza, who, hearing with great regret of the failure of her brother's enterprise, exclaimed: " Behold my manor where you now are, which is very fruitful and well wooded, which I give you for ever in exchange for your barren lands at Brightley, together with the mansion-house and other houses. Stay there until a more convenient monastery may be built for you upon some other part of the estate." The site selected by the monks for the erection of the Abbey was in a valley, on the left bank of the river Axe, at a place called, according to Leland, " Hertbath " (*balneum cervorum*), and which, from its nearness to a ford crossing the river at this spot, subsequently became known as *Ford.*

Such is the accepted origin of the splendid pile of buildings which sprang up in this fertile and sequestered valley in 1148, and which still, notwithstanding the pillage at its dissolution, and its many structural alterations, commands our admiration and our attention; although, if we except some small portion of what is known as "the chapel," at the eastern end of the south front, nothing now remains of the original foundation erected by the pious Adeliza.

The original purpose of this ancient part of the building, known as "the chapel," is somewhat obscure. It has been commonly regarded as that portion of the religious house which its name indicates, and as being the burial-place of its founder and other benefactors. Dr. Oliver, however, in the supplement to his *Monasticon*, speaks of it as the "Chapter House"—a likely suggestion. In his *Memoir of Thomas Chard, D.D.*, Dr. J. H. Pring writes:

> That except in the deed of surrender, and a short reference made to it by Hearne, I have not been able to discover the slightest notice of "the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Ford" in any of the numerous accounts which have been given of the abbey; though when we read of frequent interments, some on the north, others on the south side of the choir—others, such as that of Robert Courtenay, who, we are told, was buried on the 28th July, 1242, in the chancel, before the high altar, under a stately monument exhibiting the figure of an armed knight—there can be little doubt, I think, that these took place, not in what is now known as the Chapel, but in the Abbey Church, which stood at the east end of the abbey, about two hundred feet above the chapel.

This portion of the edifice, whose original uses are conjectural, shows, both inside and out, considerable vestiges which appear to suggest a Norman origin, and which we may assume were possibly erected under the immediate auspices, if not under the personal superintendence, of the Lady Adeliza. The exterior angles of the eastern end exhibit the quoins so characteristic of the Norman style of building, and the interior has many



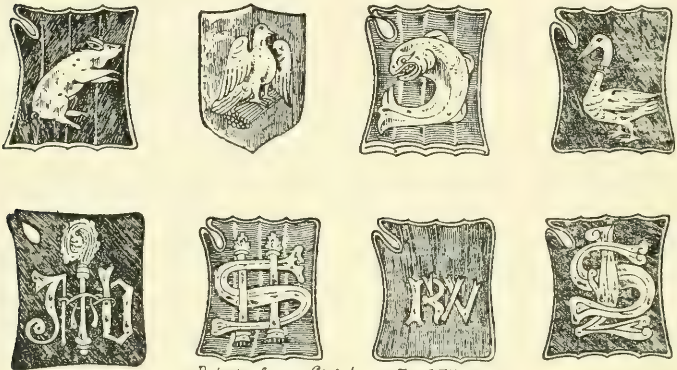
FORD ABBEY.

fine examples of Anglo-Norman work, in the pillars, the groined stone roof, the arches at either end, of a slightly pointed character, with the well-known zig-zag or chevron moulding. The eastern window is of much later date, being Perpendicular in style, and it is believed to have been inserted by Thomas Chard, the last Abbot, as the upper panel of the left-hand side depicts a stag's head, whilst the companion panel, parallel to it, contains faint traces of the oft-repeated monogram, T. C.

The next feature in point of antiquity is what is now termed the "Monks' Walk," a range of ivy-clad buildings running back for nearly four hundred feet from the eastern end of the Abbey in a northerly direction, and it is thought that a similar range ran parallel to it. The remaining wing is on the eastern side, and consists of two storeys, the lower of which possesses some beautiful Early English work, and the upper one was probably the monks' dormitory. In the centre is an archway of fourteenth century date, and along the entire length of the wing is a series of lancet windows, almost perfect on the western side, but destroyed or built up on the eastern. Hearne thus notices this wing:

> But now, though one of the chief uses of the cloisters was for walking, yet in Religious Houses they had sometime galleries for the same end. We have an instance of it in Ford Abbey in Devonshire, which is one of the most entire abbeys in England; in the east front whereof, which is the oldest of the two fronts (though the south front be the chiefest), there is a gallery called the Monks' Walk, with small cells on the right hand, and little narrow windows on the left.

Great as is the antiquarian interest of these fragments of what we may reasonably presume to have formed part of the original foundation, the greater part of the existing fabric is the work of Abbot Chard, of whom we shall have something to say later. The best view of the building is obtained from the front, where nearly all that meets the eye affords a striking instance of the consummate taste and devoted perseverance of this remarkable man under circumstances that may well have discouraged the boldest. The storm which culminated in the dissolution of the monastic houses was gathering; but instead of being filled with dismay, as were so many of his fellow-churchmen, Thomas Chard spared no effort to beautify his beloved abbey, perhaps that the very glamour of her loveliness might enchant the eyes of the spoilers and turn them from their purpose of ruthless spoliation. To a great extent, his work was preserved, for, although the abbey did suffer, and that grievously, yet it escaped the wanton wreckage by which most of these foundations throughout the land were devastated.



Details from Cloisters. Ford Abbey.

The first portion of Chard's building to claim attention is the cloister, late Perpendicular in style, with mullions and window tracery which present an appearance at once good and bold, and show no signs of the debasement and formality that are so characteristic of the late buildings of this period. Above the windows a frieze of stonework depicts on shields the arms of various benefactors to the Abbey—as those of Courtenay quartering Rivers, Poulett, the Bishop of Exeter, etc.; and on many shields appear either the monogram or the name of Thomas Chard.

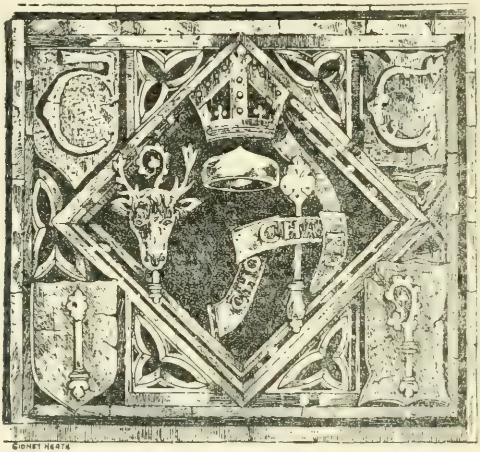
An excellent account of the cloister—and, indeed, of the whole Abbey—is contained in a very rare little volume, entitled, a *History of Ford Abbey*, written anonymously many years ago, but acknowledged by ecclesiologists to be the work of one who for a long period must have resided there, and who thus, by daily associations with the fabric, became more familiar with its minute architectural details than could possibly be the case with anyone who had not enjoyed a similar privilege. As this volume is rare, as well as interesting and accurate in regard to its architectural information, no apology is needed for quoting certain passages from it here. In reference to the cloister we learn that:

> The cloister is divided by a suite of rooms and arcade from the grand porch-tower, so conspicuous for its architectural beauty, and which in days gone by was no doubt the original entrance. It is richly ornamented with first-rate sculpture, some of it obviously unfinished; the central boss in the vaulting uncut; and the blank shield in the centre, below the basement window, encircled by the garter, was doubtless intended for the royal arms. The uncut shield on the sinister side, having the pelican and dolphin for supporters, was for Courtenay. The two small shields cut are charged with a lion rampant for De Redvers, and checky two bars for Baldwin de Brioniis. Immediately over the arch of the door is a large scroll shield of a more modern date, bearing the arms of Prideaux, impaling those of his second wife, Ivery. On the upper part of this elegant specimen of Dr. Chard's taste, in the centre shield, are his initials, T.C., with the crosier and *mitre* (Dr. Chard was a Suffragan Bishop); and the two smaller shields, with the T.C., crosier, and abbot's cap, alternate with the stag's head cabossed—supposed to be the bearing of the then Bishop of Exeter; and just below the battlement of the tower is the following inscription:—
>
> AN̄'O D'N̄I MILLESIMO QUINGESIMO VIC^{MO} OCTA^{O}. A D'N̄O
> FACTUM EST THOMA CHARD, ABB.

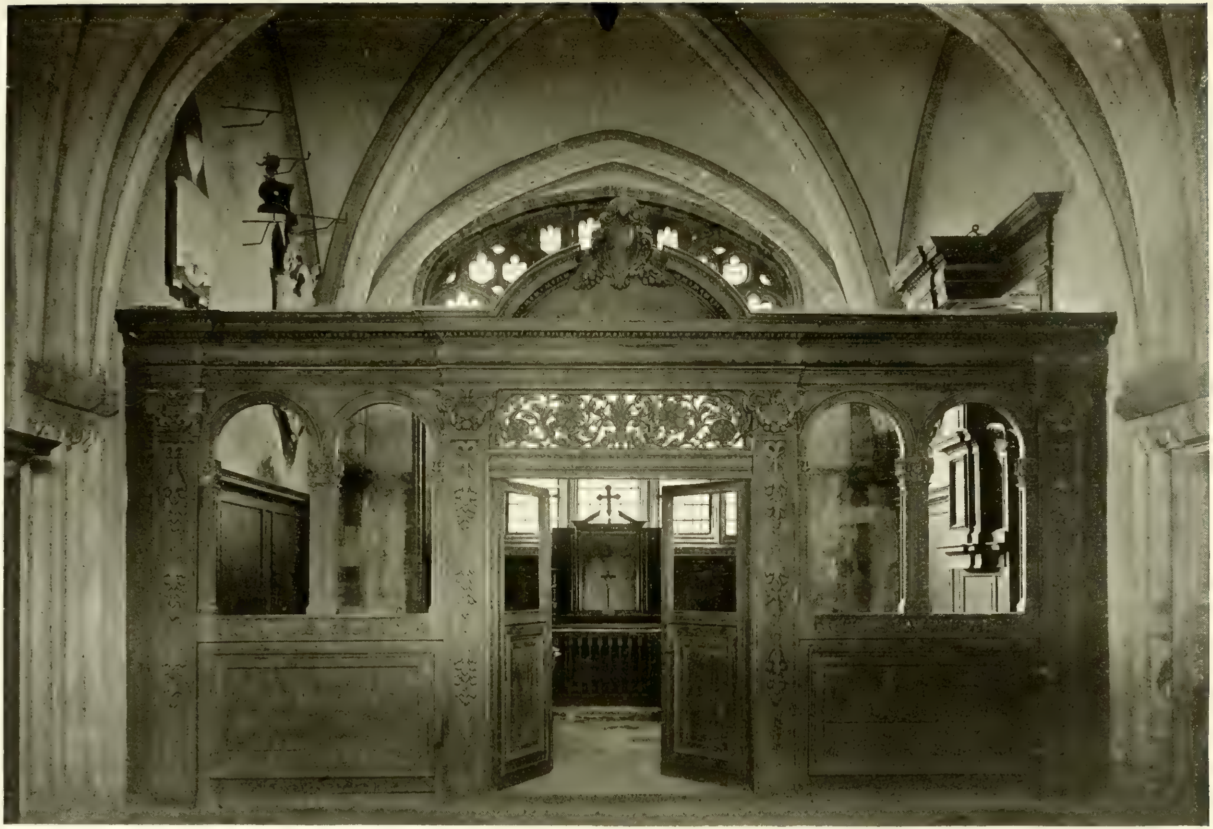
Now, while there is no doubt that Chard united in his own person the offices of Abbot and Suffragan Bishop, the above account is at fault in attributing "the stag's head cabossed" to the then Bishop of Exeter, for it formed no part of the armorial bearings either of Bishop Oldham or of his successor, Veysey. In a letter from Dr. Chard to

Cardinal Wolsey "the stag's head cabossed" is used as the *seal*, and is expressly referred to in the body of the letter as "*sigillum meum*," and we find the same device associated with his name or monogram in various parts of the Abbey buildings; the most probable solution being that it relates to the ancient cognizance of the Abbey, or the site whereon it stands, which, as we have already seen, was Hertbath (*balneum cervorum*).

Further confirmation of Dr. Chard's double office of Bishop and Abbot is found in a remarkable panel in the frieze (*see illustration*), which appears to have been designed for the purpose of attesting this fact, if not in actual words, yet in unmistakable and appropriate symbolism. The small top corner shields of this panel contain the letters T. C., and the lower ones an abbot's and a bishop's staff, respectively; whilst on the hatchment-shaped panel in the centre occurs the stag's head and bishop's staff, the name "Tho. Chard" on a scroll entwined round an abbot's staff; and above these, as a fitting termination to the whole, appears the abbot's cap, surmounted by the bishop's mitre.



Panel from Cloisters. Ford Abbey.



The Chapel, Ford Abbey.

The entrance porch contains a fine west window of the same character as those of the adjoining great hall, which in their turn correspond with those of the cloister, and above them is a frieze of grotesque animals. To quote once more from the book already referred to:

> This part of the building has been shorn of its length, as, on minute inspection, will appear. The royal arms are not in the centre, as they no doubt originally were. They consist of a rose crowned, encircled with a garter, and supported by a dragon and greyhound, the badges of Henry VII. . . . Although the remaining portion of this wing has been altered, it was built by Thomas Chard, the battlements corresponding with the tower and chapel; and as a more decisive proof that it was so, there is, at the western end of the building, but hid by ivy, the portcullis cut in stone, another of the badges of Henry VII.; and to the north, or back side, are the initials T. C., with the crosier and cap.

The ancient guest-chamber, so integral a part of these old foundations, appears to have been at right angles to the great hall, as it was noticed some years ago on the collapse of portions of the ceiling that the ancient timber roof was still *in situ.* We shall have a little to say later about the alteration and adaptation of the interior for the purposes of a modern mansion, when, happily, much of Dr. Chard's work was not disturbed; but we have, unfortunately, no record of the condition of the fabric prior to the restorations of the above prelate, and his task seems to have been little less than the re-building of the greater part of the edifice. The antiquary Leland, visiting the Abbey during Dr. Chard's alterations, writes: "*Cœnobium nunc sumptibus plane non credendis abbas magnificentissime restaurat.*"[1] This beautiful structure had scarcely had its delicate stonework mellowed by the soft winds from the Devonshire moors, when the Dissolution, long impending, burst in fury upon the larger religious houses, and on March 8th, 1539, Thomas Chard was induced to sign the surrender of his beloved Abbey of Ford, which was endeared to him by many sacred associations, and on which he had lavished his own private fortune and the artistic genius of a master mind. The following is a translation (according to Dr. Pring) of the document of surrender, the wording of which, we may be sure, accorded ill with the reluctant hands that attached the names and seals:—

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[1] "The Abbot at incredible expense is now restoring the monastery most gloriously."

> To all the faithful in Christ, to whom this present writing shall come: Thomas Chard, abbot of the monastery or abbey, and of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of Ford, in the county of Devon, of the Cistercian order, and the same place and convent, everlasting salvation in the Lord.

Per me Thomā abbem
Willūs Rede, prior
John Cosen
Robte Yetminster.
Johēs Newman.
Johēs Bridgwat^{r}.
Thomas Stafford.
Johēs Ffawell.
W. Winsor.
Elizeus Oliscomb.
William Keynston.
William Dynyngton.
Richard Kingesbury.

> Know ye that we, the aforesaid abbot and convent, by our unanimous assent and consent, with our deliberate minds, right, knowledge, and mere motion, from certain just and reasonable causes especially moving our minds and consciences have freely, and of our own accord given and granted, and by these presents do give, grant, and surrender and confirm to our illustrious prince, Henry VIII., by the grace of God, king of England, lord of Ireland, supreme head of the Church of England in this land, all our said monastery or abbacy of Ford aforesaid. And also all and singular manors, lordships, messuages, etc. In testimony whereof, we, the aforesaid abbot and convent, have caused our common seal to be affixed to these presents. Given at our Chapter House of Ford aforesaid, on the 8th day of the month of March, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of King Henry aforesaid. Before me, William Petre, one of the clerks, etc., the day and year above written.
>
> By me, Willm̄n Petre.

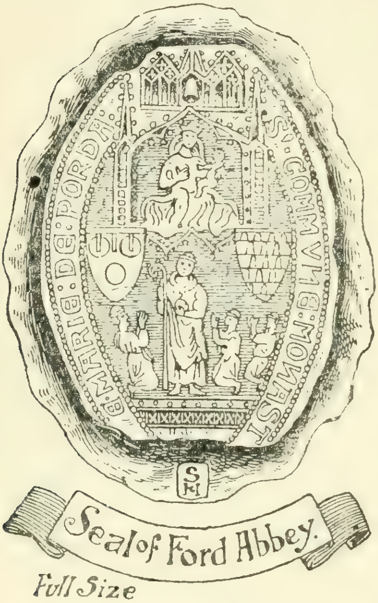
No sooner had the document been signed than the work of pillage commenced; but one is inclined to agree with the Devonshire historian Prince, that, "by what lucky chance he knew not, Ford Abbey escaped better than its fellows, and continueth for the greatest part standing to this day." At the same time, there is little doubt that much havoc took place, although, perhaps, not to the extent recorded by Risdon, who says it now merely "somewhat showeth of what magnificence once it was."

It is just possible that Thomas Chard's beautiful work softened the hearts of the spoilers, and its very wealth of ornament caused it to be retained as too valuable a prize to be utterly demolished; but, whether standing entire or razed to the ground, it appears to have been an encumbrance, for on October 28th, in the year of its surrender, it was granted by the King, "with all and singular its manors, lordships, and messuages, etc.," to Richard Pollard, Esq.

At the time of its dissolution the annual revenues of the Abbey were computed at £374 10s. 6¼d. by Dugdale, and at £381 10s. 6d. by Speed, and the net revenue was, no doubt, somewhere between these two sums.

Born probably at Tracy, near Awliscombe, Honiton, about the year 1470, Thomas Chard was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of his day, and evidently, as his works attest, an accomplished architect and a most munificent man. The highly ornamental façade of the institution over which he presided as last abbot is considered to be the finest example of its kind in the West of England. On entering holy orders, Chard appears to have held several livings in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, and was elected Abbot of Ford about 1520. Previous to this, in 1508, he was appointed Suffragan to Bishop Oldham by the title "Episcopus Solubricencis," in 1513 Warden of the College of Lady St. Mary, at Ottery, and in 1515 Prior of the Benedictine or Cluniac Priory of Montacute. It has been suggested that as Dr. Chard was Warden of Ottery College about the time that the beautiful Dorset Chapel was built (1513-18)—one of the most lovely pieces of Perpendicular building we possess—the inspiration of this eminent architect may have done much to influence the splendid design of this portion of the Church of Lady St. Mary at Ottery.

It was Bishop Chard who officiated for Bishop Veysey, of Exeter, at the noble obsequies of Katherine Courtenay, daughter of Edward IV., and widow of William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, buried at Tiverton in 1527. It is thought that his choice for this office was determined by his headship of the Monastery of Ford, of which foundation the Courtenays had always been great patrons and benefactors.


S' COMMVNE MONAST B MARIE DE FORD
Seal of Ford Abbey.
Full Size

The burial place of Thomas Chard is unknown, but may possibly be in the chapel of the Hospital of St. Margaret, near Honiton. Dr. Oliver, who visited this chapel many years ago, writes: "The west door is secured by a large sepulchral slab, to which was formerly affixed a brass plate." This has long since disappeared, but many writers agree that there is little doubt that this slab covered the dust of the Abbot-Bishop.

The old abbey seal,[1] which had eluded the research of many antiquaries, including the editors of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, was discovered by Mr. Davidson, of Sector, near Axminster. It is of oval form, the usual shape for monastic seals, and is divided into three compartments, in the uppermost of which is a bell suspended in a steeple, and in the canopy beneath we see the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant on her knee. On one side is the shield of Courtenay, bearing—*or*, three torteaux, with a label of three points. On the other side is the shield of Beaumont—barry of six, *vair* and *gules*. The lowest compartment occupies rather more than half the seal inside the inscription, and shows an abbot standing, in his right hand a pastoral staff, and holding in his left hand a book; and at his feet are three monks kneeling, with their hands together in supplication.

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[1] Engraved in Oliver's *Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis*.

With this description of the seal the claims of Ford Abbey to figure in this volume of "Memorials" are practically finished, yet it may be of interest to continue a little further in the personal and architectural history of this wonderful old house. As we have seen, Henry VIII. granted the abbey and all its appurtenances to Richard Pollard, Esq., who was subsequently knighted by Henry VIII., and from this gentleman it passed to his son, Sir John Pollard, who sold it to his cousin, Sir Amias Poulett, of Hinton St. George, and Curry Mallet, who had held the office of head steward of the abbey under the *régime* of Dr. Chard (as had his father, Sir Hugh Poulett, before him), and who was for a short time the custodian of Mary Queen of Scots. From Sir Amias Poulett, the abbey and estates passed by purchase to William Rosewell, Esq., Solicitor-General to Queen Elizabeth, and thence to his son, Sir Henry Rosewell, who, in 1649, conveyed them to Sir Edmund Prideaux, Bart., of Netherton, county Devon. He was educated at Cambridge, and after being admitted a student of the Inner Temple was called to the Bar, 23rd November, 1623. He was returned as Burgess for Lyme Regis and took part against the King. He appears to have been a man of marked abilities, as in 1643 we find him appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, and three years later he was granted the privileges of a King's Counsel, the combined offices being worth some £7,000 a year. It is somewhat singular that, while holding the first-named office he was allowed to retain his seat in Parliament, and when he relinquished the Great Seal, the House of Commons, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services, ordered that he should practise within the Bar, and have precedence next after the Solicitor-General, to which office he himself was raised in 1647. Although attached to the Parliamentary cause he took no part in the King's trial, nor in the trials of the Duke of Hamilton and others. Nevertheless, he shortly afterwards accepted from the dominant party the office of Attorney-General, a post which he retained for the remainder of his life. His remarkable organising abilities were shown in 1649, when, as Master of the Post Messengers and Carriers, a post he had acquired in 1644, he established a weekly conveyance to every part of the kingdom, a great improvement on the system he had found in vogue, and under which letters were sent by special messengers, one of whose duties it was to supply relays of horses at a given mileage. It is said that the emoluments accruing to his private purse from this improved postal service were not less than £15,000 a year. Sir Edmund was twice married, and by his first wife Jane, daughter and sole heiress of Henry Collins, Esq., of Ottery St. Mary, he had a daughter Mary. His second wife was Margaret, daughter and co-heir of William Ivery, of Cotthay, Somerset, and by her he had three daughters, and a son Edmund, who succeeded him at Ford Abbey. It was Sir Edmund Prideaux who brought Inigo Jones to the Abbey to carry out certain alterations, which he did by inserting square-headed windows in the walls of the state rooms, and by adding these and other classical affectations on to the old Gothic building he destroyed the harmonious composition of the whole, and it is not, perhaps, a matter of regret that this architect died in 1654, before his designs for converting this fine old house into a sham "classical" building were carried out, although the interior of the house was embellished with magnificent decorations and the whole place made into a beautiful, comfortable, and habitable mansion.

Edmund Prideaux, the younger, had for his tutor John Tillotson, who afterwards became Archbishop of

Canterbury. Although he took but little part in the grave political troubles of his day, he is remembered in history as the entertainer of the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, who visited Ford in 1680, on his journey of pleasure to the west country, where he was royally entertained by his host, whose connection with his noble guest did not end here, as after the Rye House affair he was suspected of favouring the Duke, and the house was searched for arms. When the Duke subsequently landed at Lyme Regis in 1685, Mr. Prideaux, like a prudent man, remained quietly at home, but was visited at night by a small party of rebels requiring horses, and it is said that one of them while in the house drank to the health of Monmouth, which indiscretion becoming known in London, a warrant was issued for Mr. Prideaux's arrest, and he was taken to the Tower on a charge of high treason. Notwithstanding that nothing could be proved against him, he was kept a close prisoner until he had paid the sum of £15,000 to the infamous Jeffreys, when his pardon was signed on March 20th, 1685. On the accession of William III. he petitioned Parliament for leave to bring in a Bill to charge the estates of Jeffreys with the restitution of this money, but the Act failed to pass.

The sole surviving daughter of Edmund Prideaux (and his wife, Amy Fraunceis), in 1690, married her cousin, Francis Gwyn, Esq., of Llansandr, co. Glamorgan, who thus inherited Ford Abbey, and was succeeded in the estates by his fourth son, Francis Gwyn, who, dying without issue in 1777, devised this house and all his other lands to his kinsman, John Fraunceis, or Francis, of Combe-Florey, on condition of his taking the name of Gwyn, and in this family the Abbey remained until the decease of a John Francis Gwyn, in 1846, when it was purchased by G. F. W. Miles, Esq., and afterwards by Miss Evans. It is now the property of Mrs. Freeman Roper. The famous Jeremy Bentham rented the abbey early in the nineteenth century and here he entertained

James Mill and other social and literary magnates. One of the numerous Francis Gwyns was Queen Anne's Secretary for War, and to him Her Majesty presented the magnificent tapestries now hung in the saloon. They are worked from original cartoons by Raphael, said to have been designed at the request of Pope Leo. Charles I. is said to have purchased the cartoons on the advice of Rubens, and to have removed them from Brussels in 1630. They were first placed, it is thought, at Whitehall, and William III. had them hung at Hampton Court Palace, where they remained until 1865, when they were taken to their present home, the Victoria and Albert Museum. These designs were the property of His Majesty King Edward VII., who has, I think, recently bequeathed them to the nation.

It was in 1842 that, for the convenience of county business, the parish of Thorncombe, containing Ford Abbey, was transferred to the county of Dorset.

DORCHESTER[1]

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM, D.D.

IF Bede is right, the Roman armies did not leave our shores till A.D. 452. Whether it was then, so near the end of the old Western Empire, or a little earlier, it must have been a dark hour for Dorset, which no doubt saw something of the embarkation; some considerable force, in that strict order which to the last the legions maintained, would no doubt march from Durnovaria to Clavinio (Weymouth) to take ship. The light of history falls faint over Dorset and Dorchester for many a year from that Roman exodus. But it is interesting to find that the "Saxons," to use the familiar term, took a century and a half to master Dorset; our fathers must have made a stubborn fight against endless raids. It is at least possible that the victory of Badon Hill—in which, says the Arthurian legend, the Saxon hordes were ruinously beaten by the "Britons," led perhaps by a Rome-trained chief—was won in Dorset; Badbury, near Wimborne, in the belief of Edwin Guest of Cambridge, was Badon. But Wessex in due time absorbed Dorset and Dorchester; and now our fields and woodlands were well sprinkled with royal manors, while our town, beyond a doubt, still kept much of its old dignity and culture; for the Saxons left the walled cities largely alone, after disarming their inhabitants. Durnovaria, with its name changed to Dorceastre, still stood fenced with its massive wall and still contained many a stately house, tessellated and frescoed. Kings of Wessex doubtless visited Dorset often, for the chase, and for sustenance on their manors, and to keep state at Dorceastre. Alfred, in all likelihood, was known by sight in the town. His grandson, Athelstan, allowed it the right of coinage—a sure testimony to its importance.

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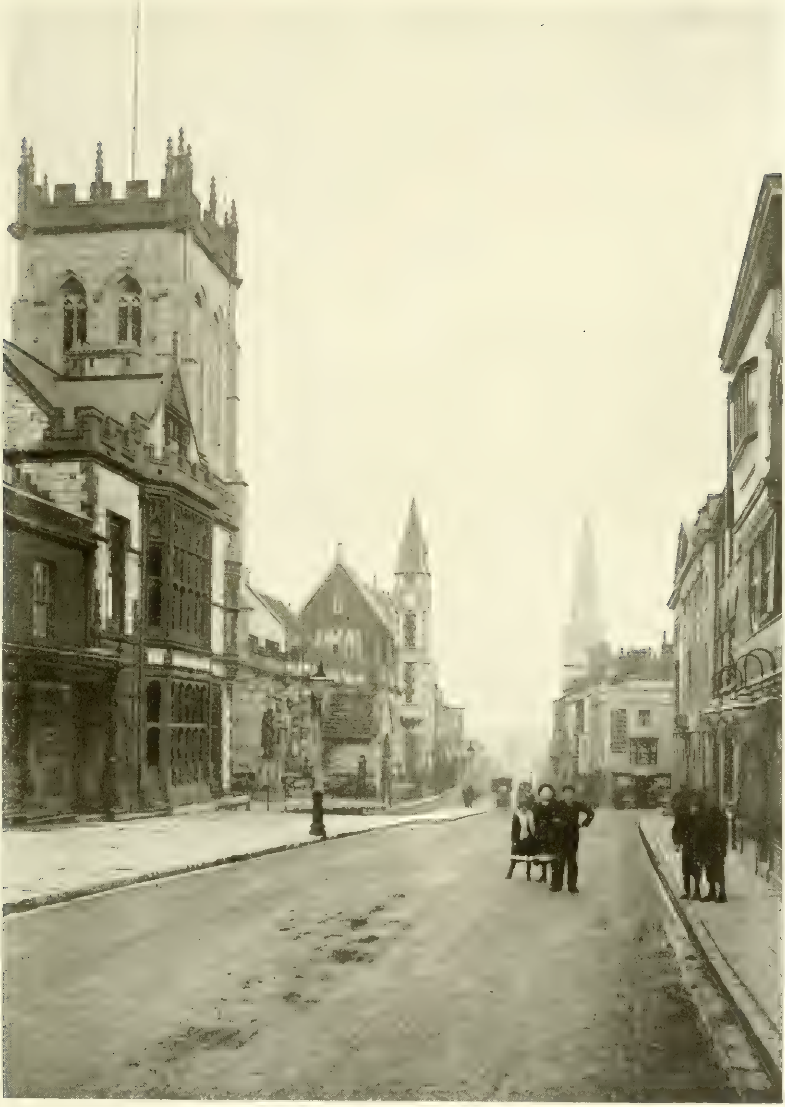
[1] The writer has used, among other books, the *Guides* of Savage and Young, Mrs. Frampton's *Journal*, and his brother Mr. H. J. Moule's *Old Dorset* and *Dorchester Antiquities*.

It suffered sorely from the Danes a century later. Sweyn, in 1002, taking awful revenge for the massacre wrought by Ethelred the "Unredy"—that is to say, the "Counsel-less"—marched from Devon to Wilts by Dorset, and left Dorchester a desolation. It is said that he tore down the walls, but this, almost for certain, was not so; they were too massive to be wrecked without long labour, which the rovers would not care to spend; and there is large evidence for their existence far into the seventeenth century. However, Danish fire and sword must have left the town black and blood-stained within its ramparts. Half a century later, under the Confessor, Dorchester counted 172 houses; the number is recorded in *Domesday Book* (1085-6) as large, in contrast to the eighty-eight at the date of the survey. Very likely the building of the Norman Castle (where now stands the Prison) had to do with the shrinkage; the castle was sure to be a centre of spoliation.

The restless John was in the town in 1201, and often later—hunting, no doubt, and taking his "one night's firm," the statutable sustenance due to the King and his men. Under Edward I., in 1295, we sent burgesses to the first English Parliament. Our last burgess sat from 1874 till 1885. Dorchester is now only the centre of an electoral division.

In that same reign appears the first mention of our town churches: Holy Trinity, St. Peter's, and All Saints'. Not that the parishes are no older than that date; indeed, the porch of St. Peter's contains a twelfth century fragment.



High Street, Dorchester.

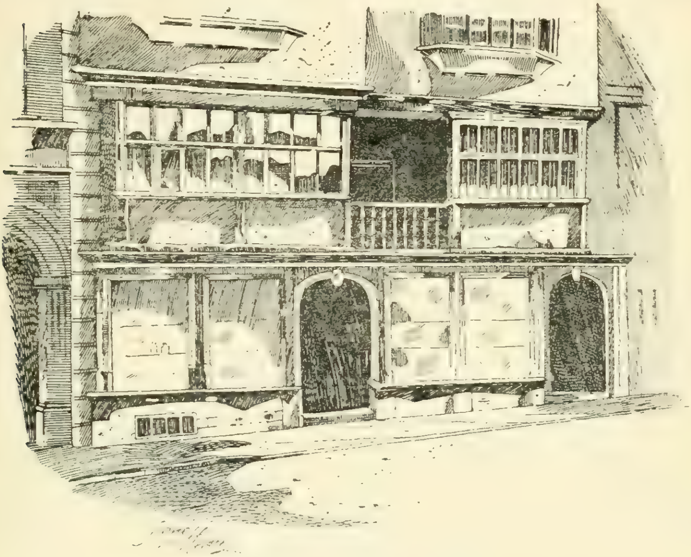
The reign of Edward III. experienced the terror of the Great Plague, carried from China over Asia to Europe, where literally millions of people perished. It burst into England, alas! from a ship which put in at the Dorset shore, and no doubt our town owed to that awful scourge the low state of industry recorded a little later. Things had mended by the time of Henry VI., and from then, upon the whole, the place has been prosperous. In the seventeenth century it was busy with cloth-making and, as now, with the brewing of beer. In the old times of farming it was a great centre of grain commerce. Stories are told of Dorchester fair-days, when wheat-laden wagons stood ranged in long file from Cornhill, along South Street, and far out upon the Weymouth road.

The town had its troubles in "the great century." In August, 1613, a fierce fire swept it almost clean away. The old churches of Trinity and All Saints vanished, with nearly every other building within the walls (and some outside their circuit, in Fordington), save only St. Peter's and the houses near it—among which would be that now almost solitary relic of picturesque Old Dorchester, "Jeffreys' lodgings."

But the rebuilding must have been energetic, for in the Civil Wars we find Dorchester populous and active enough to be a troublesome focus of "malignity." "A place more entirely disaffected to the King, England had not," says Clarendon. One probable cause of this attitude lay in the commanding influence of John White, Rector of Holy Trinity from 1606 to 1648. White was an Oxonian, a man of culture and piety, and evidently of strong personal influence. Preachers to-day may envy, if they please, the pulpit privileges given him by the town. The borough records show, for example, that in 1630 one Nycholls was brought to justice for having "offered speeche concerning Mr. John White's preaching." White helped to plan the colony of Massachusetts, but he did not join the emigration. His power was felt at home, in the Westminster Assembly, and in the politics of Dorchester.

In 1642 the walls were solidly repaired, and outside works thrown up at, among other points, Maumbury Ring. Watch was kept day and night at the gates and on St. Peter's Tower. But the spirit of the town strangely failed when, on the approach of the enemy, one Master Strode predicted that the walls would hold off the King's men for just half-an-hour. The Governor, Sir Walter Erle, hearing that Lord Carnarvon was coming with two thousand men, and Prince Maurice's artillery besides, promptly left the place, and the citizens opened the gates on a promise that they should be spared violence. Carnarvon would have kept the promise with chivalrous fidelity, but Maurice let his men loose, and Dorchester was so badly handled that Carnarvon threw up his command and went to serve the King in person. A little later the town behaved much more bravely, and baffled a small Irish force under Lord Inchiquin till help from Weymouth completed the rout of the Royalists. Later again Essex occupied the town in force; and then Sir Lewis Dives, for the King, surprised it with brilliant success, but was badly beaten on a second attempt. Yet later there was a skirmish at Dorchester, when the royalist *Mercurius* says that no less a captain than Cromwell himself was put to flight by Lord Goring; but the account lacks full confirmation. A story of that skirmish clings to a corner of lower Fordington, a curve in the road near Grey's Bridge, known as Tupp's, or Tubb's, Corner; it is said that a Cromwellian hero of that name fled thereby at a speed memorable for all time.

A still darker experience than that of war awaited Dorchester not long after. When Monmouth fought at Sedgemoor (1685) our Dorset peasants were among the bravest of his rude but heroic army. And when the abortive rising was over, the Bloody Assizes began, and Jeffreys sat at Dorchester. His lodgings are still shown, the most striking house-front in the town, with its black timbers and long, low windows; and still, in the Town Hall, is kept the chair from which the terrible Chief Justice, in a court hung with red, dealt out death with grim smiles and ghastly jests. Nearly three hundred men, told that it was their only hope, pleaded guilty, but for most of them the only result was a few days' respite. Seventy-four were executed at Dorchester, with all the horrible circumstances of death for treason. For years afterwards grim human relics of that evil time still clung to the railings round St. Peter's, greeting the entering worshippers.



JUDGE JEFFREYS' LODGINGS

This was not quite the last scene of horror at Dorchester, though it was alone in its dreadful kind. As late as within the eighteenth century an unhappy woman, convicted of the murder of her husband, was hanged and then burned within Maumbury, amidst a vast gazing multitude.

It is a relief to think that about the same time the town put on a beauty of a sort unique, I think, in England. The walls had somehow largely disappeared within the last half of the seventeenth century; and now it was proposed to plant double rows of trees all along the line of their foundations. By 1712 the planting was complete, and for nearly two complete centuries Dorchester has been surrounded by the noble range of avenues which we call The Walks, renewed from time to time, and kept with increasing care. From close to Glide Path Hill (" Glippath ") the visitor can walk under long successive aisles of sycamores or chestnuts on a well-laid gravel road, now facing east, now south, now west, now north, till he finds himself close to the foot of High Street, within ten minutes of his point of departure. I have seen the noble avenues at King's Lynn, and those of the Backs at Cambridge are only less dear to me than our Walks. But I do not think that anything even there can quite equal these bowery ramparts of our ancient town—certainly not when we put together the natural charm and the historical interest.

The Walks were still young about the year 1730, when a poet, in the course of a tour from London to Exeter with a group of friends, rode through Dorchester. It was Pope's intimate, John Gay. The travellers first saw the town, of course, from Stinsford Hill, over a foreground which then, no doubt, was less full of trees. The reaches of the Frome and the broad water-meadows pleased Gay, as well they might, and in his delightful verse-journal we read his impression:

> Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
> Border'd by meads and wash'd by silver brooks.

In 1762 we find recorded as noteworthy the paving and fencing of a side-walk in the lower High Street; and in 1774 came the first public lighting of the streets. A decade later Miss Burney (Mme. D'Arblay) gives a lively picture of Dorchester as she saw it when travelling in the suite of George III. to Weymouth: "The city had so antique an air, I longed to investigate its old buildings. The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see; and inhabited they were indeed! There was an amazing quantity of indigenous residers—old women and young children," who, as she shrewdly remarks, could not have come in from a distance, and so formed an index of population. Yet the town could not have counted then more than 3,000 inhabitants. It contains now just 10,500.

We reach at last the nineteenth century. The town, like the county, and like all rural England, was in grave alarm in 1830 at the time of the "rick-burnings." Mrs. Mary Frampton's *Journal* speaks much of the scenes of riot and of wild alarms. I possess letters written by my mother, then the young mistress of Fordington Vicarage,[1] in which she speaks of the nightly watch and ward kept all around, and of her husband's active share in it, and the relief, under the terrible strain, which was given by the friendly attitude of Fordington towards him. Just later the Frampton *Journal* describes the battle royal of an election scene on Poundbury (Pummery, as I must be allowed still to call it), when the greatest of all Dorset's sons, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, stood for the county.

That date brings me to times only a little previous to my own memory, and well within the memory of my brothers and friends, and familiar of course to my father, who from 1829 to 1880, as Vicar of Fordington, laboured alike for the spiritual and social good of his parishioners. I may be allowed to close my narrative with a small sheaf of reminiscences from his and other memories. Then, after a brief glance of the mind's eye over my native town, my task of love is done.

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[1] One part of that house is the oldest piece of inhabited building in the borough.

My father knew very old people who "remembered when rooms were first carpeted at Dorchester." One aged parishioner could recall the change of style in the calendar in 1752; the children were taken to *a stile* in the Great Field as a memento. He and my mother saw, from Maumbury, about 1832, the Princess Victoria with her mother, passing in their carriage on the way to Weymouth. My brother, since 1880 Bishop in Mid-China, recalls the bringing into the town, in carts, about 1834, loads of saplings sent to be planted along the London Road; and a noble avenue they made, which now, alas! is no more than a relic of itself.

I just remember the days of the stage coaches in Dorchester. I see the old *Emerald* still, and hear the bugle of the guard. In 1852 I travelled by coach to Dorchester from Bath. And how vividly I can see the excitement of the crowd on the arrival of the first South-Western train, in 1847! An old woman still runs across my field of view, crying out: "There, I did never zee a coach avore goo wi'out 'osses!" I remember, two years later, Prince Albert's arrival at the station, where he took carriage for Weymouth, there to lay the first stone of the Breakwater. Very vividly I recall the thousands of lamps festooned along the Walks to illuminate an entertainment for old people after the Crimean peace. Two years earlier, a few weeks before the Alma, I remember the awful outburst of the cholera in Fordington; it was brought from London in tainted clothing which was sent to the wash in a Fordington cottage. My father "stood between the dead and the living" at that dark time, and, with admirable assistance, was able, under God, to bar the pestilence from entering the town.

But I must not ramble further into narrative. Dorchester, with its integral neighbour, Fordington (incorporated into the borough in 1835), is very dear to my heart, and it is not easy to put narrow limits upon reminiscence. Yet scarcely a word has been said here about our chief architectural features of the place. I have but named Trinity Church, the third structure in succession to that which perished in 1613, as All Saints' Church is the second in like sequence—All Saints', whose fine spire, raised in 1852, gave a wholly new feature to the town. St. Peter's is the ecclesiastical crown of Dorchester—a noble Perpendicular church, with a dignified tower, vocal with eight fine bells; in its churchyard stands a bronze statue of our Dorset poet, William Barnes. At the head of High Street, where the tree-vaulted Bridport road runs out westward, stands the modern St. Mary's, the church of West Fordington; the pretty original church, Christ Church, now the chapel of the Artillery Barracks, was built by my father's efforts in 1847, when the parish was divided from old Fordington. The County Hall and Town Hall are leading features of the High Street.

CORNHILL

The present Town Hall, in 1849, took the place of a building visible still to my memory, under which opened an archway leading into North Square, and which itself succeeded, in 1791, "The Cupola," near the Town Pump. The Museum, where my brother, Henry Moule, long superintended and developed the excellent geological and antiquarian collections, is a handsome modern feature of the middle High Street; it stands at a point where, almost within the oldest living memory, projecting houses so narrowed the roadway that the stage-coach could pass up and down only with great caution. The County Hospital, founded in 1841, has grown into abundant usefulness, and makes, with its beautiful little chapel, a dignified feature of the place. In South Street the quaint front of the "Napper's Mite" almshouses, and the Grammar School, are conspicuous.

With Fordington Church, St. George's, let me close. As I write[1] it is about to be largely rebuilt, for Fordington has grown fast; and the north aisle of 1833 is, indeed, very far from beautiful. But, whilst I rejoice that space and form should be added to the church, my mind must still and always see it as it was, with its simple chancel of 1750; its rude, partly Norman, north aisle; its pulpit of 1592, now approached by a rood-stair re-opened in 1863; its remarkable eleventh century *tympanum* at the south door, which shows (probably) St. George routing the Saracens at Antioch, in armour of the Bayeux type; and its very noble fifteenth century tower, a model of proportion. Let us climb that tower, by the stairs familiar to me all my days, and from it bid farewell to Dorchester. Beautiful is the prospect, near and far. Below us lies the spacious churchyard, a burial-place, in parts, ever since the Roman period. Westward you see Dorchester, tower, spire, and bowery Walks, with Poundbury beyond them. South-westward lies expanded the vast field of Fordington, which till 1870 was unbroken by fence, and was tilled by the farmers on a system of annual exchange, older, probably, than the Christian era. Beyond it stretches the green, massive rampart of Maiden Castle, and, more distant still, the aerial dome of Blackdown, crowned by the monumental tower which commemorates Nelson's Hardy. North-westward we can almost see beautiful Wolfeton House, cradle of the greatness of the Bedfords. Northward, we look down on the roofs and lanes of dear old Fordington; and eastward lie the long, fair levels of the Swingbridge meadows, where Frome is sluiced into hundreds of channels, bright with living water. The bowery slopes of Stinsford and Kingston flank the meadows; and then, eastward, the broad valley leads the eye away to the vanishing yet abiding line of the Purbecks, a cloud of tenderest blue. South-eastward, over the village and its bartons, the woods of Came appear, and the sea-ridge runs above them with its long line of

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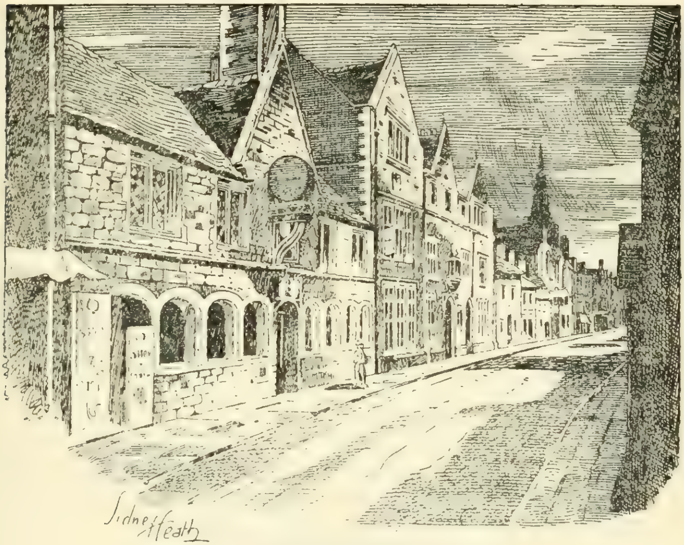
[1] Spring, 1907.



"NAPPER'S MITE"

Danish burial-mounds. Almost in sight are Max Gate, the home of Mr. Hardy, our renowned novelist, and the thatched roof of Came Rectory, once the home of our poet, William Barnes—deep student, true pastor, clear and tender seer of nature and of man.

O fields and streams, another race
Already comes to take our place,
  To claim their right in you,
Our homes to hold, our walks to rove—
But who shall love you with our love,
  Shall know you as we knew?

WEYMOUTH

By Sidney Heath

IT has become customary in recent years for topographical and other writers to depict Weymouth, if not exactly as a town of mushroom growth, at least as one whose history and antiquity date no further back than from the time when George III. found its salubrious air so suited to his health. True, the aspect of the modern town has little left of its pre-Georgian days to tempt the archæologist or allure the casual literary worker; but a few hours spent among the old records of the town would speedily remove this first impression of modernity, and convince even the most sceptical antiquary that the old town of Weymouth is one of the most ancient in the county of Dorset. The casual visitor may, therefore, be forgiven his impression that Weymouth was founded by George III.; for so nearly were the older buildings swept away at the time of this royal invasion that even loyal Weymouth citizens now find it difficult to realise how living a thing was the ancient past of their town, since whatever was left untouched by the Georgian builders has been well-nigh destroyed in more recent times to make way for what is called modern convenience and improvement.

The word Weymouth is derived directly from the Saxon "Waegemuth," *waeg* meaning a wave, that is the sea; and *mutha*, an opening. The Celtic name for the river Wey, allied to the Welsh word *gwy*, meaning water, seems to have caused some confusion in the Saxon mind, and have led them to regard the mouth of the estuary (the Backwater) as the inlet of the sea rather than the outlet of a small stream.

The earliest beginnings of the town are lost in obscurity; yet, even if we are not prepared to accept the assertion of certain historians that the Tyrian and Phœnician merchants traded here in their numerous visits to these shores, we have evidence of a more than respectable antiquity in some traces and memorials of the Roman occupation, in the way of roads, coins, and pottery; while at Preston, an almost adjoining village, remains of a Roman villa may still be seen, and considerable Roman remains have been found at Radipole.

There are very few records or official documents antecedent to the reign of William I., and naturally many chasms occur in the continuity of the recorded history of Weymouth. The earliest mention of the place is in Saxon annals, which state that King Athelstan, A.D. 938, granted to the Abbey of Middleton (Milton), in Dorset, in order that masses might be said for his soul and the souls of his ancestors and successors, Kings of England:

> All that water within the shore of Waymuth, and half the stream of that Waymuth out at sea: twelve acres for the support of the wear and its officer, three thaynes and a saltern by the wear, and sixty-seven hides of land in its neighbourhood.

The next mention of the place occurs in a Saxon charter of King Ethelred II., wherein the King gives land to his minister, Atsere, during his life, and licence to leave the inheritance of it as he wills. The charter is signed by the King with the sign of the cross; by Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Oswald, Archbishop of York; and the Bishops Athelwold, Living, and Hirwold. The date of this interesting document is either obliterated or was never inserted; but in 980 Dunstan was Grand-Master of the fraternity of free and accepted Masons in England, and both he and Oswald died about 988.

We find no further record of Weymouth until 1042, when Edward the Confessor caused a charge to be brought by Robert, Bishop of London, accusing his mother, Queen Emma, of consenting to the death of her son Alfred, of endeavouring to poison Edward, another of her sons, and of maintaining an infamous connection with her kinsman, Alwin, Bishop of Winton, to the King's and her own dishonour. The Queen was ordered to purge herself by "fiery ordeal," which she did at Winchester Cathedral in the presence of the King and his nobles; and, having passed barefooted and blindfold over nine red-hot ploughshares without harm, she was adjudged to have cleared herself of the accusations and to have furnished her accusers with an example of what female chastity is able to accomplish. The King publicly solicited his mother's pardon; but the Church of Winton was not so easily appeased at the charge brought against its Bishop, and forced the repentant King to submit to severe penance, and to give nine manors to Holy Mother Church, accordingly—"Ex libello donatorium Wintoniæ Ecclesiæ, S. Edwardus rex, dedit Portelond, Wikes, Hellwell, et Waimuth maneriis, cum ceteris aliis, ad Wintoniæ ecclesiæ"; and this grant was confirmed by a bull of Pope Innocent II.

In *Domesday* there are several parcels of land separately surveyed under the name of *wai* and *waia*, with no additional name to distinguish them, and they are held by different individuals.

Henry I. granted by a charter (without date) tc the Prior and Monks of St. Swithun, Winton, the ports of " Waimuth and Melecumb, with all their appurtenances, together with the manors of Wike and Portelond," which King Edward gave them, and that they might enjoy all the liberties, wrecks, and all free customs, by sea and by land, as they had ever enjoyed them. This charter was confirmed by Henry II.

In the reign of Henry III. the manor appears to have been considered as a dependency of Wyke, and again as appertaining to Portland, but it is certain that in the early part of this reign it was granted to Henry Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and his successors, as appears by the entry on the Charter Rolls. The Bishops did not keep the manor long, for it soon became the property of the opulent family of Clare, from whom was descended Edward IV. It would be tedious to trace the varying fortunes of the Clare family, who were for centuries among the most powerful in the kingdom; and although much could be written of the subsequent holders of the manor, the following brief records must suffice for several decades:—

40 Edward III.—Lionel, Duke of Clarence, held the boroughs of Weymouth and Wareham, the manors of Portland and Wyke, with many others.

22 Richard II.—Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, held the borough of Weymouth, the manors of Portland and Wyke, with many others.

11 Henry V.—Anna, wife of Edward, Earl of March, held the borough of Weymouth, etc.

By the marriage of Ann Mortimer, sister of the Earl of March, with Richard de Conysburgh, Earl of Cambridge, the manor fell to the house of York, for their son, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, succeeded them;

and in 11 Henry VI., the King granted to Richard, Duke of York, livery of Weymouth, and all the castles, manors, lands, etc., which Ann, late wife of Edmund, *Comes Marchiæ*, held in dower of the inheritance of the Duke.

The town is mentioned by Leland (1538), Coker (1630 *circa*), and Camden. The first-named writes:

> The Tounlet of Waymouth lyith strait agayn Milton (Melcombe) on the other side of the haven, and at this place, the Trajectus is by a bote and a rope, bent over the haven, so that yn the fery-bote they use no ores.

In another part of the Itinerary we read:

> Waiymouth Town rite agen Milton, on the other side of the Haven yt is bigger than Miltoun ys now. The Est South Est point of the Haven of Waymouth ys caulid St. Aldelm's point, being a litl foreland. Ther ys a Chapelle by on the Hille. The Paroch Chirch ys a mile of—a Kay for shippes in the town—the Haven Mouth almost at hand. Half a mile and more to the New Castelle—an open Barbecane to the Castelle. Weimouth is counted 20 miles from Pole.

Camden states that in the reign of Edward III., the King got together a powerful army and fleet for the purpose of invading France, and the town provided twenty ships and 264 mariners for the siege of Calais; but these figures are disputed by Hackluit, who says there were but fifteen ships and 263 mariners. In March, 1347, the bailiffs of Weymouth seized all the goods, chattels, jewels, and armour of Geoffry, Earl of Harcautly, who had joined the army of the French King. In 1377 the town suffered considerably from the fleet of Charles V., when great portions of the ports of Dartmouth, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Hastings, and Weymouth were destroyed.

The next event of importance was the landing here, on April 14th, 1471, of Margaret of Anjou, the consort of Henry VI., on her return from France with her son, Prince Edward.

So the tide of history swept on, with periodical ravages from pirates and enemies, until the appearance off the harbour of a large foreign fleet of eighty sail, which had voyaged from Middleburg on January 10th, 1505, to escort Philip and Johanna to their Kingdom of Castile; but a violent hurricane caused the ships to run to Weymouth for shelter. The inhabitants, being unaware of the quality of their visitors, and alarmed at so formidable an array of vessels, speedily armed themselves, and sent word to Sir Thomas Trenchard, at Wolfeton, who, with Sir John Carew, marched into the town at the head of some hastily improvised troops. On the rank of the visitors becoming known, Sir Thomas invited them to his house at Wolfeton until he could advise the King, Henry VII., of the fortuitous circumstance. As soon as Henry had notice of the arrival of these royal visitors, he despatched the Earl of Arundel with a troop of 300 horse, carrying torches, to escort them to London.

There is much in the minor history of the town that one would fain linger over, but we must confine ourselves to those larger and more far-reaching historical events with which the old life of Weymouth was so closely bound up.

In 1544 the bailiffs of Weymouth received the following letter from the King, Henry VIII.:—

(By the King.)

Henr. R.

Trustie and well beloved, we greate you well. And whereas betweene us and the Emperor upon provocation of manyfolde injuries committed by the Frenche Kyng unto us both particularlie; And for his confederation wyth the Turke, against ye whole commonwealthe of Christendome. It ys agreede that eche of us aparte, in person, with his puissant Armie in several parties this soommer, shall invade the Realme of Fraunce; and beyng not yet furneyshed as to our honour appertayneth:—

We have appoynted you to send us the nombre of xv hable fotemen, well furneyshed for the warres as appertayneth, whereof iii to bee archers, every oone furneyshed with a goode bowe in a cace, with xxiii goode arrows in a cace, a goode sworde, and a dagger, and the rest to be billmen, havyng besydes theyre bill, a goode sworde, and a dagger, to be levyed of your owne servants and tenants.

And that you put the saide nombre in such a redyness, furnished with coats and hosen of such colours as is appointed for the battel of our Armey, As they faile not within oone houres warnyng to march forward to such place as shall be appoynted accordinglie:—

Yeven under our Sygnete at our palace of Westmr., the vth daie of Iune, the xxxv yere of our reigne.

Henr. R.

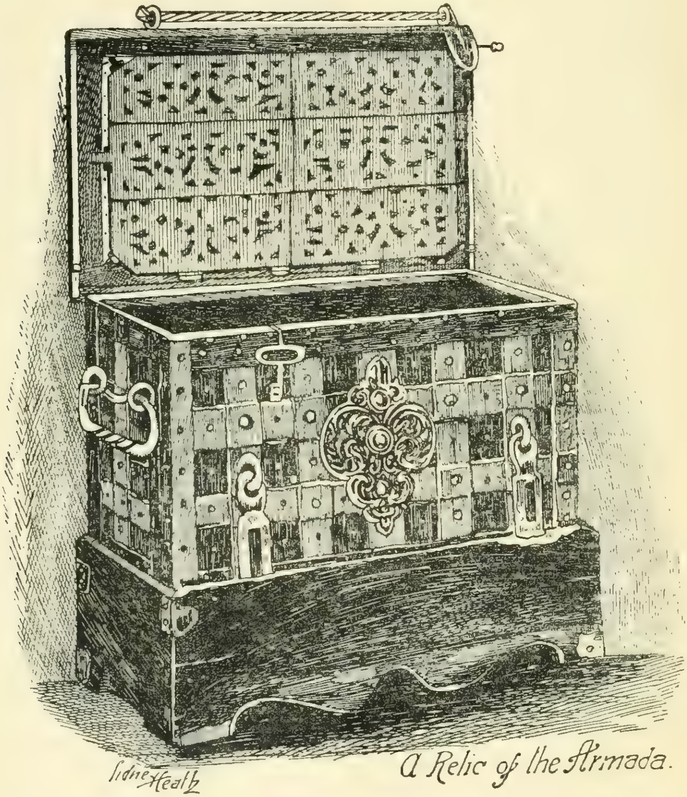
Weymouth had been created a borough in the reign of Edward II., at the time that his nephew, Gilbert of Clare, Earl of Gloucester, was lord of the manor (one of whose sisters had married Piers Gaveston, and the other sister was the wife of Hugh le Despencer); and although the town is styled a "burg" in several documents relating to previous reigns, it was not until the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward II. that it returned a representative to Parliament.

The borough of Weymouth and the adjoining one of Melcombe (which together now make up modern Weymouth) had long viewed each other with jealous eyes; and so many complaints being made through their respective members, the Parliament prepared a charter, at the suggestion of Cecil, it is said, which was approved by Queen Elizabeth in the thirteenth year of her reign, which united these two discordant elements into one borough.

The merchants of the town, like all those of our southern ports, played a zealous and active part in fitting out ships to fight the Armada; and from a MS. in the Cottonian Library we learn that the following vessels set out from Weymouth in 1588, with instructions to guard the coast and seek out the Invincible Armada:—

Name.	Tonnage.	Master.	Men.
The Gallion	100	Richard Miller	50
The Catherine	60	...	30
The Heath Hen	60	...	30
The Golden Lion	120	...	60
The Sutton	70	Hugh Preston	40
The Expedition	70	...	50

Notwithstanding that their largest vessel was only of 120 tons, the Weymouth contingent captured two of the galleons and brought them as prizes into the harbour. The only other vessels sent by the county on this occasion were two from Lyme Regis—*The Revenge*, of 60 tons, and *The Jacob*, of 90 tons—and four from Poole. In the Guildhall there is a memorial of the event in the shape of a massive iron-bound chest (*see illustration*), believed to have been brought from one of the captured galleons; and many other relics are scattered over the county, as at Bingham's Melcombe, where there is a

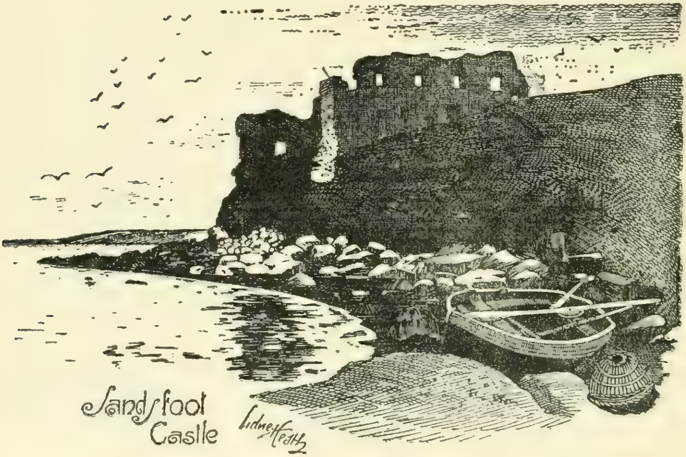


A Relic of the Armada.

magnificent oval dining-table, of massive form and marvellous workmanship, with the crest of a Spanish grandee in the centre, the whole mounted on a sea-chest in lieu of legs. Many Spanish coins have been washed ashore on the Chesil Bank, and it is possible that others of the ill-fated ships sank in the vicinity of Portland, or that the dons threw their money and valuables overboard rather than let them fall into the hands of their captors.

Little is recorded during the next fifty years, save the building of a wooden bridge of seventeen arches to unite the two towns, in 1594; and thirteen years later the town was visited by one of those great plagues which periodically swept over mediæval England.

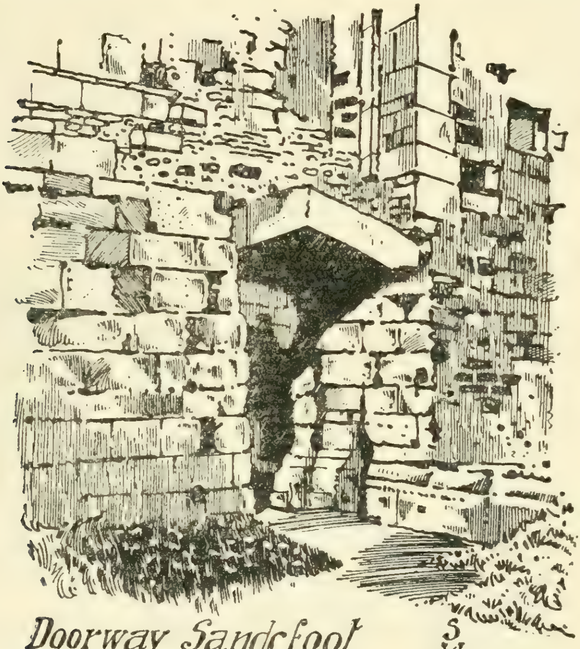
The outbreak of the Civil War in 1642 found the county fairly evenly divided in support of the rival parties, and Corfe Castle became the headquarters of the Royalist, and Bingham's Melcombe that of the Parliamentary forces. In 1643 the Earl of Carnarvon seized and held for the King, Weymouth, Melcombe, and Portland, and left them in charge of Prince Maurice, whose troops are said to have pillaged and ravaged the district. The following year the Earl of Essex defeated the Royalist troops, and took the town for the Parliament, when he was assisted by a fleet under the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Warwick. The towns proved a rich prize for the captors, as, in addition to much ammunition, etc., no less than sixty ships fell into their hands. The troubles of the inhabitants, however, were far from over, as in 1645 Sir Lewis Dyves received orders from the King to make an attempt to re-capture Weymouth, which, with the help of Sir W. Hastings, the Governor of Portland, he succeeded in doing, and drove the defenders across the harbour into Melcombe. On June 15th, 1644, the town surrendered to the Parliamentary Commander, Sir William Balfour, the final overthrow being largely due to the Earl of Warwick, who appeared off the harbour with a large fleet, originally mobilised for the relief of Lyme Regis. The spoils of war which fell into the hands of the captors included 100 pieces of ordnance, 2,000 muskets, 150 cases of pistols, 200 barrels of powder, and 1,000 swords, in addition to sixty ships of various tonnage lying in the harbour. The losses sustained by the combined towns in the Civil War amounted to £20,000, as a certificate from the Justices, in the Parliamentary Roll, testifies. The town to-day shows no trace of the fierce bombardments it underwent, but a house in Maiden Street has a "bogus" memento in the shape of a cannon ball foolishly inserted in the masonry some decades since.



In 1649 the inhabitants petitioned Parliament for a grant of £3,000, to enable them to enlarge Melcombe Church, build a new bridge, and free the harbour from rubbish.

The "Old Castle," otherwise Sandsfoot Castle, situated about half a mile from Weymouth proper, is to-day nothing but a mere shell of the former stronghold. It was built by Henry VIII., about 1539, and was part of his scheme for the fortification of various parts of the coast, particularly

Portsmouth, Portland, and Weymouth, against a possible invasion on the part of Papal Europe on his throwing off the Roman yoke in 1540. Leland calls it "a right goodlie and warlyke castel, havyng one open barbicane." The existing masonry shows its form to have been a parallelogram, and from its commanding position it, no doubt, was a fortress of considerable strength. It is difficult to identify, from its crumbling remains, the various portions of the castle, but that portion to the north, from its vaulted character, appears to have been the Governor's apartment; while fronting south was the gun platform, as the embrasure shows. This platform would also flank its east and west sides, which were also pierced for big



Doorway Sandſfoot Caſtle

guns, while almost level with the ground was the barbican, with two tiers of loop-holes for small arms.

On a tombstone at Whitchurch Canonicorum is the following inscription:—

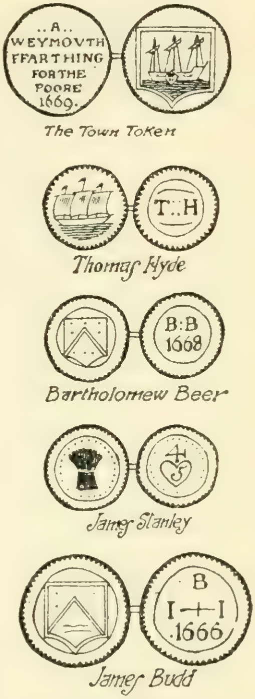
> Here lyeth Iohn Wadham of Catherstone, Esquyer, who deceased A.D. 1584, who was dewring his life time Captayne of the Queene's Maties castell called Sandesfote, besides Waymouth in the countye of Dorset.

Among its other Governors were George Bamfield, 1631; Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, 1643; Colonel Ashburnham and Colonel William Sydenham, 1644; and Humphrey Weld, of Lulworth, 1685. It is a matter for regret that this old building should have been so neglected, as each year sees large masses of its masonry falling over the cliff. As a writer as long ago as 1829 said:

> Its remains even now attract many an inquisitive enquiry as to why it has been so neglected, as where the neighing of hostile steeds, and the busy clang of arms once sounded to the battle's din, the humble grass now grows, its walls are the dormitories of the birds of the air, and its rooms afford pasturage to the cattle; a change certainly more gratifying to us as a nation; but still its bold towering appearance, as seen ascending the hill, or viewing it from the hill, reminds us of some by-gone tale.

In addition to the castle, the town was further protected by several forts. Probably none of these were in the nature of permanent fortifications, except the Blockhouse, which stood near the east end of Blockhouse Lane. The New Fort, or Jetty Fort, was erected at the entrance of the harbour, at the end of the old pier, and was dismantled in 1661, although in Hutchins' time three guns were placed in position on the same site. Then there was Dock Fort, under the hill, west of the Jetty Pier, St. Nicholas' Chapel converted into a fort by the Parliamentary troops, and a small fort called the Nothe Fort.

Few events seem to have occurred during the Protectorate that need recording beyond the great naval victory gained by Blake over Van Tromp, off Portland; and, as some compensation for the damage done to their property during the reign of his father, Charles II. granted the town in 1660 an annuity of £100 a year for ten years from the Customs' dues. It was during this reign that tradesmen coined small money or tokens for the convenience of those wishing to buy small quantities of goods, as but little small money was coined by authority. In 1594 the Mayor of Bristol was granted permission to coin a token, and the benefit to the community proved so great that the custom spread to other towns. Weymouth coined many of these tokens (*see illustration*), which were made of copper, brass, or lead, and decorated as fancy dictated. Every person and tradesman in the town was obliged to take them, and they undoubtedly answered the purpose of providing the people with small money. In 1672, however, Charles II. ordered to be coined a sufficient number of halfpence and farthings for the exigencies of the State, and these *numorum famuli* were prohibited as being an infringement of the King's prerogative.



The Town Token

Thomas Hyde

Bartholomew Beer

James Stanley

James Budd

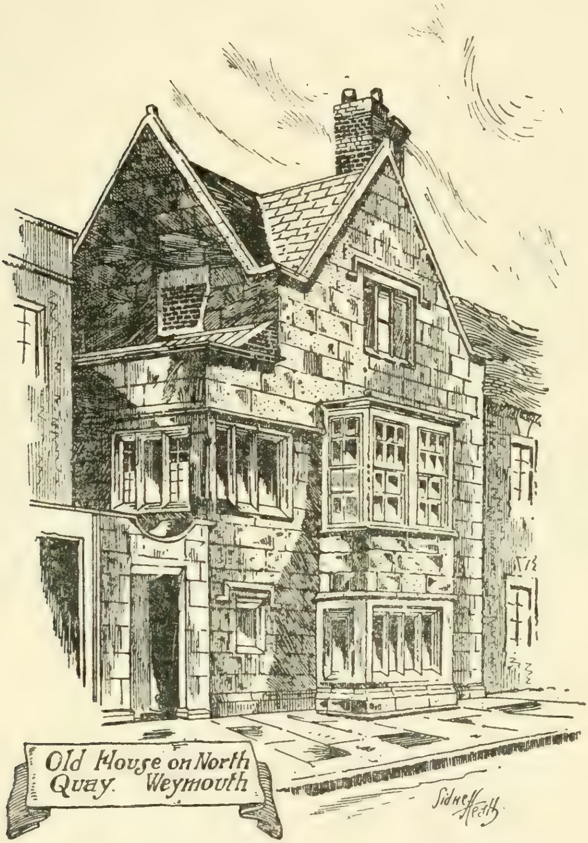
Some Weymouth Tokens

The grant of armorial bearings to Weymouth and Melcombe Regis bears the date of May 1st, 1592. The seals of the town were eight in number, a description of which is recorded in Ellis's *History of Weymouth.*

When the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis in 1685, no Weymouthians seem to have flocked to his standard. Upon the failure of the rebellion the participants of the neighbourhood were quickly disposed of by Judge Jeffreys, who opened his Bloody Assize at Dorchester, and ordered them to be hanged at Greenhill, and their bodies to be dismembered and exhibited throughout the county as a warning to rebels.

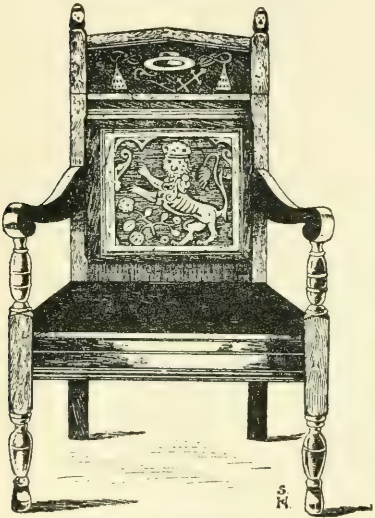
So we come down to the close of the seventeenth century with little to record save devastating fires, plagues, and storms. A general period of poverty and depression seems then to have overtaken the two towns. The causes leading to this change, which had begun to show itself in the reign of Elizabeth, were many and various, and may be briefly ascribed to the concrete result of the vicious rule of the Stuarts, the removal of the wool trade to Poole, the loss of the Newfoundland trade, and the injury received during the Civil War. Ellis tells us that, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, "scarcely any idea can be formed of the general devastation and depression that everywhere prevailed. Houses were of little value . . . the population had dwindled to a mere nothing . . . old tenements fell down . . . the inhabitants consisted chiefly of smugglers and fishermen."

Before we turn to the brighter days which set in towards the middle of the reign of George III., a short account must be given of the larger memorials of the town—*e.g.*, the old bridge, the priory, and the parish church, although it must be confessed that of important antiquities dating before the Georgian era the town has little to show beyond a few remnants of Jacobean houses, part of one solitary pillar of the chapel, and possibly a few old doorways; and in later and minor memorials the town is little better off. There is, in the Guildhall, the fine iron-bound chest before mentioned, and another, said to be of similar origin, bequeathed by the late Sir Richard Howard. There is also an ancient chair with a cardinal's hat carved on the back, and the old stocks and whipping-post;


Old House on North Quay. Weymouth
Sidney Heath

but for the most part nothing has survived save the truly Georgian, such as round windows, picturesque doorways, and part of the old Gloucester Lodge, now an hotel—an altogether disappointing record in comparison with the long and varied history of the place.

Of the old chapel,[1] the one remaining stone is preserved in the wall of a school. The chapel was a chapel of ease to Wyke Regis, the mother-church of Weymouth, and was dedicated to St. Nicholas. It stood on the summit of a hill overlooking the old town of Weymouth, and its site is commemorated in the name "Chapelhaye," by which the district is known. There are several documents extant relating to this chapel, and among extracts from the *Liceirce* is the following:—



Old Chair at Weymouth.

> None shall fail at the setting forth of the procession of Corpus Christi day, on pain of forfeiting one pound of wax, and each brother shall pay six pennies to the procession, and pay yearly.

This relates to the fraternity or guild in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, which was founded by a patent granted in 20 Henry VIII. to Adam Moleyns, Dean of Sarum, and certain parishioners of Wyke Regis, and known as "The Fraternity or Guild of St. George in Weymouth."

Before the building of a bridge across the harbour the means of direct communication between the two towns was, so Leland says in 1530, by means of a boat, drawn over by a rope affixed to two posts, erected on either side of the harbour, a contrivance which was in use at Portland Ferry as late as 1839. In 1594 this primitive method of crossing gave way on the erection of the wooden bridge before referred to, erected at the expense of several wealthy merchants of London, who appear to have had trading interests here. This, in its turn, was so seriously injured during the Civil Wars, that it fell to pieces, and was rebuilt in 12 Anne by Thomas Hardy, Knt., William Harvey, James Littleton, and Reginald Marriott, the towns' Paliamentary representatives, and it continued in use until 1741, when a bridge sixty yards long, with a draw-bridge in the centre, took its place. The celebrated Bubb Dodington, the first and only Lord Melcombe, contributed largely to its cost. In 1770 another bridge was erected some seventy yards westward, thus increasing the length of the harbour; but as the inhabitants were forced to make a considerable detour to reach it, they petitioned against the proposed alteration, but to no purpose. In 1820 it was determined to erect the first bridge of stone,[1] which is still in use, and only calls for mention here from the fact that on pulling down some adjacent houses an urn filled with silver coins of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. was found; and it is said that some of the inhabitants had a fine haul of "treasure trove" on this occasion. More interesting, perhaps, was the discovery of a gilt brass crucifix, four inches long; and on the wall of one of the demolished houses was painted the following verse:—

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[1] On the site of this chapel Mr. Ellis dug up some beautiful pieces of fourteenth-century Gothic work.

> God saüe our Queene Elizabethe,
> God send hir happie dayes;
> God graunt her grace to
> Persevir in his most holie wayes.
> A. Dom. 1577.

The old priory, or, as it was more commonly called, the "Friary," stood in Maiden Street. It was a house of the Dominican Friars, dedicated in the name of St. Winifred, although Speed gives Dominic as the dedicatory saint. Leland writes of it as "a fayre house of Freres in the est part of the town." The ancient chair now in the

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[1] This bridge was finished in 1824, at a cost of £20,000.

Guildhall came from this priory, and it was said to possess miraculous powers of healing the sick, and otherwise blessing the devout who were privileged to sit upon it. The priory shared the fate of the other monastic foundations at the Dissolution.

Of churches which can be rightly considered as memorials, Weymouth has no example, as the oldest is that of St. Mary, the parish church. The foundation-stone was laid on October 4th, 1815; this church was erected partly on the site of a former church. It is a large, simple, and unpretentious building, of which some hard things have been said and written, but it is at least well built and free from sham, although of its architecture the less said the better. It is, however, somewhat redeemed by an excellently designed cupola containing one bell. Inside, an altar-piece by Sir James Thornhill, a native of the town, whose daughter married his pupil Hogarth, claims attention; as also does the following curious inscription, in which the artist, by contracting the word "worthiest," has conveyed the very opposite estimate of the deceased's character to that intended:—

UNDERth LIES Ye BODY OF
CHRISr. BROOKS ESQ. OF JAMAICA
WHO DEPARd. THIS LIFE 4 SEPr. 1769
AGED 38 YEARS, ONE OF Ye WORst. OF MEN
FRIEND TO Ye DISTRESd.
TRULY AFFECTd. & KIND HUSBAND
TENDER PARt. & A SINCr. FRIEND.

An old chalice belonging to the former church which stood on this site was in the possession of Mr. Ellis. It was made of pewter, weighed (without the lid, which was missing) 4½ lbs., and held four pints. On the front was engraved:

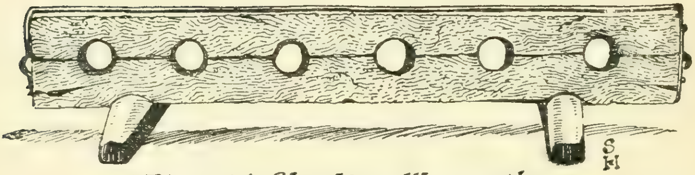
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,
ZACH. XIV., VER. 20.
JOHN STARR,
CHURCHWARDEN,
1633.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a gentleman of Bath, Ralph Allen (the original of Fielding's "Squire Allworthy"), having been recommended sea-bathing for his health, found the shore of Melcombe so suitable for his purpose that he spoke of it to the Duke of Gloucester. His Royal Highness came, sampled the salt water, and built Gloucester Lodge, to which house he shortly afterwards invited the King, George III., who spent eleven weeks here, with his Queen and family, in the summer of 1789. The result of this and subsequent visits was that His Majesty purchased the house and converted it into a royal residence. A great stimulus was thus given to the town, which entered upon a period of prosperity; for here George III. held court, and heard the news of some of Nelson's and Wellington's victories. Very gay, indeed, was the life of those days, with music, feasting, and dancing, which took place in what is now called "the Old Rooms" (formerly an inn), across the harbour. It was at Gloucester Lodge that His Majesty received his ministers, and from whence he and Queen Charlotte used to walk to the little theatre in Augusta Place to witness the performances of Mrs. Siddons and her contemporaries. Queen Charlotte's second keeper of robes was Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), the chronicler of George III., and the author of *Evelina* and *Camilla*, for which last she received 3,000 guineas, with which sum she built Camilla Cottage, at Mickleham, near Dorking.

At Weymouth, in 1785, was born Thomas Love Peacock, the author of *The Monks of St. Mark*, and other works. He was Under-Secretary to Sir Home Popham, and afterwards Chief Examiner and Clerk to the East India Company, from which post he retired in 1856 with a pension of £1,333 per annum. He was a friend of Shelley, whom he had met on a walking tour in Wales in 1812. He died in 1866, aged eighty years.

In the long list of eminent men who have represented the towns in Parliament we find the names of Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), Sir Christopher Wren, and the celebrated political adventurer, Bubb Dodington.

One of the most interesting studies for the topographer lies in tracing the origin of the names of the streets of a town; and the names of the principal streets of Weymouth are distinctly traceable to their origin. St. Nicholas' Street derives its name from the patron-saint of maritime towns; Francis Street comes probably from Franchise; Boot Lane (formerly Buckler's), from an inn called "The Boot"; Helen Lane, from Queen Eleanor, who held the manor of Melcombe; Maiden Street, from Queen Elizabeth, who united the boroughs; and St. Edmund's Street, St. Thomas' Street, and St. Mary's Street, possibly from chapels dedicated in honour of these saints.



The Old Stocks Weymouth.

THE ISLE OF PORTLAND

By Mrs. King Warry

TO the stranger of antiquarian or geological tastes Portland must ever be of interest; but the casual visitor—seeing it for the first time in the glare of the noonday sun, amidst eddying clouds of stone-dust tossed hither and thither by blustering winds, or when the over-charged atmosphere settles like a misty cap on the Verne Heights—is apt, if he have formed expectations, to be woefully disappointed. The fact is that nowhere, perhaps, is the Spirit of Place more coy and difficult of access than in modern Portland, having retreated before barracks, fortifications, and prison, before traction-engines and signs of commercial prosperity. But, properly wooed, it can still be won, and once found, how well it repays the trouble of seeking! A mere cycle run or drive through the island is emphatically *not* the way to see Portland Isle, especially the Portland of the past. The visitor needs to walk, saunter, and lounge idly for at least a few days, and then, if he have a well-stored mind and fail to experience the subtle, indefinable sensation called "charm," he must be strangely lacking in that spiritual perception which alone makes man feel at one with the universe and with God.

The convict establishment and Government quarries have displaced much which lent an interest to the island; the barracks and harbour works have displaced still more—but fortunately we retain a few records which, scanty though they be, reveal a something of the past. Gone is the barrow of that king whose very name is lost; and this supposed last resting-place of a mighty chieftain, swept through long centuries by pure sea-laden breezes, is now desecrated by quarrying operations: the barrow of Celtic Bran is but an empty name, though Mound Owl still remains in part, a silent witness of Saxon prowess and possibly of the fierceness of the contest maintained so long in Royal Dorset.

Gone, also, is the sometime well-preserved earthwork on the Verne Hill, formerly attributed to Roman or Dane, and now believed to have been older than either. Only a slight vestige of the double fosse-way remains; though an old man, but lately passed away, has told us that in the days of his youth he could stand on that part of the West Cliff known as Priory and distinctly trace it throughout its length as it tended downwards towards the harbour, once the scene alike of peaceful commercial intercourse or sanguinary combats. Looking across Portland Mere from the hill-top, one can imagine it all—from the probable peaceful Phœnician trader and Roman trireme to the Viking rovers and much-dreaded "long ships," even as can be pictured in some degree the character of the opposite coast before the altered tidal action inside Portland breakwater had caused beautiful Smallmouth Sands to vanish and Sandsfoot Castle to stand perilously near the crumbling cliff-edge in ruinous state; whilst the opposite Portland Castle still remains, casting much of its original reflection in the Mere waters, a standing witness to the uneasy conscience of Henry VIII. respecting French designs.

Page upon page of unwritten history lay open to the observant eye as recently as some sixty years or so ago, all traces of which are rapidly vanishing before modern requirements. Barrows, earthworks, and so-called Druidical circles were then so strongly in evidence (especially one well-preserved circle near where the prison Governor's house now stands) as to make one think that religious observances of one kind or another must have been strongly marked during those early days. Indeed, the Bill itself—cleaving the clear waters within sight of the foam-tossed Race and equally dangerous Shambles, its point accentuated by the curious outstanding Pulpit Rock—is often termed "Beel" by the old islanders, and is by some supposed to derive its name from Baal.

The former bold outline of the West Cliff is in part lost, owing to land-slides during the past century; and lost, likewise (owing to tidal action), is the old pathway round the Weirs underneath, towards the lighthouses, which formed a pleasant ramble seventy odd years ago. But the view from the cliff-tops, both east and west, must be much the same as in immediately-preceding centuries, and it is only those who have watched the flickering lights and shadows and roseate glow over-spreading the white coastline in early day right away to St. Ealdhelm's, or faced the sunset on the West Cliff, who can appreciate one of the chief charms of Portland, viz., the varying character of the coast-line, both far and near—that coast which surely no Englishman can survey without emotion, abounding as it does in memories of the deeds which helped to make our England.

The Bay itself is glorious to look down upon, with its pebbly ridge dividing it from that other water more like lake than sea; whilst straight away, cloud-cleaving in the haze, is Blackdown, capped by Hardy's Monument, over which hover greyish-purple shadows, changing into those tones and half-tones which are so charming in Dorset "distances."

The East Weirs, again, were an ideal place for a day's ramble, with their wild undergrowth, dog-roses and honeysuckle sending their fragrance along the sea-laden breezes. Set off on one hand by the grey, grim cliffs above, and the restless waters on the other, they merge into a chaotic jumble of rocks and grass, terminating abruptly in a ledge overlooking one of the gems of the isle—the beautiful little cove of Church Hope. This cove is guarded above by weather-beaten Bow and Arrow Castle, the old ruined church, and Pennsylvania Castle, the latter lying at the head of a romantic grassy slope studded with trees, and the whole forming a delightful rest for tired eyes in treeless, stony Portland Isle.

Bow and Arrow, or Rufus Castle, is worth more than a mere passing allusion, but space forbids. Its alternative name may show the period of its erection; it was probably built about the same time as the ancient church which preceded the adjacent ruined building. Its original strength is apparent at a glance, and its position on the summit of a crag overlooking the channel is distinctly striking. Old Portlanders believed the above-mentioned crag to have once been near the centre of the island, and the Shambles to have been the site of butchers' shops. When we recall the great historic land-slides on the north-east in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and remember how the old people are stated to have spoken of them with bated breath, in reference to the terror they had caused the then living inhabitants, who had believed the whole island to be slipping away, the tradition does not seem so wildly impossible.

Recorded history is so silent respecting the early years of Portland, that one fancies it must have inherited its full share of that barbarism into which Britain relapsed after the departure of the Romans, its very name having been lost; for that it was the "Vindilis," or "Vindilia," of Roman times, is open to grave doubts, the latest edition of the *Antonine Itinerary* stating that place to have been Belle Isle. It is much more generally accepted that Portland was referred to in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* as the landing-place of the men "who came in three long ships from Hæretha Land (Denmark), A.D. 787." Terrible, indeed, must have been the depredations of these wild northmen during this and subsequent periods, for floating traditions to linger on till past the middle of the nineteenth century. It is well within the writer's memory that rebellious children were sometimes threatened with being carried off by "the cruel wild men, who come over the beach in the middle of the night and carry away naughty children" —a threat which was varied by references to "Old Arripay" or "Boney." The "wild men" seemed too remote, and "Arripay" too nebulous to a child's mind to cause much fear; but "Boney" was a real terror to the little conscience-stricken individual, so familiar with frequent allusions to the threatened French invasion under Buonaparte as to consider him still living, and to regard him with a mighty dread.

There is a legend still extant that after the defeat of the Danes at Charmouth they landed at Portland and carried off some maidens, whom they imprisoned in the bottom of their ship. Owing to a fearful storm, the Danes perished, whilst the ship containing the bound girls was driven backwards during the night and cast ashore. When the light of morning broke, to their great joy, they found themselves at the very place from which they had been stolen.

Duke Æthelhelm defeated the Danes here in 837; and in 1052 Earl Godwin landed and plundered the island.

Edward the Confessor granted the manor to the church at Winchester, which grant must have been revoked by the Conqueror, as *Domesday Book* states: "The King holds the island which is called Porland." Later on we find the Prior and Convent of Winchester held Portland, which may account for certain lands there still being called Priory. It must not be forgotten that the manor in ancient times included the dependencies of Wyke, Weymouth, and Helwell. Interesting references to grants of the Manor may be seen at the British Museum. Amongst the more noteworthy names in this connection may be cited those of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, Lionel Duke of Clarence, and Cecilia Duchess of York. Later still we find Henry VIII. granting the Manor and Isle to Catherine Howard, and then to Catherine Parr, Portland having formed part of Jane Seymour's possessions. In a closet over the gun-room at Portland Castle is the following inscription:—

> God, save, Kinge, Henri, the viii, of, that, name, and, Prins, Edvard, begottin, of, Quene, Jane, my, Ladi, Mari, that, goodli, Virgin, and, the, Ladi, Elizabeth, so, towardli, with, the, Kinge's, honorable, counselers.

Amongst the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum is one entitled "Remembrance for Lord Burghly as to certain fixtures of Sir W. Raleigh relating to Portland Castle, 1587"; and in 1625 the name of Gilbert Rawleigh is cited as Governor of the Castle.

We can fancy those stirring times in 1558, when Coker tells us that off Portland, in full view of those on shore, was witnessed a great fight with the Invincible Armada, two of whose treasure-ships were brought into Portland Roads. For long years after, during a ground-swell, dollars and "ducky-stones" were picked up on Portland Beach, and were supposed to be a portion of that treasure which was to have been used in subjugating England. *En passant*, it may be said that the ducky-stone (a piece of solid silver about the size and somewhat the shape of a small saucer) did not derive its name from the ducat, but from the Portland game of "ducky," which consisted in trying to dislodge a stone poised lightly on the top of a larger stone—a matter eliciting some of that skill in stone-slinging for which the Portlanders (often termed the British Baleares) were once noted.

Again, in 1653, the celebrated running fight between Van Tromp and Blake took place off Portland, memories of which, together with the landing of the Duke of Monmouth "down Lyme way" some thirty odd years later, lingered in the talk of the old people down to our own times. Their memories were also very keen respecting the days of "good" Queen Anne (when certain Portlanders were "touched" for "the Evil"), of "forty-five," and of the chief battles of Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson—the victory of the Nile, with its attendant rejoicings, assuming a greater importance than any other, as perhaps was befitting in a coast people who could recognise the value of this French defeat; but most of all were their hearts stirred by tales of the long list of brave ships which had met their doom on the rocks, of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling rescues, and great was the indignation expressed if any allusion were made to the old mainland belief, that the island inhabitants had ever been wreckers.

The Portlanders, ever loyal at heart, probably sided wholly with the King during the contests between Charles and his Parliament; but the place changed hands several times during the struggle. Cromwell must have felt assured of this loyalty, as he appears to have been in vengeful mood towards the old Parsonage House, the "Island Ancient Records" containing the following entry:—

> One Personage House in the Villidge of Wakem Demolished and burnt down by the Usurper Oliver Cromwell and hant been rebuilded every since.

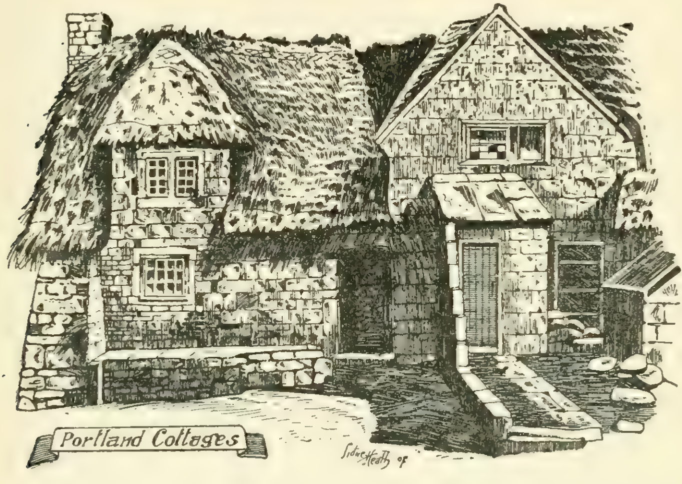
The method of quarrying stone is too well known to need comment; but one curious custom which prevailed among the quarrymen until quite recent times may here be cited, known as "jumping the broomstick." On the marriage of one of their number, the quarrymen all adjourned to the George Inn, where the bachelors were ranged on one side and the married men on the other, a broomstick lying between. Chanting a doggerel couplet, the married men had a tug-of-war with the single men, and, pulling the newly-made bridegroom across the broomstick, he was made to stand "drinks all round."

The more closely the descent of the Portland people is investigated, the more probable appears the persistent island tradition that three families successively settled in the island amongst the original inhabitants, viz.: the Combens (valley men?), the Pearces from Ireland, and the Whites, "who came from the sea, Dover way." This corresponds in the main with the Belgic inroads, the Irish incursions in the west during the third and subsequent centuries, and with the Jutish, or mixed Jutish and Frisian settlement at Portland, of which there is considerable proof. Anyway, one strong Frisian characteristic tallied well with the intense independence of the old Portlander, coupled with the occasional phrase, "as free as the air," and the proudly-repeated assertion, "None over us but the Sovereign; she" (in the case of the late Queen) "is Lady of the Manor."

The inbred distrust of strangers, called *kimberlins* (pointing, perhaps, to a comparatively pure-blooded community), coupled with his insularity, gave a certain reserve to the old Portlander; but, once his confidence won, none more communicative or hospitable than he. True alike to his preferences and aversions, full of prejudices, but loyal, brave and manly, proud of his word of honour, he was by no means to be despised either as friend or foe. Quarrelsome he certainly was if his sense of right were in any way disturbed; otherwise he was peaceful and law-abiding, except as regards smuggling; and it was, perhaps, this probable old Frisian love of freedom which made him consider that what came by the sea was free to all, and to resent tax or toll thereon. Not long since an underground passage was unearthed between two old houses, one of which had secret recesses behind two sideboards. This may have been a fair sample of many such houses in the old smuggling days.

The Portlander was also proud of his old Saxon customs, of his Court Leet and his Reeve (Anglo-Saxon, *gerefa*), of his "share and share alike" system (*gavel-kind*) regarding division of property, and of his pre-feudal method of conveyance of land, viz.: by church-gift, a method still frequently adhered to.

In a MS. account of Portland Isle (1696) Stowe has left an amusing account of the way in which land was set apart for daughters during the parents' lifetime. The father, with some of the principal inhabitants, would stand in the church porch after Evening Service, and declare aloud his intention, naming his daughters in full, and specifying the exact boundaries of each piece of land, after which all the congregation would rise up and bless the daughters by name.


Portland Cottages

An old-time Portland wedding was an amusing ceremony. The bride and bridegroom always walked to church, followed by their friends in couples. After the wedding-feast the whole party perambulated the island, calling at their friends' houses *en route*. The well-to-do kept up festivities perhaps for two or three days. It was the proud boast of an old lady of the last century that she had had more couples follow her at her wedding in 1809 than had ever been known in the island, and that her wedding had been kept up longer than any other. She had been followed by nearly seventy couples, and the wedding festivities had been celebrated for a week afterwards.

An island funeral was a peculiarly mournful sight, the coffin being carried by relays of bearers, followed by a long procession of mourners, walking slowly two by two, clad in garments of the deepest woe. If, however, the deceased were an infant or very young child, the bearers would consist of young girls dressed completely in white.

The fourteenth of May, when the cows were turned into the Common, was kept as a gala day. Girls dressed in white, and club-walking, and general rejoicing took place. There was also a very old custom of keeping the household fires going from November to May, and not permitting them to be lit again (except for necessary cooking) from May till November. An old Portlander who died about 1830 was the last to adhere rigidly to this rule.

Superstition of all kinds was rife, and so akin were some of the old beliefs to those of Devon and Cornwall as to betray a common origin. Numerous and varied were the healing remedies employed by the old people; whilst, coupled with many cooking recipes, which would be regarded to-day with feelings akin to disgust, are some which can still be appreciated, such as Royal Pudding, roast Portland lamb, and the most approved method of cooking wheat-ears—all dishes beloved by King George III., and prepared for him at the old "Portland Arms," when His Most Gracious Majesty visited the Island.

THE ISLE OF PURBECK

By A. D. Moullin

NORTH of the irregular coast-line of Dorset, from Lulworth on the west to Handfast Point and Old Harry Rocks on the east (a distance of twelve miles), and extending inland for some five to eight miles, lies a district of about a hundred square miles in area, known as the Isle of Purbeck. It is an island only in the same sense as Thanet. It is bounded on the north by Poole Harbour and the river Frome; on the west, partly by Luckford Lake, a tributary of the Frome; and an imaginary line running southward to the rugged coast-line forms its southern and eastern boundary.

It is strange to tell that this more or less undefined limitation has had a marked effect on the character and customs of the people who inhabit the Isle of Purbeck, as compared with the dwellers in the other portions of the county. They, like the people of Portland, claim for themselves a distinct individuality, due, possibly, in some measure to the hereditary rights of quarrying which have done much to keep families together, and minimised the introduction of a foreign element into their midst. These quarrying rights have always been jealously guarded, and the unwritten laws regulating this industry stringently enforced.

The centre of the island is dominated by Corfe Castle; and such importance was centred in this old-world town and fortress that the lord of the manor of Corfe was also Lord-Lieutenant of Purbeck.

Originally the whole of this interesting district was a royal deer-warren, and much of it was covered with forest. Here Norman and Plantagenet kings enjoyed the chase; and summary justice was meted out to those who infringed the Forest laws.

In early times, one of the most important towns in the county was Wareham; and although it is on the north bank of the river Frome, one of the boundaries of Purbeck, still it is usually considered to belong to the island. Of its great antiquity there is, fortunately, ample record. King Alfred set up a mint in the town; and it was here that, in 876, he attacked the Danes who had sailed up the Frome to Wareham, where they soon took possession of the Castle and entrenched themselves in a strong position behind the walls and earthworks, and found it a convenient centre for ravaging the neighbourhood at their leisure. Alfred had meanwhile defeated these Scandinavian pirates in a sea-fight, which possibly was the first naval victory gained by the English. Probably disheartened by this defeat, the Danes agreed to terms of peace, promising to sail away quietly to their own country; instead of which some of them rode off towards Exeter, hoping to be joined by the rest of their men in the ships which lay off Wareham. Their treachery was not destined to succeed, for a mighty storm arose, and wrecked about a hundred of the Danish ships off Old Harry Rocks, near Swanage. This loss temporarily broke the power of the northern foe.

The Church of Lady St. Mary in Wareham was in 978 the temporary resting-place of the body of Edward the Martyr, although the pre-Conquest Church which occupied the same site has passed away. It is interesting to think that for more than a thousand years religious services have been conducted on this spot. Of the several ecclesiastical buildings once possessed by this town there remain only three: St. Mary's, just mentioned, and two others now no longer regularly used for service.

The Purbeck Hills, which nearly bisect the Isle from east to west, divide the heathland with its china clay and marshes on the north from the stone measures known as the Purbeck beds on the south. The chalk hills of the range attain in places to a height of nearly 700 feet, and form an imposing barrier when viewed either from land or sea. The Romans were not slow to discover the properties of the china clay, from which they made pottery on an extensive scale, and tiles and tesserae with which to adorn their houses.

Of the many old manor-houses with which this district abounds, space will only admit the mention of a few. Some three miles to the south of Wareham is Creech, a very ancient manor, with the house re-built in the seventeenth century. According to Hutchins, the manor is mentioned as early as Edward the Confessor's time, and in the *Domesday Book* it is said to belong to the Earl of Morton; afterwards, until the dissolution of the monasteries, it was held by Bindon Abbey, after which it was given to Sir John Horsey, and towards the end of the seventeenth century it was purchased by an ancestor of the Bond family, its present holders. Crossing the densely wooded slope of the Purbeck Hills, and descending on the other side towards the sea, we find another ancient manor-house, that of Great Tyneham, built about 1570. It is one of the largest of the many old manor-houses of that period.

East and West Lulworth, although, strictly speaking, outside the confines of the Island, are so closely associated with it that a passing comment may not be out of place. At West Lulworth is a Cove almost encircled by the distorted and upheaved strata of the Purbeck beds. These form a natural harbour, which, when once seen, is not easily forgotten. There is a tradition, which forms the basis of one of Mr. Hardy's stories in *Life's Little Ironies*, that the great Napoleon was seen here in 1804 seeking a suitable landing-place for the flat-bottomed barges in which he hoped to bring his legions across the channel to invade England. If this story is true, how he must have gazed with interest at the beacon-fires on each promontory and hill-top ready to be lit to give warning of the impending peril.

About half a mile to the east of the Cove, well above the action of the sea, are extensive remains of a "Fossil Forest," with many of the tree-trunks in position.

The village of East Lulworth, where once stood a monastery, is about a mile inland from the sea. Near this is Lulworth Castle, the seat of the Weld family, a conspicuous object looking like a fortress, with its four massive corner towers, which give the grey stone structure a grim appearance from the sea. It was built between 1588 and 1609, largely of stone brought from the ruins of Bindon Abbey; and there is still to be seen at the Castle an exquisitely carved oak door which is said to have belonged to the Abbey. The Castle has had many royal visitors—James I., Charles II., the Duke of Monmouth, George III., and Queen Charlotte among the number. The unhappy Mrs. FitzHerbert, morganatic wife of George IV., was first married to Mr. Weld, and lived here; her portrait and diamond and pearl necklace are still kept at the Castle.

From Tyneham towards St. Ealdhelm's Head extend the shallows of the dangerous Kimmeridge Ledge, with its interesting formation of bituminous shale underlying the Portland Beds, a kind of coal which may be easily burnt, and is, indeed, used for fuel by many of the cottagers of the district, notwithstanding the unpleasant smell it emits when burning, and the dense shower of soot that falls from the smoke. In the early part of last century a fire broke out and smouldered for many months, at Holworth, on a continuation of this outcrop further to the west, and was known as the Burning Cliff. At times volumes of smoke arose, the pungent smell of which was distinctly perceptible as far off as Weymouth when the wind was blowing from the east.

From the days of Sir William Clavel, in the reign of Charles I., the minerals of Kimmeridge have from time to time been worked, and many and various have been the schemes for exploiting this bituminous deposit, and even at the present day samples are occasionally sent for with the view to extracting mineral oil. But one must go back to a much more remote period for the first evidence of early workings. The Romans, during their occupation of this part of the coast, were not slow to discover the value of this supply of fuel, which may possibly have been worked long before their arrival.

The expert Roman craftsmen found also that the shale was capable of being turned and fashioned into various kinds of ornamental articles resembling those made of jet; so they set up lathes on the spot to turn out these articles, which, no doubt, met with a ready sale among the fashionable dwellers in Durnovaria (Dorchester). That the existence of these lathes was an actual fact is proved by the hundreds of discs or cores which remain to this day, and are found in and with the Roman pottery fashioned from the Wealdon clay of the district. These discs are usually from 1¼ to 2½ inches in diameter, with central holes to attach them to the lathe mandril, and were the discarded centres of rings and other ornaments made from the shale. By local tradition these discs have always been known as "Kimmeridge coal money," and although present-day antiquaries laugh at the idea of their ever having been used as money, the writer ventures to suggest the possibility of the correctness of such a theory. They are found in considerable numbers securely hidden away a short distance below the surface of the ground, usually between stones placed on edge and covered over by another flat stone. The care with which they were secreted indicates that they were considered of some value to the owner. May not the Celts have collected and used them as tallies or tokens? These discs, bearing the tool marks of the turner, would have been impossible to counterfeit by the uncivilised races of that day, to whom the use of the lathe was unknown. The value of local traditionary names is considerable, and the foregoing appears to be a feasible suggestion as to the authenticity of the name, "Kimmeridge coal money."

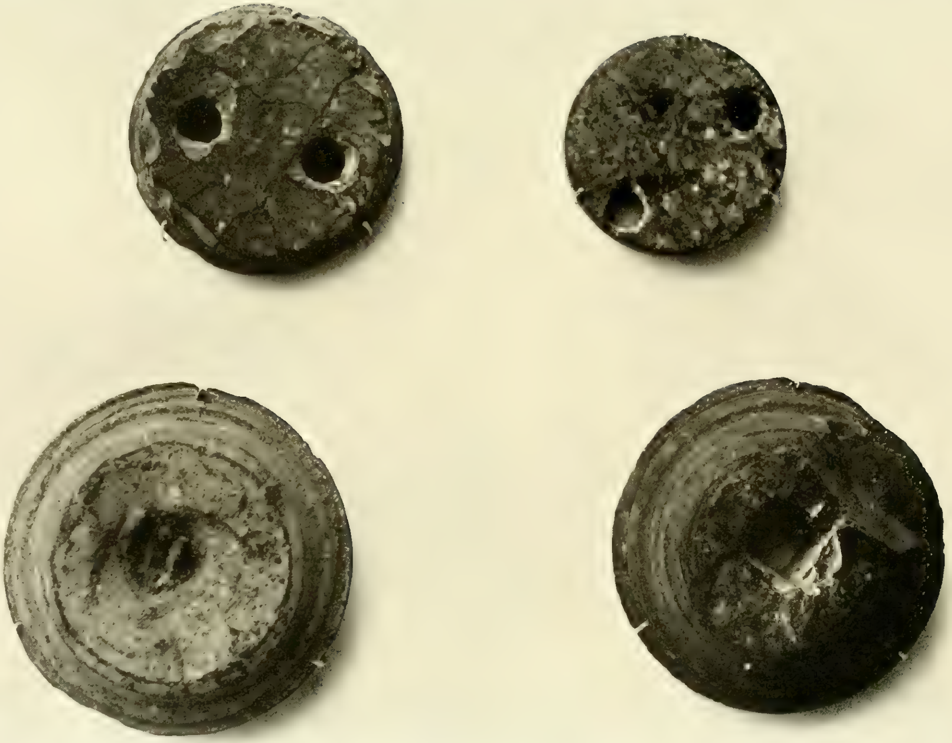
This part of the coast has a desolate and forbidding appearance, due to its black, shaley formation.

Looking eastward, St. Ealdhelm's Head stands out in majestic grandeur, rising out of the sea more than 350 feet in height, and crowned at its seaward end by the Norman chapel dedicated to St. Ealdhelm, first Bishop of Sherborne.

About a mile and a half inland we come upon the little church of Worth Matravers, in the centre of the village of that name; it is probably the most ancient building in Purbeck of which anything now remains. Here we find traces of Saxon work, with that of Norman added; the chancel arch is a good example of the latter. It is now generally considered possible that here was one of the two sacred edifices built by St. Ealdhelm in Purbeck and mentioned in ancient records. The divided buttress on the north wall, and the grave-stone of Benjamin Jesty are objects of interest. On the latter is the following inscription:—

> Sacred to the memory of Benjamin Jesty of Downshay, who departed this life April 16th, 1816, aged 70. He was born at Yetminster in this county, and was an upright honest man, particularly noted for having been the first person (known) that introduced the cowpox by inoculation, and who from his strength of mind made the experiment from the cow on his wife and two sons in the year 1774.

From Worth Church to Swanage there is a track or path known still as Priestway, originally used by the priests of Worth passing backwards and forwards between



"KIMMERIDGE COAL MONEY."

Swanage and Worth churches, the latter of which is said to have been the mother-church. Sir Charles Robinson says that Worth is the Saxon word for village, and that the second half of the name was added because it was owned by Sir John Matravers, who had charge of Edward II. during his imprisonment at Corfe Castle.

From the elevated road along the cliffs may be seen a series of terraces, known locally as Lynchets, cut out on the slopes of the hills facing the sea; as to the use and origin of these escarpments there have been many theories and much discussion. That they are artificial and not natural there can be little doubt, and the labour expended in their formation must have been enormous. From their position, facing south-east, south, and south-west, one may fairly assume that their object was for agricultural purposes. They are to be found in several other parts of Dorset, as well as in other counties.

Dr. Colley March[1] says the word lynchet is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlinc*, meaning a ridge of land. He tells us that in the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was passed compelling all farmers with sixty acres of pasture or arable land to cultivate one rood, where the soil was suitable, for growing flax or hemp for cordage for the needs of the navy, and concludes as follows:—

> In fine the law that compelled farmers to cultivate flax, the permission to do so in any place they were able to secure, the importance of suitable soil, and the necessity of prompt and efficient drainage, that could but be obtained on a sloping surface will account for a good many of the numerous lynchets of Dorset.

Fully to appreciate the rugged features of the cliffs between St. Ealdhelm's and Durlston Head, they should be viewed from the sea, for the indentations and caverns of this iron-bound coast are indeed wonderful. All along the sea-board quarrying was carried on for centuries, and some of the caves are due to the hand of man. Many of these caverns fulfilled a double duty, providing blocks of stone by day and sheltering cargoes of smuggled goods by night. This part of the coast enjoyed quite a notoriety for its contraband trading during the early part of the last century, and the stories told of the daring Purbeck smugglers would fill a volume.

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[1] "The Problem of Lynchets," Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Field Club's *Proceedings*, vol. xxiv.

Mr. William Hardy, of Swanage, has published an interesting little book called *Smuggling Days in Purbeck*, in which he tells of many curious hiding-places for the illicit goods; one he mentions, which long remained undiscovered, was under the roof of Langton Church, a most unlikely place to attract suspicion. It became necessary at one time to double the number of revenue men, or coastguards; and it must have been a strange sight to see these men setting out for the night's vigil carrying a one-legged stool, so that in the event of their falling asleep they might topple over and wake up. Smuggling became such a profitable business that most of the inhabitants of the district were more or less engaged in it.

Although less exciting, and perhaps less profitable, the quarrying industry was extensively carried on—as, indeed, it had been from very early times. A walk over the hills from Swanage to Worth discloses vast numbers of disused quarry shafts, and a few others still being worked. These hills are literally honey-combed with old workings, which occasionally fall in, leaving curious depressions on the surface. The stone lies in thin beds of varying quality, some of the upper ones being full of fossil remains. The higher stratum of Purbeck marble has been extensively quarried, and in bygone ages provided the elegant shafts which adorn the columns of many of our great monastic churches. The outcrop of marble may be seen in the reef of rocks which extends beyond Durlston Bay and forms Peveril Point.

Whilst on the subject of quarries, it is most interesting to note the conditions said to have been granted to Purbeck by an ancient charter. No man is allowed to open or work at a quarry who is not the son of parents who were themselves both children of marblers, as they were called, and this rule was rigidly enforced. Once a year, on Shrove Tuesday, all the marblers of the district repaired to Corfe Castle to register their names in the books of the Company of Marblers, and to pay an annual tribute of a pound of pepper and a football to the lord of the manor of Ower, as acknowledgment of a certain ancient right-of-way to that place for the purpose of shipping stone, this being necessary before there were any facilities at Swanage for so doing. A good description of this ancient custom is given in Sir Charles Robinson's *Picturesque Rambles in the Isle of Purbeck*.

Looking down from the lofty hills upon the little town, a man who had been absent for twenty or thirty years would hardly recognise in the Swanage of to-day the village that he had left. Swanage, with its up-to-date pier, its esplanade and sea-wall, its red-brick villas, and the various requirements of the modern residents, resembles the isolated little town of fifty years ago as little as the garden of a London square resembles a primeval forest. The quaint old stone houses, with porches supported by pillars, projecting over the foot-way, and roofed with massive slabs of split stone, the narrow and winding streets, have nearly all disappeared, but fortunately there are still some few left to delight the eye of the artist.

The twelfth century tower of the parish church, built originally as a refuge, and as a means of defence from sea pirates, was standing long before the rest of the church was built. The Town Hall, although erected in recent times, is of some historic interest, the front having been partly built of stones taken from the old Mercers' Hall in London, pulled down for street alterations; and this edifice itself is said to have been mainly composed of material taken from one of Wren's early churches, destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666. So, after many vicissitudes, these weather-worn stones have found a resting-place very near to the source from whence they were originally taken.

Immediately at the rear of the Town Hall is a curious little structure of solid masonry, with an iron-studded oak door, resembling a powder magazine. This formerly stood close to the south door of the parish church within the graveyard, and was used as a lock-up. Over the door is the following inscription:—"Erected for the prevention of vice and immorality, by the friends of religion and good order. A.D. 1803." A small hole may be observed in the oak door, and it is said that through this aperture the boon companions of the incarcerated man were in the habit of inserting the stem of a long clay pipe, which they used as a means of supplying him with strong drink, and the bowl of which they also at times filled with tobacco, in order that he might find some solace for his weary hours in smoking.

About a mile and a half from Swanage, in the direction of Corfe Castle, is the manor of Godlingstone, with its interesting old house. This estate is said to have been part of the hide of land given by William I. to Durandus the Carpenter, in exchange for certain repairs to be executed at Corfe Castle. The round tower at the western extremity of the house is believed to be of Saxon origin, and was probably built as a place of refuge from the ruthless Danes, who so frequently harried this part of the coast. Sir Charles Robinson mentions Godlingstone as having belonged successively to the families of Talbot, Rempston, Chaunterell, Carent, Pole, Wells, and Frampton.

The manor-house at Whitecliff on the slope of Ballard Down is another fine old building, and is sometimes credited with having been one of King John's hunting lodges; but no trace of so early a building now remains, unless it be the massive garden walls, with the protecting tower.

Forming one of the horns of Swanage Bay is Peveril Point, with its coastguard signalling station, from which extends, in a south-easterly direction for a considerable distance, a ledge of rocks composed of Purbeck marble. These rocks follow the general dip of the formation observable for some distance along the coast—viz., from the south, sloping down towards the north; but at the extremity of Peveril Point one observes that the strata to the north of the ledge slope in exactly the opposite direction.

The beautiful and deeply indented bay of Swanage forms a harbour with good anchorage, sheltered from all but easterly gales. The northern arm of the bay, known as Ballard Head, is formed of lofty chalk cliffs, rising nearly sheer from the sea. The convulsions of nature have played some curious pranks in this locality, for side by side with the natural horizontal stratification one may see the layers of chalk and flints standing vertically. This has enabled geologists to estimate the probable thickness of these chalk beds, which, according to some authorities, was nearly a thousand feet. The human mind is staggered by the contemplation of the ages necessary to accumulate this stupendous deposit of microscopic foraminifera, of which the chalk is composed, before it was upheaved from the bed of the sea. The upper green-sand, which is exposed at the western boundary of the chalk, contains many interesting fossils. The cliffs of Ballard Head terminate at Handfast Point with several chalk pinnacles and curiously formed caverns. Of the former, "Old Harry and his Wife" are well known, but, unfortunately, the upper half of "Old Harry's Wife" was washed away some years ago, leaving little more than the base remaining.

The old-world village of Studland, at the foot of the northern slope of Ballard Down, still retains much of its primitive and picturesque beauty, and the old manor-house and the little Norman church dedicated to St. Nicholas are of great interest. This church, like many others, no doubt took the place of an earlier building, for there are still traces of Saxon work to be seen in the north wall.

A mile or so to the north-west of Studland, across the swampy heathland, we come to a conical hill some eighty or ninety feet high, surmounted by an irregularly shaped mass of sandstone, formed from the neighbouring Bagshot beds, which, having been cemented together by some ferruginous substance, has withstood the disintegrating action of the elements better than its surroundings. It is known as the Agglestone Rock. Sir Charles Robinson, in his *Rambles in the Isle of Purbeck*, estimates the weight of this rock at four hundred tons, and gives the probable derivation of the name from the Anglo-Saxon "hagge" (witch or hag), or "heilig," meaning holy, and "stan" (stone).

This barren heathland, spreading over the Bagshot sands, extends for many a mile, and stretches out to the deeply indented coast-line of Poole Harbour, forming the northern limit of the Isle of Purbeck. The wild beauty of this low-lying district can only be enjoyed by those who are prepared to explore it on foot, for carriage-roads there are none, and the cart-tracks are not always passable.

The important deposit of china-clay found in this neighbourhood, which is exported in considerable quantities to many parts of the kingdom, and even to foreign countries, is chiefly shipped from the little quay at Ower, which is on an arm of Poole Harbour. Hutchins says that Ower was once the chief port in the Isle of Purbeck for the export of stone and marble, and for the importation of timber from the New Forest; but in 1710 Swanage seems to have superseded it.

The little village of Arne, near to which is Russell Quay, where clay and peat are shipped by small trading vessels, is merely a cluster of a few cottages and a plain-looking thirteenth century church, which, however, contains an object of interest in its stone altar with the five consecration crosses.

In the woods near Arne is one of the few heronries to be met with on the south coast; and in the solitude of this remote spot the birds have bred undisturbed probably for centuries.

From Arne to Wareham, a distance of some four miles, there is a rough road, by following which we complete our circuit of this interesting district—the Isle of Purbeck.

CORFE CASTLE

By Albert Bankes

THERE is reason to believe that a castle existed at Corfe in the reign of King Alfred, but in his time this structure, which afterwards became so large as to vie with the noblest royal habitations in the kingdom, consisted probably of only a single strong tower on the summit of the hill constituting one of the defences of Wareham, which in Saxon times was a very important town and port.

In 875 Wareham Castle, then the strongest place in all Wessex, was surprised and taken by a Danish general, and it was not until 877, two years later, that King Alfred succeeded in driving his Danish foes out of Wareham. To prevent the return of the enemy was the object of building a fortress at Corfe ("Corfes-geat," as it was then called), a break or pass in the lofty range of the Purbeck hills. To quote from Hutchins' *History of Dorset:*

> Whatever may have been the size or construction of the castle in the days of King Alfred, it was greatly extended and embellished in the century next following under the direction of the magnificent King Edgar.

With Elfrida, the infamous Queen of King Edgar, commences what is important in the history of this castle. King Edgar, who died in the thirty-third year of his age, bequeathed this Castle of Corfe to her as a dowry mansion, and in this princely residence, which her royal husband had with so much cost and care prepared for her, she plotted and accomplished the murder of his son. On the

Corfe Castle.

death of Edgar (975) there was a contest between two parties in the state, the one supporting the claim to the throne of Edward, son of the late King by his first wife, the other seeking to place the crown on the head of Ethelred, the son of Elfrida. Edward's cause, which was supported by Dunstan, succeeded; but he only reigned, as we shall presently see, four years.

King Edgar was twice married. By his first wife he had issue, Edward, who at a very early age became his successor, and who is known in history as King Edward the Martyr.

The second wife of Edgar was Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire. It is related that the fame of her transcendent beauty having reached the King's ears, he sent one of his earls, named Athelwold, to visit her father and ascertain privately whether her charms were as great as they had been represented. Athelwold saw her, and, immediately becoming enamoured, made a false report to his sovereign, and won her for himself. Rumours, however, that he had been deceived, soon reached the King, and he determined to ascertain the truth with his own eyes. Alarmed at the impending danger, Athelwold entreated his wife to adopt some means of disguising her charms; but Elfrida had now an opportunity of gratifying her ambition. She exerted all her powers to increase her natural beauty, and succeeded in attracting the attention of the King. To get rid of Athelwold was in those days the simplest of transactions, and King Edgar, having caused Athelwold to be assassinated in a wood, Elfrida became his Queen. So great was the King's love for Elfrida that he is said to have granted the whole county of Dorset for her dowry. But Elfrida had not yet reached the height of her ambition. It was not sufficient for her to have become a queen through assassination, for she scrupled not, after her husband's death, also by means of assassination, to make a king of her own son. In the month of March (978)

Edward the Martyr, as he is now called, was hunting in a large wood near Wareham. Towards evening he resolved to pay a visit to his brother, who resided at the Castle with their royal mother. The attendants of the King had been dispersed in the chase; he was alone, and Elfrida, having notice of this favourable opportunity, came forth in a most affable and friendly manner, inviting him to alight from his horse. This he declined to do, and remained at the gate, expressing his desire to see his brother. The Queen then called for wine, which he had scarce put to his lips when one of her attendants, who had given the King the kiss of peace, stabbed him in the back. Some of the ancient chroniclers affirm that Elfrida herself gave him both the kiss and the mortal wound whilst he was drinking. In any case, finding himself wounded, the King rode away; but, fainting from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, and, his foot being entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable distance, until the horse stopped of its own accord at a bridge which crosses the small river that flows at the foot of the hill on which the Castle stands. A servant, sent by Elfrida to ascertain the result of her treachery, found the murdered Prince dead, and terribly defaced by the flints over which he had been dragged. The Queen, to conceal the fact, ordered his body to be lodged in a house near where it was, and covered with such mean clothes as were at hand.

Of course, there are plenty of miraculous stories attached to this true history, of which we in this twentieth century may believe as much or as little as we like. It is said, for instance, that in the house where King Edward's body lay lived a woman who was born blind, but at midnight she found her sight restored, and, to her great terror, her house was full of light. In the morning, the Queen, being informed of these circumstances, and fearing a discovery, ordered the body to be thrown into a well. She then retired to a mansion called Bere, ten miles distant. Her own son, Ethelred, on expressing his grief at his mother's inhuman act, received a severe beating from her with some large wax tapers, they being the first weapons which the royal mother could lay her hands on wherewith to chastise her son.

In the year following, a second miracle is said to have taken place—a pillar of fire descended from above and illuminated the place where the body was hidden. Some devout people of Wareham brought it to the church of St. Mary in that town, and buried it in a plain manner.

As for the once beautiful but now guilty Elfrida, it is related that she became extremely penitent, and, abdicating her regal state, retired to the Abbey of Wherwell, in Hampshire, which she had founded, and there, having clothed her body in hair-cloth, for many years slept at night on the ground without a pillow, and mortified her flesh with every kind of penance.

We meet with few incidents of an important character connected with Corfe Castle during the first six reigns after the Norman Conquest.

During the eventful reign of the tyrannical John (1199-1216) Corfe Castle became again a royal residence. The King deposited within its walls his treasure and regalia, using the Castle also for the confinement of State prisoners, the objects of his jealousy and revenge. In the year 1202 King John took prisoners at the Castle of Mirabel in Poitou, in France, the youthful Prince Arthur, Duke of Brittany, his nephew, together with his sister, the Princess Eleanor. It must be remembered that this Prince Arthur, being the only son of John's elder brother, Geoffrey, was the real heir to the throne after the death of Richard Cœur de Lion. Prince Arthur is supposed to have been murdered at Rouen by order of King John; but the Princess (sometimes called the "Damsel of Bretagne," and sometimes from her personal attractions, the "Beauty of Brittany"), having inherited her brother's legal right to the throne, was brought to England and kept a close prisoner for the rest of her life. For some time she was a prisoner in Corfe Castle, where she remained at the decease of her uncle, King John. Two other princesses shared the captivity of the beautiful and high-spirited Eleanor during her residence at Corfe, and were her companions there. These were Margery and Isabel, the two daughters of William, King of Scotland. Some curious and interesting details have come down to us respecting articles supplied for the use of the royal ladies whilst they remained at Corfe Castle, which show that they enjoyed many indulgences. For instance, on June 29th, 1213, the Mayor and Reeves of Winchester were commanded to supply to the Queen, the King's niece, and the two daughters of the King of Scotland who were at Corfe Castle, such robes and caps and all other things necessary for the vestment as should be demanded (the cost to be repaid out of the King's Exchequer). There is another interesting entry on July 6th, 1213: The Mayor of Winchester was commanded to send in haste to the King, for the use of his niece, Eleanor, and the two daughters of the King of Scotland, robes of dark green, namely, tunics and super-tunics, with capes of cambric and fur of Minever and twenty-three yards of good linen cloth; also, for the King's niece, one good cap of dark brown, furred with Minever, and one hood for rainy weather, for the use of the same; besides robes of bright green, for the use of their three waiting-maids; also tunics and super-tunics and cloaks with capes of Minever or rabbit-skins and furs of lamb-skins, and thin shoes, for the use of the daughters of the King of Scotland, the King's niece, and her three waiting-maids; also, for the use of the King's niece, one saddle, with gilded reins; and the Mayor is to come himself with all the above articles to Corfe, there to receive the money for the cost of the same. A little later on, another cap for rainy weather, a riding saddle, shoes, and sixty yards of linen cloth, are ordered to be supplied from Winchester.

The prices paid give us an insight into the value of money at that period:—

	£	s.	d.
A silken couch	1	10	1
2 coverlets of fine linen	2	2	1
6½ yards of scarlet for coverlets ...	1	3	0
1 fur of lamb-skin	0	4	0

Ten shillings a day were allowed to the Sheriff for the Princesses' maintenance.

To return to Prince Arthur and his wicked uncle. King John captured at the same time as Prince Arthur many barons and more than two hundred knights of Poitou and Guienne, who were in arms with Prince Arthur. These were all loaded with irons and sent to different prisons in Normandy and England. Many of these poor prisoners perished in their prisons, and no fewer than twenty-two of the noblest and bravest of them were starved to death in Corfe Castle.

From the reign of King John to that of Queen Elizabeth allusion is frequently made in history to Corfe Castle.

It was in 1587, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, that Corfe Castle ceased to be a royal residence, she having sold it to Sir Christopher Hatton for £4,761 18s. 7½d. Sir Christopher repaired and decorated the Castle at vast expense.

During the "Invincible Armada" scare, Corfe Castle once more became a fortress. Cannons were for the first time mounted on its walls, and Queen Elizabeth for encouragement gave a charter to the inhabitants of the Castle and borough, which conferred upon them all the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports, including the right of returning two members to Parliament. The Spanish fleet did, in fact, pass within a short distance of the Dorset coast; but, as the so-called Invincible Armada came utterly to grief, it gave no further trouble.

As Sir Christopher Hatton died a bachelor, Corfe Castle passed to his nephew Sir William Hatton, who, dying without children, left the Castle to his widow, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, who married Lord Chief Justice Coke.

On the death of Sir Edward Coke, his widow and daughter found themselves at liberty to dispose of a mansion whose gloomy grandeur and position, remote from the busier scenes of life, did not well accord with their tastes and habits; so that on Sir John Bankes making an offer for the purchase of the Castle, the ladies were doubtless only too glad to conclude the bargain.

Sir John Bankes was descended from a good Cumberland family living in Keswick, where he was born in 1589. At the age of fifteen he went to Oxford University, and in due course became a barrister in Gray's Inn. His extraordinary diligence in his profession recommended him early to his sovereign, Charles I., and in 1640 he was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. His wife, the brave Lady Bankes, was a daughter of the very ancient family of the Hawtreys, of Rislip, in Middlesex.

To enter the Castle an ancient stone bridge, consisting of four semi-circular arches, must be traversed. There is probably no bridge of greater antiquity in the West of England.

The first ward forms an irregular triangle, containing eight towers, at unequal distances, of amazing strength and durability. The gateway leading to the second ward has provision for a portcullis of vast size similar to that which is found in the grand staircase. Just within the gateway, on the right hand, was a flight of steps which led up to the Great or King's Tower on the exterior summit of a very high hill. Tradition says, and apparently with truth, that just at the entrance of this second ward, under the archway, Edward the Martyr received his death-blow from the hand of the assassin. The dungeon, an octagonal tower, is said to have been the place of imprisonment for criminals and captives of inferior rank. Near this tower a stone is visible, projecting from the wall, with a deep notch cut into it, which is said to have been the place of execution. The third and principal ward is situate on the highest part of the hill, and on the west part, on the very top of the hill, stood the Great, or King's Tower, 72 ft. by 60 ft., and about 80 ft. high, with a wall 12 ft. thick. This seems to have been the State prison, as the windows that remain are such a height above the floors that they must have been thus arranged in order to prevent the prisoners escaping. The fourth ward is the least of all the wards; in it was a small garden at the east end, near which was the Sally Port, where the enemy entered when the Castle was surprised; and near it is a well, now stopped up, into which (tradition says) Lady Bankes threw a considerable quantity of money and plate.

King Charles I. was a victim to circumstances. The Civil War was the result of the reaction of the popular mind in favour of liberty from its slavish submission to the tyranny of the Tudor Kings. It was hastened by King Charles' folly in enforcing subsidies to pay off his father's debts and to carry on his Continental wars, without the consent of the people; also by his resolution to rule the kingdom without a parliament.

King Charles came to the throne in 1625, but it was not until 1642 that the unhappy differences between the King and the two Houses of Parliament grew so great that nothing but the sword could decide the controversy. Poor Sir John Bankes found himself in a very unfortunate position. He was upon the summer circuit, and when presiding at the assizes at Salisbury he had, in his charge to the Grand Jury, denounced the Earl of Essex, Lord Manchester, and others, as guilty of high treason for continuing in arms against the King. Another serious subject of offence consisted in the fact of his having subscribed liberally to the necessities of the King—an acknowledgment of which, in King Charles' own handwriting, is still preserved at Kingston Lacy. These and various other causes were quite sufficient to induce a furious assault upon Corfe Castle.

Prior to this, Lady Bankes, who is described as being a prudent lady, resolved with her children and family to retire to Corfe Castle, to shelter themselves from the storm which she saw was coming. She remained undisturbed all the winter and a great part of the spring, until May, 1643, when the rebels, under the command of Sir Walter Erle and Sir Thomas Trenchard, of Wolfeton House, and others, had gained possession of Dorchester, Lyme Regis, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole. Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to the rebels, only Corfe Castle remained in obedience to the King. But the rebels, wanting to add this castle to their other garrisons, and preferring to try and gain it by treachery, resolved to lay hold of an opportunity that they knew was just about to offer. To quote the language of the old chronicler:

> It seems that by an ancient usage the Mayor and the Barons (as his Town Councillors were called) of Corfe Castle, accompanied by the gentry of the Island of Purbeck, had permission from the Lord of the Castle on May Day to course a stag, which every year was performed with much solemnity and great concourse of people.

On May Day, 1642, some troops of horse from Dorchester and other places came into the island under pretence of hunting the stag; but really their intention was suddenly to surprise the gentlemen whilst hunting and to take Corfe Castle. But the news of their coming reached the Castle before them. The hunters dispersed, and Lady Bankes ordered the great gates of the Castle to be closed against all comers. The troopers accordingly found themselves cheated of their prey, whereupon the common soldiers used threatening language; but the officers, who knew better how to conceal their resolution, utterly disavowed any such thought, denying that they had any orders to attack the Castle. Lady Bankes was not deceived by the officers' civil speeches; and, to quote once more from the old chronicler:

> She very wisely, and like herself, hence took occasion to call in a guard to assist her, not knowing how soon she might have occasion to make use of them, it being now more than probable that the rebels had a design upon the Castle.

No one, of course, knows to what straits the poor lady and her few faithful attendants were put; but provisions must have been at a low ebb or Lady Bankes would never have delivered up the four small cannons, the biggest carrying not above a 3-lb. shot. The result of this compromise was that, having delivered up the four cannons, the rebels agreed to permit her to enjoy the Castle in peace and quietness. Having gained the four cannons, the rebels retired, and, growing weary of watching the Castle gates, they grew negligent as to what was brought in, nor did they take care, as before, to intercept supplies which might enable the Castle people to hold out against a siege. Lady Bankes, making use of this carelessness, furnished the Castle with provisions of every description. A supply, too, of ammunition was brought in; and, hearing that the King's forces, under Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford, were advancing towards Blandford, Lady Bankes sent a private messenger begging that some officers might be sent to take charge of the Castle: whereupon Captain Laurence, son of Sir Edward Laurence, a gentleman of the Isle of Purbeck, was sent. There was likewise in the Castle one Captain Bond, an old soldier, "whom," says the chronicler, "I should deprive of his due honour not to mention him as having shared in the honour of this resistance."

On June 23rd, 1643, commenced a six weeks' strict siege of Corfe Castle, between 200 and 300 horse and foot, with two cannons; the rebels faced the Castle, and from the hills surrounding played on the fortress. At the same time they set on fire four houses in the town of Corfe, and then summoned the Castle to surrender; but, receiving a refusal, for that time they left it—but only for a time, as Sir Walter Erle, accompanied by Captain Sydenham, Captain Henry Jervis, and Captain Skuts, of Poole, with a body of between five and six hundred men, came and took possession of the town of Corfe, taking advantage of a misty morning, so as to find no resistance from the Castle. With a small cannon, a culverin, and their muskets, they played on the fortress. To bind the soldiers by tie of conscience, they administered an oath to them, mutually binding themselves to most unchristian resolutions—that if they found the defendants obstinate, they would not yield; that they would maintain the siege to victory and deny quarter unto all, killing without mercy men, women, and children. And to bring on their own soldiers they deceived them with falsehoods, saying that the Castle stood on a level, with good advantages of approach; also, that there were only forty men within the fortress, of whom twenty were ready to turn traitors. They also did their best to corrupt the defenders of the Castle to betray it into their hands; but when all these arts took no effect, the rebel commanders fell to stratagems and engines. One of these machines they called a "sow," and the other a "boar"; they were made with boards lined with wool to deaden the shot. The "sow" was a class of engine used as a protection for soldiers attacking a fortress; it was constructed of strong timber, bound together by hoop-iron, and roofed with hides and sheepskins to render it proof against such musket-shot or other missiles as were then in use. In front there were doors and windows, which were kept closed till the walls were reached; but behind it was open for the admission or retreat of the besiegers. Mounted on wheels, it was moved forward by the occupants by means of levers.

The rebels used Corfe Church as their principal battery and headquarters, and they seem to have desecrated the interior of the sacred building in every possible way. Of the surplices they made shirts for the soldiers; the organ pipes were torn down to serve as cases for their powder and shot; and, not being furnished with musket bullets, they cut off the lead of the church, and, rolling it up, they shot it without ever casting it in a mould.

Sir Walter Erle and the other rebel commanders were earnest to press forward the soldiers; but as prodigal as they were of the blood of their men, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation, says the chronicler, sarcastically, that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard; and to the eternal honour of this knight's valour, be it recorded that, for fear of musket-shot, he was seen to creep on all-fours on the side of Corfe Castle hill to keep himself from danger.

This base cowardice of the assailants added courage and resolution to the defenders; therefore, not compelled by want, but rather to brave the rebels, they sallied out of the Castle, and brought eight cows and a bull into the fortress without a single man being even wounded.

The rebels, having spent much time and ammunition, and some men, were now as far from taking the Castle as on the first day they began. At last the Earl of Warwick sent them 150 sailors, with several cart-loads of ammunition and scaling ladders, to take the Castle by assault. Rewards were offered to those who first should scale the walls: twenty pounds to the first, and smaller sums to those who should follow; but all this could not avail with these poor wretches, who were brought hither like sheep to the slaughter. Some of the rebel party had actually exchanged certain death by the rope for that of a chance death by bullets, as some of them were actually condemned criminals let out of prison.

On finding that money rewards and persuasion could not prevail with such abject, low-spirited men, the rebel commanders resolved to give their men strong drink, knowing that drunkenness makes some men fight like lions, who when sober are as cowardly as hares. The only man who was not the worse for drink, says the chronicler, with biting sarcasm, was the commander of the party, Sir Walter Erle, who kept himself sober lest he should become valiant against his will.

Being now possessed with a borrowed courage, the rebels divided their forces into two parties, whereof one assaulted the middle ward, defended by valiant Captain Laurence and the greater part of the soldiers; while the other assaulted the upper ward, which Lady Bankes—" to her eternal honour be it spoken," says the chronicler—with her daughter, women-servants, and five soldiers, undertook to defend against the rebels. And what she undertook she bravely performed, for by heaving over stones and hot embers, they repelled the rebels and kept them from climbing the ladders. Thus repulsed, and having lost one hundred men, Sir Walter Erle, on hearing that the King's forces were advancing, ran away, leaving Sydenham as commander-in-chief, who, afraid to appear, kept sanctuary in Corfe Church till nightfall, meaning to sup and run away by starlight; but, supper being ready and set on the table, an alarm was given that the King's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's appetite; so, leaving artillery, ammunition, and last, but not least, his good supper, the rebels all ran away to take boat for Poole, leaving on the shore about one hundred horses, which proved a valuable prize next day to the soldiers of the Castle.

Thus, after six weeks' strict siege, Corfe Castle, the desire of the enemy, by the loyalty and brave resolution of Lady Bankes, the valour of Captain Laurence and some eighty soldiers, was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels on August 4th, 1643.

Few portions of the kingdom were now undisturbed, and civil war shook the domestic happiness of both the highest and the lowest of the land.

Poor Sir John Bankes, on his return home from circuit, found his wife ready to welcome him within the battered walls of his castle. His wife had become a heroine during his long absence from home, and his children had endless stories to relate of their invincible prowess in the days of danger. He found his castle safe and his property preserved; but Corfe Church had been desecrated and unroofed, the shops in the little town had been plundered, and all that would burn of the stone-built cottages around had been destroyed by conflagration.

There was much, however, at the moment to render this a joyful meeting at Corfe Castle, for it seemed as if the sun of the King's fortune was about to ascend again. But in 1644 the tide of royal success, which had flowed so steadily through the western counties in the preceding year, was now ebbing fast in the county of Dorset. On June 16th, 1644, Weymouth surrendered to the Earl of Essex, and three days afterwards Dorchester followed suit. On August 10th, 1644, Colonel Sydenham and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper arrived with their troops before the town of Wareham, and began to storm the outworks, whereupon the town agreed to surrender.

Corfe Castle was now almost the only place of strength between Exeter and London which still held out for the royal cause, and the constant valour of Lady Bankes, who defended it, is to be estimated not so much by her active enterprise and resistance in the hours of excitement and attack as by her long endurance through tedious weeks and months of anxiety, encompassed as she was by threats and dangers on every side. She had now a second winter to look forward to. All the neighbouring towns had become hostile, and the only encouragement and aid she could expect (her husband being absent, and her sons quite young) was that of a garrison to consist of soldiers brought from a distance, under the command of officers who were little, if at all, known to her.

Early in the winter the misfortune which she had least reason to anticipate befell her, for on December 28th, 1644, her husband, the Chief Justice, died at Oxford. On October 28th, 1645, more effective operations were taken against Corfe Castle. Colonel Bingham, Governor of Poole, had two regiments placed at his disposal for this purpose, and on December 16th further reinforcements were sent by General Fairfax.

During the whole course of the Civil War no expedition more gallant had occurred than that of January 29th by a young officer named Cromwell: whether this young Cromwell was related to the Protector is uncertain. Hearing of the distressed condition of a widowed lady shut up with her daughters in a closely-besieged castle, Cromwell was resolved to make an effort for their relief. Accompanied by a troop numbering 120 men, who shared the gallantry of their commander, he set out, probably from Oxford, and, marching with a degree of rapidity which anticipated all intelligence of his design, he passed through the quarters of Colonel Cooke undiscovered, and came to Wareham.

Colonel Butler, the Governor of Wareham, aware that no troops were expected, took the alarm, barricaded his lodgings, firing from thence upon his assailant; but the royalist troop had no time to bestow on this attack. They therefore set fire to a house in the vicinity which stood near the powder magazine, and the Governor, thoroughly frightened, consented to yield himself a prisoner. He was carried, together with others, mounted behind some of the triumphant troopers, to the foot of Corfe Castle.

Here a large rebel force was drawn up to oppose their further progress; but the brave bearing of this little troop, together with the shouts of welcome from the besieged on the walls, induced the besiegers to give way.

The gallant band, having accomplished their purpose, tendered their services to the lady, and presented also for her acceptance the prisoners they had so bravely captured.

The object of this chivalrous action was probably an offer of escape to the ladies from the Castle, which, however, was not accepted. And on their return Colonel Cromwell, with some of his troopers, were taken prisoners.

The course of events now shifted rapidly, and though Lady Bankes was still as intrepid as at first, it was not so with all who were around her; for the captive Governor of Wareham, Colonel Butler, prevailed on Colonel Laurence (hitherto so trustworthy) not only to connive at, but to accompany him in his flight. And there was within the walls another traitor, Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, whose conduct was still more base, his treachery far more fatal in its consequences. This officer in the Castle garrison, being weary of the King's service, let the enemy know that if he might have a protection he would deliver Corfe Castle to the Parliament. This treacherous offer was accepted, and a protection order was sent to him from London. On this, Pitman proposed to Colonel Anketil, the Governor of the Castle, to fetch one hundred men out of Somerset to add to the Corfe Castle garrison. This proposal being approved, he formed a design with the rebel, Colonel Bingham, who commanded the siege, that under this pretence he should convey more than one hundred men into the Castle, and as soon as they were entered the besiegers should make an attack. On this a hundred men were drawn out of Weymouth garrison and marched to Lulworth Castle, where they were joined by some thirty or forty more soldiers. Pitman led them in the night to the port agreed upon for their entrance, where Colonel Anketil was ready to receive them. Some of these men already knew every part of the interior of the Castle; but when fifty of these new soldiers had entered, Colonel Anketil, seeing more in the rear, ordered the Sally Port to be closed, saying that there were as many as he could dispose of. The crafty Pitman expostulated on his causing him to bring these men so far and then to expose them to the cold and to the enemy.

Those of the fresh soldiers who entered took possession of the King's and Queen's towers and the two platforms, awaiting the time when the besiegers would make an assault, it being then two hours after midnight. The besieged, as soon as the fraud was discovered, fired and threw down great stones upon these intruders, who, however, maintained their posts. There were, in fact, only six men of the garrison in the upper part of the Castle, for that was considered impregnable. The remainder of the defending force was placed in the lower ward, which had hitherto been the post of danger. The besieging forces, as soon as they saw their friends on the towers and platforms, began to advance; and it was then clear to the inmates of the Castle that they had been most villainously betrayed. A parley was demanded, and an agreement made that all lives should be spared, and those who belonged to the town of Corfe should return quietly to their houses; and the circumstance of a Parliamentary officer being there with others of that party, prisoners in the Castle, induced the besiegers to offer conditions, which were accepted. But the truce was broken almost at once, for two of the besiegers, anxious for spoil, came over the wall by means of a ladder, whereupon some of the Castle garrison fired on them, and the risk of a free fight and general slaughter throughout the Castle now began.

Colonel Bingham was a descendant of a family long known and highly respected in the county of Dorset, and naturally could not but admire the courage of the lady who was his foe, and he at once set about preserving the lives of the 140 persons then within the Castle.

This last siege is said, in Sprigg's *Table of Battles and Sieges*, to have lasted forty-eight days, during which eleven men were slain and five cannons taken. The exact date of the fall of Corfe Castle is uncertain, but it was probably in the last week of the month of February, 1646. Thus, after a resistance of nearly three years' duration, brave Lady Bankes was dispossessed of the fortress, which she continued to defend so long as a chance remained for the preservation of the Crown.

On March 5th, 1646, a vote passed the House of Commons to demolish Corfe Castle. The decree was ruthlessly carried into effect, and far more was, unfortunately, done than was sufficient to render the Castle utterly untenable for the future. Most of the towers were undermined, whilst others had the soil removed from the foundation preparatory to a similar process. Some were blown up with gunpowder, whilst others, perhaps, sank down by their own weight into the mines without the aid of gunpowder.

The work of plunder throughout the Castle was soon accomplished; and there are not a few of the fair mansions in Dorset which have been constructed in large measure of the stone and timber carried away from Corfe Castle. The rebels not only plundered the Castle, dividing amongst them its sumptuous furniture (some of which was traced by Sir Ralph Bankes, after the Restoration, to the houses of county gentlemen, and some to dealers in London), but even timber and stone were found to have been appropriated by some gentlemen of the county who supported the cause of Parliament. Most of the lead was sold to a plumber of Poole.

The halls, galleries, and other chambers throughout the building were nobly decorated with rich tapestry and carpeting and furniture, most of which had probably remained since the splendid days of Sir Christopher Hatton. And as to furniture and tapestry which existed in the Castle, it is not a mere matter of conjecture, as several of the things taken away are still extant. A

Perticular (*sic*) of the goods viewed at Colonel Bingham's house gives a long list of beautiful tapestry, silk quilts, and carpets, *e.g.*—

> One piece of fine Tapestry to hang behind my Lady's bed.
> A rich ebony Cabinet with gilded Fixtures &c.

It is but fair to add that though Colonel Bingham carried off this furniture from Corfe Castle to his own private residence, he was by Act of Parliament of 1644 not only ordered to confiscate property, but was threatened with confiscation of his own if he failed or refused to act as sequestrator.

Lady Bankes' death, as recorded on a monument of white marble at Rislip, took place on April 11th, 1661. So little was her death expected, that her eldest son was married on the morning of the day on which she died.

The following letters, in their quaint spelling, as to the missing furniture from Corfe Castle, are characteristic:

> For my noble friend Sir Ralph Bankes at Chettle.
> From John Bingham Esq^{r}. Bingham's Melcombe.
>
> Nobel sir,
>
> My being in phisicke made me not to send an answer to your servant's letter last Sunday. I beseech you let it plead my excuse.
>
> Sir, I have a large bed, a single velvet red chair and a suite of fine damask; had not the horse plague swept away my horses I would have sent these to you. I beg that you'll please to command one of your servants to come to Blandford next Friday morning by 10 o'clock there these things shall be ready for him at the Crowne Hotel.
>
> That yet a continual gale of happineſs may ever blow on you here below the stars and that you may yet enjoy heaven hereafter is the real wish of
>
> Sir
> Your very hearty servant
> John Byngham.
>
> Sir I humbly entreat the tender of my humbel service to my Ladey Bankes.

One other letter, having the same address, appears to have been written within a few days of the date of the former letter:—

Nobel Sir,

I have sent to Blandford to be delivered your servant one large bed, 2 blankets; the bed for 12 years since was opened by a wench at my then house at Byngham's Melcombe when I was in the Isle of Guernsey and feathers stolne out and divers other such tricks done by her in my being out of the land.

I take the boldness to hint this trick to you likewise I have sent to Blandford a full sute (that is as many as ever I had) of old fine damask table cupboard cloths and napkins in particular two long table cloths a large cupboard cloth, 2 towels long, a red velvet chaire.

Sir, had I more as I promised yourself I would have sent it.

Sir, the Linnen was but once used by me, but whited once in 2 years.

Your humble servant

John Byngham.

One large bed, minus the feathers, and one red velvet chair, appear to constitute the amount of furniture recovered by Sir Ralph Bankes from the hands of the sequestrators; and Sir Ralph ought to have considered himself very fortunate inasmuch as these sequestrators had not made away with the estates themselves.

Sir Ralph Bankes did not live to witness another revolution, or to see the final expulsion of the royal race in whose cause his family had suffered so severely: he completed the mansion at Kingston Lacy, and died when his son was under age.

. . . . .

The original MS. of the old Corfe Castle legend of the Christmas Pie is still said to be in existence in the Muniment Room at Kingston Lacy amongst the other Corfe Castle documents.

Lady Bankes' grandmother, Mrs. Hawtrey, was happy in the birth of many daughters, who were well instructed in all the maidenly duties of that good and pious time. Of the use of the needle, and the Greek and Latin tongues, none could surpass them; and as to playing on the virginals and clavycorde, it was wonderful to listen to them. But Mistress Hawtrey did most insist on every young maiden knowing the cookcraft (for so did she style it) of the kitchen.

> Beauty fadeth like a flower.
> Music can little delight the husband
> When he becometh hard of hearing,

she would say; and then solemnly add:

> The best cook doth always secure the best husband.

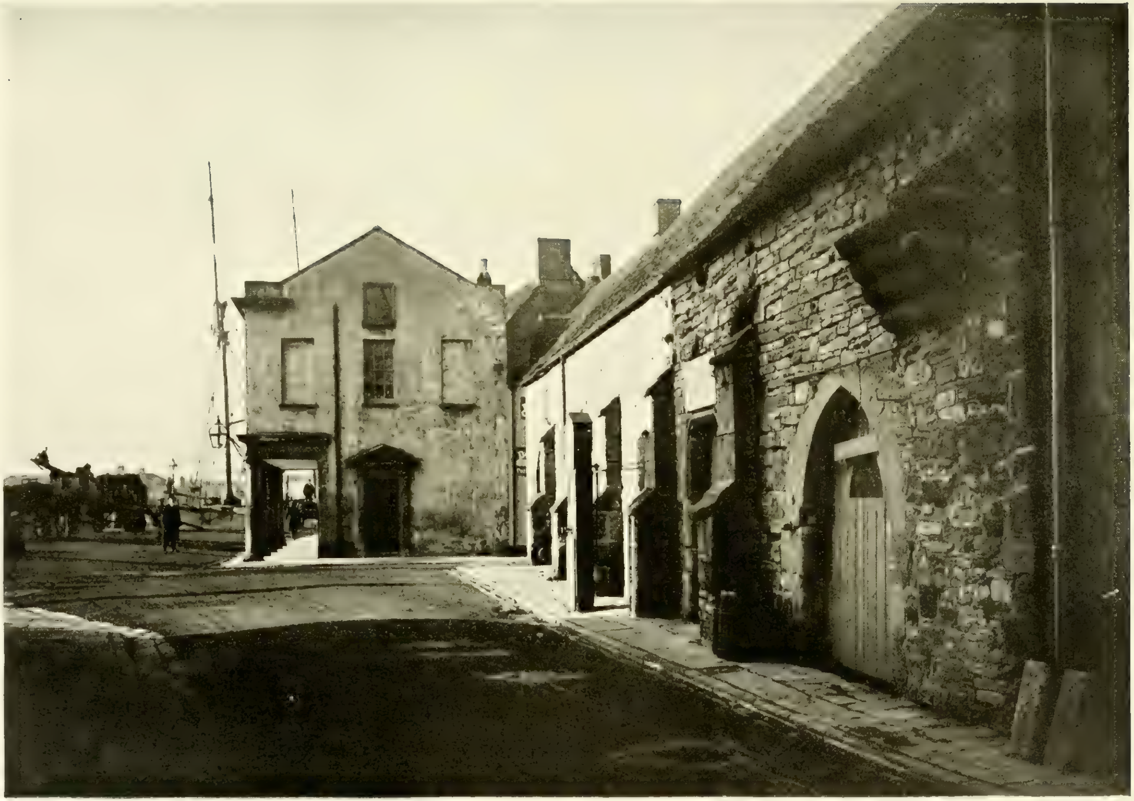
Now, to preserve the early lessons so taught to her daughters, from the day when they could first rest their little chins upon the dresser, she did have them fully instructed in this art of cooking. And then did she require of them all a promise, strictly to be observed, that on every Christmas Day in every year these her daughters should themselves prepare and set forth upon her table a number of mince-pies equalling exactly in the sum of them the number of years since the day of her so happy marriage; and so it was that when she had been married fifty-nine years complete there did appear upon her table fifty-nine mince-pies But in the following year her daughters conspired how, for the yet greater satisfaction and surprised pleasure of this their beloved parent, they did, with great labour and curiosity of art, continue one great and noble pie a born baby might rest therein; and this they filled with those many and rare refections suitable to the great work they had in hand: to complete the whole did they upraise on the crown of the crust the letters L X—two letters large and noble—clearly denoting thereby the three-score returns of that fertile marriage-day from whence themselves were so happily sprung. The knowledge of this rare structure is withheld from the good old dame until the hall is decked with Christmas garnishings. The pie is placed upon the table, and the old lady entereth and is seated, but the beholding of this pie hath an effect on this good old lady far differing from that which then her beloved offspring intended. Alas!

she cannot touch a morsel. A novelty so strange she cannot realise, nor can she digest the ancient promise broken. Mayhap she did apprehend whether an ape should leap forth, or a dwarf, or a Denmark owl, for such conceits had been known at the banquets of persons of high condition. Be this as it may, the old lady is carried to her chamber in a swoon; her daughters like demented beings hurry to and fro—nothing is left unendeavoured on their parts. The medicine chest is unclosed. Scores of healthful medicaments are brought forth. They give to her of them all: yet did the good old lady die, and was laid straight and quiet in her coffin, before the mince-pie had sufficient time to cool.

POOLE

By W. K. Gill

SOME, even of those who know a little of Poole, may wonder at the idea that a town so modern to all appearance should have anything of antiquity about it. To the motorist, bound westward from Bournemouth, Poole is a place with an irritating railway crossing at one end, and an equally provoking bridge at the other. And even to a visitor it will appear but as a commonplace business town—a town of tramcars and electric lights, with a big gas-works on the most approved principles, with wharves piled with timber and quays black with coal, where the colliers come in and out through a fleet of red-sailed barges and big white timber-ships ; a town whose very Church and Guildhall are modern, and to whose past only a neglected and mutilated stone building on the Quay bears the slightest witness. But could we open the jealously-guarded charter-chest, and unroll one ancient document after another ; could we summon the shadowy file of noble and royal benefactors, from the famous Crusader, the Gordon of his age, who granted the first charter, to that Queen of famous memory, who gave us the last—then, indeed, we should have a pageant fit to compare with that of any town in Dorset. But Poole's true pageant would be on the water, where, too, the harbour would give her an antiquity not her own. Roman bireme and Saxon keel, Danish longship and Norman galley, quaint craft of Plantagenet and Tudor, strong-stemmed Newfoundlander,



The Town Cellars, Poole.

and raking privateer of the great French War—the shipping that has sailed in that harbour would bring us down from the Roman period to the long black destroyers of our own day which sometimes lie in main channel from Stakes to Saltern's Pier. The memories of Poole are not in her ruins, but in her records; for the swift keel leaves no mark, and there is no more trace of the destroyers that lay there last year than of Knut's long ships that lay there nine hundred years ago.

But let us stroll slowly through the town from the railway station, not by the High Street, but by way of the Guildhall and the Church of St. James the Apostle, down to the Quay, noting, as we go, the signs and vestiges of past days. A few paces from the station is the old town boundary, denoted by a boundstone let into the wall, and this is all that remains to mark the position of the embattled gate erected by charter from Henry VI., and destroyed by order of Charles II.—the embattled gate recorded by Leland that turned back Prince Maurice in the great Civil War. It is amusing to note how Clarendon "veils his wrath in scornful word" as he tells how "in Dorsetshire the enemy had only two little fisher towns, Poole and Lyme." Here was the main entrance from the north through the fortified gate that gave the name of Towngate Street. (The southern entrance was by ferry, and this way came Leland, the great Tudor antiquary.) There was a sharp fight at this point during the Civil War, mementos of which in the shape of three small cannon-balls were dug up last year, and are now in the local Museum. The story may be summarised thus: Poole as a seaport was of great importance, and the King's party were most anxious to get hold of it. Attempts were made to corrupt a dashing young partisan leader, Captain Francis Sydenham, of Wynford Eagle (brother of the famous doctor, also a soldier then), who was constantly out on raiding expeditions. Sydenham pretended to yield, but arranged with the Governor, Captain John Bingham, of Bingham's Melcombe, to have a little surprise for the cavaliers. Accordingly, when Lord Crawford with horse and foot came by night to the outworks that guarded the causeway over the fosse, he was admitted within the half-moon, but found the gates fast, while the cannon and musketry opened on him from the wall. The darkness favoured him, however, and he escaped, but with some loss of men, and more of horses. The small cannon-balls above mentioned were in all probability some of those fired at the Royalists from the wall. This wall, as has been said, was razed by order of Charles II., a retaliation, possibly, for the part Poole had played in the destruction of Corfe Castle. The fosse long remained, and, having been deepened in fear of Prince Charlie as late as 1745, some portion was traceable within the memory of living persons.

A few years after, the King had an opportunity of seeing how his order had been carried out—for, the Court being at Salisbury, to avoid the Plague in 1665, he and some of the courtiers went touring about East Dorset, and one day was spent at Poole. So on September 15th a brilliant company rode into the town by the old causeway. There was the King himself, harsh-featured indeed, but easy and gracious in bearing; Lauderdale, with his coarse features and lolling tongue; Ashley, with his hollow cheeks and keen eyes; Arlington, another of the afterwards infamous Cabal; and, among the rest, but the centre of all attraction, the handsome, boyish face of Monmouth. Ashley was well known in Poole, and many a grim Puritan soldier must have muttered Scriptural curses on his old commander, who had turned courtier for the nonce, but who could not foresee the day when the flags in the port should be half-mast for him, and when his body should be brought from his place of exile in Holland, and the hearse should pass along the very road he had just ridden so gallantly to the old church of Wimborne St. Giles. Still less could young Monmouth foresee the day when, twenty years later, turning and doubling like a hunted hare, he should cross that road in his desperate and vain effort to reach the shelter of the great Forest. And little did his father think that Antony Etricke, "learned in the laws of England," whom he appointed Recorder of Poole, should be the man before whom his favourite son would be brought for identification. Down the street rode the gay cavalcade—plumed hats, curled wigs, velvets and laces, gallant horses and all—over the open ground that extended halfway down the town, till they came to the house of Peter Hiley, which then stood about opposite where now is the National and Provincial Bank. The house has long since gone, but there they were entertained by Peter Hall, the Mayor; and afterwards the King went on the water to Brownsea, "and took an exact view of the said island, castle, bay, and this harbour, to his great contentment." For many a day this visit was remembered, and the cause of the hapless Monmouth was popular in Poole, so that before his final attempt to reach the Forest he had entertained the idea of escaping to Poole, and there taking ship for Holland. A ghastly little note from the Deputy-Mayor of Poole, instructing the tything-men of Higher Lytchett to take delivery of certain heads and quarters of rebels executed in Poole, and to set them up at the cross-roads, is still in existence, and testifies to the executions of the Bloody Assize.

Further down the street comes a cluster of houses that belong to a widely different period, both in the history of the town and of the country. The almshouses, dated 1812, with Nile and Trafalgar Rows on one side, and Wellington Row, 1814, a little way below on the other, recall the great French War, when the open ground at this end of Poole, still called The Parade, though now built over, was the place of exercise for the troops constantly quartered here. In 1796, the 33rd, then Colonel Wellesley's, regiment was here, and the Colonel's quarters were over the water at the old manor-house at Hamworthy. But the almshouses, built by a famous Newfoundland merchant, George Garland, bring back quite a different set of memories. Curiously enough, the well-known trade with Newfoundland was at its zenith during the later years of the great war. The English fleet had swept the foreign flag off the seas, and the trade had fallen to the Union Jack. But the trade dated from the time of Queen Elizabeth, and lasted till the middle of the Victorian age. At first the little ships went out year by year, in the season, and returned with their cargoes of oil and fish and skins, without making any stay on the island—little ships of forty to fifty tons, but manned by daring seamen, who faced the Atlantic storms and the Turkish pirates, as well as French or Spanish enemies, year in, year out, with no record save now and then an incidental mention, as when the Mayor of Poole complains to the Privy Council in 1625 of the danger that the fishing fleets ran from the Turkish pirates, Sallee rovers, and the like. In after years settlements were made, and the Poole merchants had their establishments on the island, from which they supplied the fishermen; but the truck system was the only one in vogue, and the oils and fish and seal-pelts were paid for in goods only, the value of which was fixed by the merchant, who thus got his cargoes at his own price, and, buying his supplies wholesale in England, made, naturally, very large profits.

For many years Poole and Newfoundland were intimately connected, but the trade gradually fell off as other countries entered into competition, and the carelessness, bred by monopoly, made the Poole merchants far too independent and unenterprising.

Not far down the street lived a merchant of another sort. Sir Peter Thompson, born in Poole, but for the greater part of his life residing in London, where he carried on a large trade with Hamburg, built for his retirement the fine old Georgian house long used as a hospital. The carved doorway, with its crest and motto, "*Nil conscire sibi*" (not, by-the-bye, the one usually assigned to Sir Peter, which is "*Nulla retrorsum*"); the arms and crest displayed above the doorway, and the height and proportion of the street front, give an air of dignity to the building strangely in contrast with the neat little villas recently put up opposite. The house dates from the time of Prince Charlie, who, indirectly, was the cause of Sir Peter's knighthood. As High Sheriff of Surrey, the fine old Whig presented a loyal address to George II. when the throne was in danger after Prestonpans, and received the honour of knighthood as a mark of the King's appreciation. It was in the next year, the year of Culloden, that Sir Peter began the house in which he meant to spend the close of an honourable life in the company of early friends, and in the collection of rare manuscripts and objects of interest, scientific and antiquarian, for he was both an F.R.S. and an F.A.S.; he also aided Hutchins in his monumental *History of Dorset*. Respected for his talents and loved for his kindness, he lived there for some years in dignified ease, and died in 1770.

As yet it will be observed that we have had comparatively modern memories of Poole; but as we go nearer to the Quay, which is the most important element in Poole past and present, we come to older and older buildings, or rather parts of buildings, for it is a feature in the town that the constant, active life of the place has renewed, and so covered up, the old buildings, unlike places whose vigour has long ebbed away and left them with their antiquities unaltered to sleep away the remainder of their allotted time,

> And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

And so we pass the modern Guildhall—the old Guildhall was very suitably placed in Fish Street, on the other side of the town, with the gaol, in which John Wesley's grandfather was imprisoned, under it—and down the market till we pause before the oldest almshouses, where the authorities have put up an inscription which tells all that is certainly known of the buildings, viz., that they were first erected about the time of Henry IV., were the property of one of the mediæval religious guilds, the Guild of St. George, and were seized by the Crown in the time of Edward VI., and afterwards sold to the Corporation. The lower portion and the old wall at the back—in fact, the stonework—may be as old as the days of Joan of Arc, but there has, of course, been a great deal of alteration and rebuilding. Speaking of Joan of Arc, it may be mentioned that John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, under whose rule she was burned, was Lord of Canford and of Poole, and a few years ago his seal was dug up in cleaning out a ditch on the Hamworthy-Lytchett road. St. James' Church is, of course, new, though built on the site of the old church, a print of which, with its "handsome tower, covered with a cupola of tin, quite round, in the fashion of a cup," is given in Sydenham's *History of Poole*, a work of special merit, written by a competent antiquary, and full of information. Some of the old monumental inscriptions are preserved in the church, notably one to Captain Peter Joliffe. This worthy representative of the old Poole seamen distinguished himself in a sea-fight off Purbeck as follows:—Cruising with only two men in a small vessel, the "Sea Adventurer," he saw a French privateer make prey of a Weymouth fishing-boat. Though the Frenchman was vastly superior in strength, he boldly attacked him, drove him off, recovered the prize, and then, following up his first success, manœuvred so skilfully as to drive him ashore near Lulworth, where the vessel was broken to pieces and the crew made prisoners. King William III., hearing of this brave deed, sent Captain Peter a gold medal and chain, with a special inscription. This was not his only exploit, and in later years George I. made him military commander of the town. His great-grandson, the Rev. Peter Joliffe, of Sterte, is still remembered as the pattern of a good rector.

Old Poole, as we have noted, clustered round St. James' Church and the old Guildhall, and, as the remains testify, was mainly of stone, with the stone-flag roofs, that remind one of their Purbeck home. Very near to the church, in the yard of the St. Clement's Inn, is a small battlemented gateway, supposed to have been a water-gate, a view which has been lately confirmed by the traces of seaweed revealed in digging. This is very probably the piece of wall of which Leland speaks as having been built by Richard III., who "promised large things to the town of Poole." Hence, when "Richmond was on the seas," and his storm-driven ship appeared off Sandbanks, an attempt was made to inveigle him on shore; but a warier man than Henry Tudor did not breathe, and, to the disappointment of the authorities, "he weighed up his anchor, halsed up his sails, and having a prosperous and streeinable wind, and a fresh gale sent even by God to deliver him from that peril, arrived safe in Normandy."

Older than the piece of wall, older than the almshouses, and older, indeed, than anything else in Poole, is that much-battered, much-altered building now known as the Town Cellars. The Great Cellar, or King's Hall, or Woolhouse, to give it the various names it was once known by, was in all probability, as the names import, a place in which goods were stored. It was always manor property, rented by the Corporation in later years, but more likely originally a place used by the lords of the manor of Canford to store the dues levied in kind, to which they were entitled by the charter of Longespée. On the inner side stood a small prison called the Salisbury, also belonging to the manor, and by this were the stocks, still remembered by old people. Modern conjecture, catching at the ecclesiastical appearance of the pointed doorways and cusped windows, and ignoring the fact that such features were common to sacred and secular buildings alike, has imagined a monastery here, but the utter absence of evidence, the absolute silence of all records, the fact, too, that Leland, who visited Poole, and mentions all of importance from the antiquary's point of view, has nothing to say of any such institution, and, finally, the authority of Abbot Gasquet, whose note on the subject may be given in full—"Poole, 'A Friary,' *No friary: the grant* 3 *Edward VI. seems to have been of gild property*"—seem to be conclusive against the theory. The place has been cut right through by the street from St. James' Church to the Quay, and is so shown on the revised Ordnance Map, while the original block is entire in a plan of Poole dated 1768. It must have been very narrow in proportion to its width, and parts of the work are very roughly executed. Possibly this is the "fair town house of stone on the Kay" of which Leland speaks, unmutilated in his day. Old and battered as it is, no inhabitant of the town should view it without reverence, for it is part of the long past. Built about the end of Edward the Third's reign, it must have played its part in stirring times. Poole, during the Hundred Years' War, was a place of much importance, and shared in the ups and downs of that long war—now helping to take Calais, and again destroyed in the great raid of John de Vienne, who paid with fire and sword in the declining years of Edward the score run up at Cressy and Calais and Poitiers. The old building was the centre of a fierce struggle about five hundred years ago. At that time the port of Poole was a thorn in the side of Frenchman and Spaniard, and its leader, Henry Paye, was the dread of the Channel and of the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The Drake of his age, half admiral and half pirate, he was commander of the King's ships one year and raiding the Spanish coast the next. It is a Spanish chronicle that lifts the veil for a moment and shows us the Poole of the

Plantagenets clustering round the Church of St. James and along the Quay, its inhabitants ready at a moment's notice for war; archers and men-at-arms mustering to the war-cry; the very doors so constructed that they could be used as "pavaisses," or large shields, against the murderous cross-bow bolts—everything betokening a population living in a state of war, and revealing a lively picture of the coast towns when there was no regular fleet, and self-help was the order of the day. We owe this glimpse to the Spanish *Cronica del Conde D. Pero Niño*, the substance of which, as far as it affects Poole, is given by Southey in his *Naval History of England*. The attack on Poole was a revenge raid in consequence of Henry Paye's doings on the Spanish coast. Early in the morning the joint Spanish and French fleet entered the harbour, and the Spaniards landed. Taken by surprise, with their leader away, the men of Poole proved their mettle. A large building (which we, without hesitation, identify with the Town Cellars), full of arms and sea-stores, was fiercely defended, and when this had been carried by assault and set on fire, the fighting was continued in the streets. So terrible was the hail of shafts that the Spaniards recoiled, and only the landing of fresh men enabled them at last to drive back the English. Henry Paye's brother led the townsmen with great gallantry, but was killed on the spot, and then, apparently, his men drew off. The Spaniards and their French allies, who at first held aloof, but came bravely to help when the first repulse took place, then returned to their ships with a few prisoners; and the curtain again falls.

And so we leave the old town while yet the smoke broods sullenly over the Town Cellars, and the war-cry of Spain yet echoes among the narrow stone streets of the East Quay.

BRIDPORT

By the Rev. R. Grosvenor Bartelot, M.A.

IN the days when vikings, pirates, and roving sea-dogs ruled the waves it was a decided advantage for the shipping merchant to reside in a port which lay a mile or so up a river-mouth rather than on the coast itself. Fourteenth century Weymouth folk knew this to their cost. Dwellers they were in a growing hamlet on the sea-coast, with no church of their own, so they had to walk over the hill to Mass at Wyke Regis. Whilst thus employed in pious worship, down swooped the French ships on their defenceless abodes, and when they returned to their Sunday dinner their homesteads were a smouldering ash-heap. After that, they decided to build a chapel of their own on high ground, whence the eye of the watchman could sweep the horizon in search of strange craft.

Such a sudden surprise as this could never have occurred at Bridport. Following Wareham's good example, the builders of this ancient town had an eye to communication by land and sea. They hugged the Roman Road, and at the same time they lay snug up a river-mouth. The Brit, which rises in the upland slopes of Axnoller Hill, amidst some of the finest Wessex scenery, after a short course through Beaminster Town, past the beautiful Tudor mansion of Parnham and the villages of Netherbury and Melplash, unites with the Symene and the Asker streams at Bridport Town, and thence flows into West Bay, a mile further on, at Bridport Harbour.

Whether in Roman times this place had any importance cannot now be definitely determined. If, however, the name of the station, *Londinis*, on the Icen Way from Dorchester to Exeter, be but a Latinised form of *Lyndaen*—*i.e.*, "Broad Pool"—then there is reason to believe that Bridport High Street, which runs along the edge of Bradpole parish, is on the old Roman Road. That Bradpole was only a hamlet of Bridport is shown by the fact that not until the year 1527 had the former parish any right to bury its parishioners anywhere except in the churchyard of the latter place. The evidence of the name of the town certainly favours Roman occupation; "port" in this case is not derived from a personal source; this is the "door, or gate, of the Brit."

We have more clear evidence of its growing importance in the Saxon period. The name of its western suburb, "Allington," is always in mediæval days written "Athelington," "the town of the nobles." Hence the fashion in modern London of the aristocracy flocking to the "West End," is, after all, only an imitation of an example set by Bridport long years ago. In Edward the Confessor's reign one hundred and twenty houses stood in this Dorset town, which, in comparison with the other towns of the county, came next to Dorchester and Wareham. Bridport, too, had a mint of its own, and its mintmaster paid well for the privilege of coining.

The Norman Conquest does not appear to have been an unmixed blessing in these parts. In *Domesday Survey* the town is shown to have gone back considerably. Twenty houses are stated to be desolate, and the people impoverished. All these bad times, however, had passed away before the reign of King John, when Bridport was already famous for its manufacture of rope, sailcloth, and nets, and these have been its staple industries down to modern days. As early as the year 1211 the Sheriff of Dorset paid the goodly sum of £48 9s. 7d. for 1,000 yards "of cloth by the warp to make sails of ships, and for 3,000 weights of hempen thread according *to Bridport weight* for making ships' cables, and 39 shillings for the expenses of Robert the Fisher whilst he stayed at Bridport to procure his nets." Let us hope "Bridport weight" was, as it is now, specially good for the price.

Residents in the town in these days are almost tired of the threadbare witticism about the "Bridport dagger," but, for the sake of the uninitiated, it must be repeated here. When anyone wished to speak tenderly of some person who died at the hangman's hand, he described him as being "stabbed with a Bridport dagger." John Leland, the itinerant chronicler of the days of Henry VIII., came here and heard the joke, but it never penetrated his prosaic skull, so he gravely recorded in his note-book: "At Bridporth be made good daggers." Suffice it to say that Newgate was duly supplied in those days (as the old Morality play, *Hycke Scorner*, tells us) with:

> Ones a yere some taw halters of Burporte.

Whilst an Act of Parliament of 1528 says that "time out of mind they had used to make within the town for the most part all the great cables, ropes, hawsers, and all other tackling for the Royal Navy." This industry has left its mark upon the architecture of the place. The streets are broad, to allow every house its "rope walk." Some fine examples of mediæval domestic architecture are extant, notably the one now used as the Conservative Club on the east side of South Street, evidently a merchant's house of Tudor days.

Few country towns were so rich in ecclesiastical foundations as was Bridport in the Middle Ages. It possessed the present Parish Church of St. Mary, which then had seven altars and numerous chantries; after much restoration (during which the tomb of a great-grandson of Edward I. perished), it is even now a noble example of the piety of prosperous merchants. There were, besides, the churches of St. Andrew, where now the Town

Hall stands, and St. Swithun, in Allington. Other religious foundations included the Priory, now the rope factory; the double chantry chapel of St. Michael, where now is extant only the lane of that name; the Hospital of St. John, at the East Bridge; the Mawdelyn Leper House, in Allington; and the Chapel of St. James, in Wyke's Court Lane. One can well imagine that clerical interests might sometimes clash amidst such a galaxy of places for worship. In fact, in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir John Strangwayes, Steward of the Borough, lodged a complaint with the Chancellor of the Diocese "against the disorder of certain chantry priests residing at Bridport." This was evidently a harbinger of the coming dissolution of monastic foundations, which confined the worship of the town to two churches under one rector.

By far the greatest interest of old Bridport is centred in its immensely valuable Borough Records. These include a vast collection of old deeds of Plantagenet times more or less connected with the history of the whole county, whilst the copies of sixty-five mediæval wills, ranging from 1268 to 1460, are of unique interest and importance, dating, as so many of them do, before 1383, when the Records of the Prerogative Wills of Canterbury commence. In addition to these, a very complete series of borough charters is preserved amongst these records. Bridport was a self-governing town, with the privileges of a Royal Borough, long before 1252, when its first charter was granted by King Henry III. This was probably soon lost, for the same King, on May 5th, 1270, affixed his seal to another, which recites its predecessor thus:

> The King, having inspected the rolls of his Chancery, finds that at the time when Peter de Chacepoler was keeper of his wardrobe, the men of Bridport paid thirty marks, and in return received a charter, etc.

From that time onward each Sovereign seems to have extorted a nice little donation for renewing the charter, each document growing in size and verbosity compared with the one which it supplanted, right down to the reign of James II.

Amongst the books possessed by the Corporation, the most ancient carries us back to old Bridport from a legal point of vision. It is the law-book of Richard Laurence, M.P., who lived from about 1300 to 1361. In it he has recorded copies of all the Acts of Parliament which would be likely to come in useful to him in his legal profession. Beginning from Magna Charta itself, he could turn to this volume, and at a glance see what punishments were enacted against coin-clippers, false measures, brewers of too mild ale, or even against bigamists. Many are the entries referring to nautical affairs, showing how often he must have been consulted by busy Dorset mariners. How many a six and eightpence this worthy lawyer of six centuries ago made out of this book! On one page he records a matter less prosaic—his daughter's birthday. There were no parish registers then, so he writes:

> Laurentia, the second daughter of Richard and Petronel Laurencz, was born on the vigil of Saint Petronilla, being Whitsun Eve, in the 12th year of King Edward III. (1338).

He who so often made other people's wills at last made his own on July 26th, 1361, which is duly preserved amongst the muniments.

Another volume—the old dome-book of the borough—contains amidst solemn minutes of meetings of the Corporation back in the days of the Edwards, many quaint little quibbles. The writer evidently dotted down on a fly-leaf the following as being a very good witticism which, in the relaxation following a heavy session, some worthy Bridport alderman of old told to beguile away the weariness of his fellow civic fathers: "I will cause you to make a cross, and, without any interference, you will be unable to leave the house without breaking that cross." This is how it was to be done: "Clasp a post fixed in the house, and make a cross with your extended arms, and then how can you go out without breaking that cross." Here is another, after the "blind beggar's brother" pattern: "A pear tree bore all the fruit that a pear tree ought to bear, and yet it did not bear pears. What is the answer?" "Well, it only bore one pear." Somewhat childish, certainly, but such little "catches" as these delighted the mediæval conversationalist; and do they not show that human nature has ever been the same? An interesting side-light is thrown upon the clock trade of those days by a document dated 1425, whereby Sir John Stalbrygge, priest, was paid three shillings and fourpence for "keeping the clock on St. Andrew's Church." Matters horological in the Middle Ages were almost entirely in the hands of the church. The clergy and monks were the clock-makers and menders; witness the Glastonbury Clock in Wells Cathedral, the Wimborne Clock, and others. Was not Pope Sylvester himself, when a priest, the inventor of an improved timepiece? Hence it appears that for nearly six centuries the townsmen have turned their eyes towards that same spot where still the town clock chimes out the fleeting hours.

A word about the Bridport Harbour and its vicissitudes. In early days there were numerous contentions between the citizens and the monks of Caen, who owned the manor of Burton; at other times they were disputing with the Abbot of Cerne or the Prior of Frampton, who apparently wished to debar them from salving their own ships when wrecked outside the harbour. Vessels were small enough to be beached in those days; when ships were increased in size, the Haven was built, in the year 1385, but it proved not such a success as was anticipated. Apparently during most of the next century every county in the south of England was canvassed for subscriptions towards Bridport Harbour; all sorts of expedients were devised to raise money. In 1446 was drawn up a portentous document, still extant, known as an indulgence, granting pardons to all those who should contribute to this object. It was signed by one archbishop, two cardinals, and twelve bishops. Armed with this deed, John Greve, Proctor for the town, started round collecting. He writes a pitiful letter on May Day, 1448, from Dartford, in Kent, detailing how his sub-collector, John Banbury, "sumtime bellman of Lodres," had decamped with six weeks' collections, besides stealing his "new chimere of grey black russet, and a crucifix with a beryl stone set therein." Nor could he find the rogue, for he says, "He took his leave on St. George's Day, and so bid me farewell, and I have ridden and gone far to seek him—more than forty miles about—and I cannot hear of him."

A few interesting survivals of old Bridport have come down to modern times in the shape of place-names. "Bucky Doo" passage, between the Town Hall and the "Greyhound," is suggestive of the rustic rabbit or the rural roebuck; but it is simply the old name, "Bocardo," originally a syllogism in logic, which was here, as at Oxford, applied to the prison because, just as a Bocardo syllogism always ended in a final negative, so did a compulsory visit to the Bocardo lock-up generally mean a closer acquaintance with the disciplinary use of "the Bridport dagger," and a final negative to the drama of life. Stake Lane has been altered to Barrack Street in modern times. Gyrtoppe's House, in Allington, carries us back to the year 1360, when Sir Nicholas Gyrtoppe was Chantry Priest of St. Michael's, Bridport. It may be mentioned that a pretty but utterly groundless story of the origin of this name has been told, viz., that King Charles II., when a fugitive from Worcester fight, had to "girth up" Miss Juliana Coningsby's saddle trappings at this spot in 1652: hence the term "girth up."

Much could be written of the Civil War days concerning this place. How the Roundheads voted £10 (November 29th, 1642) to fortify (!) the town. How the Corporation met, and voted as follows:—

1642, 14th December.—It is agreed that the inhabitants that have muskets shall watch at night in turn; that a watch house shall be erected at each bridge; that eight of the Commoners shall watch at night and eight by day, two at each of the three bridges, one in Stake Lane, and one in Weak's Lane.

On June 10th, 1643, Lieutenant Lee garrisoned the place for the Parliament; on March 16th following, Captain Pyne, with a party from Lyme, captured the town and took 140 horse. Waller was here six months later (September 24th) raising the posse with 2,000 horse and 1,500 dragoons. Suffice it to say that Bridport preferred to keep as clear as possible from civil turmoil.

As for the romantic story of the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, and how he was nearly captured here, the reader is referred to Chapter I. for the full account.

The Duke of Monmouth's rebellion brings us to the end of our interest in Old Bridport. It was on Sunday morning, June 13th, 1685, that the whole place was thrown into a ferment by a surprise attack on the town delivered by three hundred of Monmouth's rebels from Lyme Regis. Lord Grey commanded them, and after a night march and on arrival at dawn having at the first volley routed the Dorset militia of 1,200 foot with 100 horse, they started making prisoners of the officers who were lodging at the "Bull" hotel. In this latter work, two Dorset men of good family fell victims—Edward Coker and Wadham Strangwayes—being slain by the rebels, who, after the first flush of victory, disregarded ordinary precautions, and when the King's troops rallied they had to beat an ignominious retreat to Lyme. Judge Jeffreys finished the work by ordering twelve of the condemned rebels to be executed at Bridport. To any student of that period of history the unique collection of autographs, broadsides, songs, and portraits, including the pre-Sedgemoor letter from Lord Dumblane to his father, the Duke of Leeds—all which are contained in the library of Mr. Broadley, of Bridport—are absolutely indispensable.

SHAFTESBURY

By the Rev. Thomas Perkins, M.A.

> Shaston, the ancient British Palladour, was, and is, in itself the city of a dream. Vague imaginings of its castle, its three mints, its magnificent apsidal abbey, the chief glory of South Wessex, its twelve churches, its shrines, chantries, hospitals, its gabled free-stone mansions—all now ruthlessly swept away—throw the visitor, even against his will, into a pensive melancholy, which the stimulating atmosphere and limitless landscape around him can scarcely dispel. The spot was the burial-place of a king and a queen, of abbots and abbesses, saints and bishops, knights and squires. The bones of King Edward "the Martyr," carefully removed thither for holy preservation, brought Shaston a renown which made it the resort of pilgrims from every part of Europe, and enabled it to maintain a reputation extending far beyond English shores. To this fair creation of the great Middle-Ages the Dissolution was, as historians tell us, the death-knell. With the destruction of the enormous abbey the whole place collapsed in a general ruin; the martyr's bones met with the fate of the sacred pile that held them, and not a stone is now left to tell where they lie.

SO does Thomas Hardy describe the ancient town of Shaftesbury.[1] Truly, it is a town that appears to have seen its best days. Its market-place is almost deserted, save on market-days, and when some travelling wild beast show visits the town. On fair days the round-abouts with galloping horses do a lively business, and their steam-driven organs emit energetic music that may be heard far and wide; and when a good circus pitches its tent

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[1] *Jude the Obscure*, p. 249.

SHAFTESBURY.

on Castle Hill, vehicles of every description stream in by hundreds from all the surrounding villages, for there is nothing that the country folk love better than a circus. But at other times Shaftesbury would be considered by a stranger passing through it, fresh from city life, as a quiet if not sleepy town. It has little to boast of save its splendid site, its pure health-giving breezes, and the magnificent views of the surrounding hills and downs and valleys that may be obtained from several points of vantage. Of its four remaining churches one only is of mediæval date; the three others are all quite modern, entirely destitute of architectural interest, and with little beauty to recommend them. All the others which once stood here have disappeared, leaving nothing to remind us of their former existence save, in some few cases, the name of a street or lane. Of the glorious Abbey, probably the wealthiest nunnery that ever existed in the kingdom, nothing but the walls that once enclosed the precincts on the south-east, and the foundations of the church, long entirely hidden from sight by surface soil, now happily opened out by recent excavations, remain.

Left high and dry upon its hill-top it can watch the trailing steam of the locomotives in the deep valley to the north as they hurry by, taking no heed of the once royal burgh, the chief mint of Dorset in the days of the West Saxon Kings, the burial-place of murdered Eadward, and of Eadmund's wife, Ealdgyth or Elgefu, the site of the nunnery founded by Ælfred, and ruled at first by his "midmost daughter" Æthelgede or Æthelgeofu. And yet this town has a real history that can be traced back for more than 1,000 years, and a legendary one that carries us back well-nigh to the days of King Solomon, for we read in a British Brut or chronicle: "After Lleon came Rhun of the Stout Spear, his son, and he built the Castle of Mount Paladr, which is now called Caer Sefton, and there while he was building this stronghold there was an Eryr that gave some prophecies about this island." In Powell's *History of Cambria* it is said:

> . . . Concerning the word of Eryr at the building of Caer Septon on Mt. Paladour in the year after the creation of the world 3048 some think that an eagle did then speak and prophesie; others are of opinion that it was a Brytaine named Aquila (Eryr in British) that prophesied of these things and of the recoverie of the whole ile again by the Brytaines.[1]

The Brut quoted was evidently written after Dorset was occupied by the Saxons, because it says that the town was called Septon (a form of Shafton), and implies that it was not so called when Rhun built it. It is pretty certain that Caer Paladr was the Celtic name, and that the Saxon name Sceaftesbyrig is a translation of it, the modern form of which is Shaftesbury. If it was called after the name of the King who built it, it was after part of his surname Baladr or Paladr (spear), Bras (stout). Others think the spear or shaft was suggested by the long straight hill on the point of which the town was built. At a later date the name was contracted into Shaston, but this has become nearly obsolete, save in municipal and other formal documents, where the various parishes are called Shaston St. Peter's, Shaston St. James', etc. The name also appears on the milestones, and the inhabitants of the town are called Shastonians. No doubt the Romans captured this Celtic hill-stronghold, and as proof of this, the finding of some Roman coins has been alleged; but no written record of this period has come down to us. The real history begins in Saxon times. Ælfred came to the West Saxon throne in 871, and in 888 he founded a Benedictine Nunnery at Shaftesbury, setting over it his "medemesta-dehter" as first Abbess. This we learn from Asser, Ælfred's friend, who tells us that he built the Abbey near the eastern gate of the town. This shows that by this time Shaftesbury was a walled town. An inscription on a stone in the Abbey Chapter-house, so William of Malmesbury tells us, recorded the fact that the town was built by Ælfred in 880, by which he probably means re-built after its partial or complete destruction by the Danes.

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[1] This prophecy is thought to have been fulfilled when the son of Edmund Tudor, a Welshman, ascended the throne as Henry VII.

Shaftesbury was counted as one of the four royal boroughs of Dorset (Wareham, Dorchester, and Bridport being the other three), and at the time of the Norman Conquest it was the largest of the four. Æthelstan granted the town the right of coining, and several scores of pennies struck here in his reign were found in excavating a mediæval house near the Forum in 1884-5. In the reign of Eadward the Confessor three coiners lived in the town, each paying 13s. 4d. annually to the Crown, and a fine of £1 on the introduction of a new coinage. The names, Gold Hill and Coppice (that is, Copper) Street Lane, still speak of the old mints of Shaftesbury.

On March 18th, 978, as everyone knows, King Eadward was treacherously slain at the house of, and by the order of, his stepmother. The body of the murdered King was dragged some distance by his horse, and when found was buried without any kingly honour at Wareham. On February 20th, 980, Ælfere, Eadward's ealdorman, removed the body with all due state from Wareham to Shaftesbury, and here it was buried, somewhere in the Abbey Church. Doubtless the reason why Shaftesbury was chosen as the place of his burial was because he was of Ælfred's kin, and this religious house had been founded by Ælfred.

Miracles soon began to be worked at his tomb. He appeared, so it was said, to a lame woman who lived at some distant spot, and bade her go to his grave at Shaftesbury, promising that if she went she should be healed of her infirmity. She obeyed his injunction, and received the due reward for her faith. The grave in which the King was laid did not, however, please him as a permanent resting-place. First he indicated his dissatisfaction by raising the tomb bodily, and then when this did not lead to an immediate translation of his relics, he appeared in visions and intimated his desire to have a fresh grave. This was about twenty-one years after his burial in the Abbey. The grave was opened, and, as was usual in such cases, a sweet fragrance from it pervaded the church. His body was then laid in the new tomb in a chapel specially dedicated to him. Possibly this chapel stood over the crypt on the north side of the north choir aisle. The day of his death, March 18th, and the days of the two translations of his relics, February 20th and June 20th, were kept in honour of the King, who, for what reason we cannot tell, was regarded as a saint and martyr. His fame spread far and wide, and brought many pilgrims and no small gain to the Abbey. At one time the town was in danger of losing its old name, Shaftesbury, and being called Eadwardstowe, but in course of time the new name died out and the old name was revived. Pilgrims were numerous, and possibly sometimes passed the whole night in the church. In order to make a thorough cleansing of the floor after their visits more easy, a slight slope towards the west was given to the choir pavement, so that it might be well swilled. A similar arrangement may be seen in other churches.

At Shaftesbury, too, was Eadmund Ironside's wife buried; and on November 12th, 1035, Knut the Dane died at Shaftesbury, but was not buried in the Abbey, his body being carried to the royal city of Winchester and laid to rest within the Cathedral Church there. Up to the time of the Conquest the Abbesses bore English names; after that time the names of their successors show that Shaftesbury Abbey formed no exception to the rule that all the most valuable church preferments were bestowed on those of Norman and French birth. Through every change of dynasty the Abbey of Shaftesbury continued to flourish, growing continually richer, and adding field to field, until it was said that if the Abbot of

Somerset Glaston could marry the Abbess of Dorset Shaston they would together own more land than the King himself. The Abbess held a barony, and ranked with the mitred Abbots, who had the privilege of sitting in Parliament, and it was said that her rank rendered her subject to be summoned by the King, but that she was excused from serving on account of her sex. At last the time came for the Abbey to be dissolved. More prudent than Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury—who refused to surrender and was hanged on St. Michael's Hill, overlooking his wide domains—Elizabeth Zouche, the last Abbess of Shaftesbury, gave up to Henry VIII., on March 23rd, 1539, the Abbey with all its property, valued at £1,329 per annum, and received in lieu thereof the handsome pension of £133 a year for her own use. At this time there were fifty-four nuns within its walls, each of whom received a pension varying from £7 down to £3 6s. 8d.; the total amount given in pensions was £431.

From the day of the Dissolution the glory of Shaftesbury began to pass away. In an incredibly short space of time the Abbey was demolished, and when Leland visited the place a few years later the church had entirely disappeared. There was much litigation between the town and those to whom the Abbey lands had been granted—the Earl of Southampton and Sir Thomas Arundel—and this dispute continued for fifty years, greatly impoverishing the town.

Shaftesbury received its first municipal charter in the second year of James I.; a second charter was granted in 1666 by Charles II. From that time Shaftesbury led an uneventful life, broken at times by the excitement of contested elections, which were fought with great bitterness, and the consumption of much beer and the giving of much gold. The town was originally represented by two members; the two first of these sat in the Parliament of the twenty-fifth year of Edward I. At the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 it lost one member, and in 1885 it ceased to be a Parliamentary Borough, and was merged in the Northern Division of Dorset. At the election of 1880 a singular incident took place, which will show how high party feeling ran in the ancient borough. The candidate who had represented the constituency in the previous Parliament was defeated, and after the declaration of the poll, about nine o'clock in the evening, his disappointed partizans indulged in such violent and riotous conduct that the successful candidate and his friends could not leave the room in the Town Hall where the votes had been counted. Stones were thrown at the windows, some of the police were injured, but the besieged barricaded the doors of the building, closed the shutters, and waited with patience, while the angry mob outside, for the space of four or five hours, yelled like wild beasts disappointed of their prey. At last, finding that they could not effect an entrance and make a fresh vacancy in the constituency by killing the new member, the crowd began to drop off one by one, and by two o'clock in the morning the siege was practically raised, and the imprisoned member and his friends were able to get out and reach their hotel unmolested. Some of the rioters were tried, but evidence sufficiently clear to identify the men who had wounded the police was not to be obtained, and the accused were acquitted. This was the last time Shaftesbury was called on to elect a member; and as the town stands quite on the borders of the new district of North Dorset, the poll is not now declared from the Town Hall window at Shaftesbury, but at Sturminster Newton, a town more centrally situated.

At one time there were twelve churches or chapels in Shaftesbury—St. Peter's, St. Martin's, St. Andrew's, Holy Trinity, St. Lawrence's, St. Michael's, St. James', All Saints', St. John the Baptist's, St. Mary's, St. Edward's, and last, but not least, the Abbey Church of St. Mary and St. Edward. Beyond the borough boundary was the

Church of St. Rumbold,[1] now generally spoken of as Cann Church. Why Shaftesbury, which was never a large town, should have needed so many churches has always been a mystery. The late William Barnes suggested a theory which may partially account for it. He says that some of these churches may have been old British ones, and that the Saxon Christians could not, or would not, enter into communion with the British Christians, but built churches of their own. This is probably true, although it still fails to account for the number of churches which, on this supposition, the Saxons must have built. It must be remembered, as explained in the Introduction, that Dorset remained much longer free from the dominion of the West Saxon Kings than Hampshire, and that when it was finally conquered by the West Saxons, these men had already become Christians, so that the conquest was not one of expulsion or extermination. The Celtic inhabitants were allowed to remain in the old homes, though in an inferior position. The laws of Ine, 688, clearly show this. In Exeter there is a church dedicated to St. Petroc, who was a Cornish, and therefore Celtic, saint. Mr. Barnes thinks that the Shaftesbury churches dedicated to St. Michael, St. Martin, St. Lawrence, and the smaller one dedicated to St. Mary, may have been Celtic. St. Martin was a Gaulish saint, St. Lawrence may have been a dedication due to the early missionaries, while the two hills in Cornwall and Brittany dedicated to St. Michael show that he was a saint held in honour by the Celts. The British Church differed in certain points of observance from the Church founded by the missionaries from Rome under St. Augustine, notably as to the date of keeping Easter. Bæda says that when he was Abbot of Malmesbury he wrote, by order of the Synod of his own Church, a book against the errors of the British Church, and that by it he persuaded many of the Celts, who were subjects of the West Saxon King, to adopt the Roman date for the celebration of the Resurrection. But even if we assume that there were four Celtic churches, why should no less than eight fresh ones have been built by the West Saxons? No explanation has been offered. Possibly, however, some of the churches may have been only small chapels or chantries.

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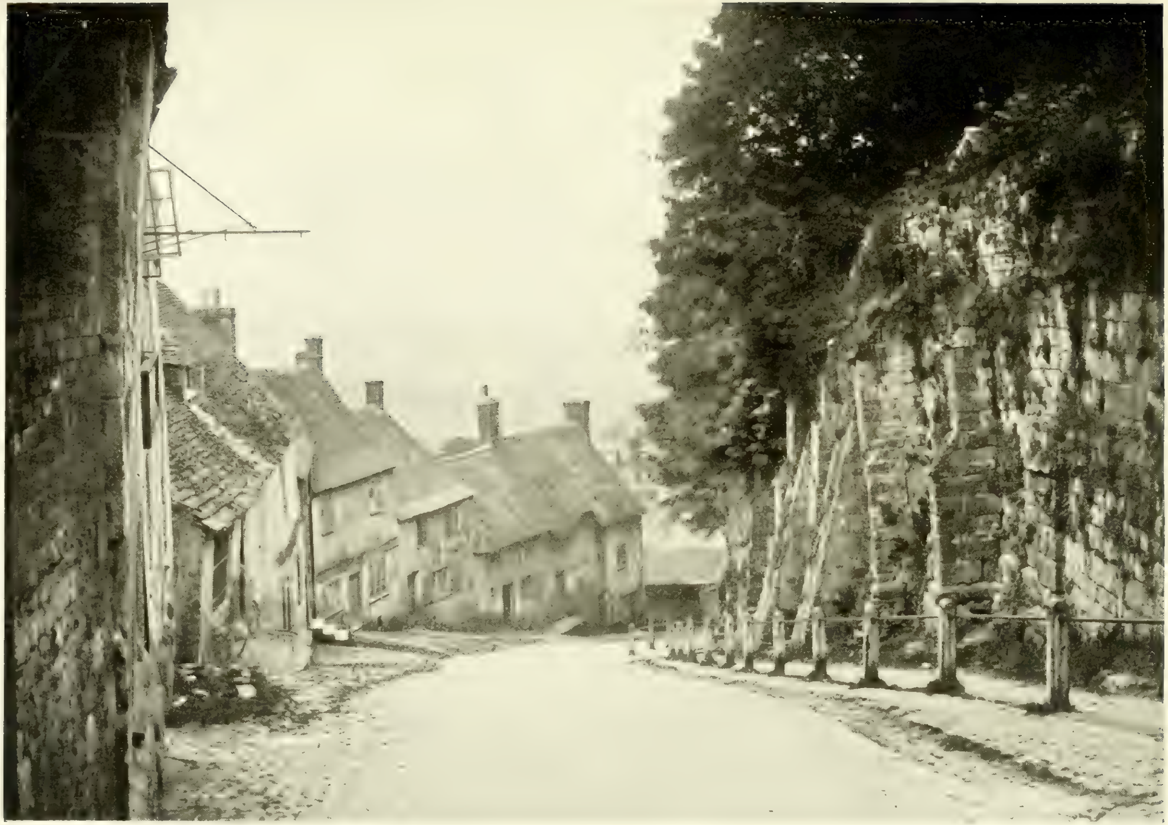
[1] This dedication is curious. St. Rumbold was the son of a Northumbrian King, and of a daughter of Penda, King of Mercia, born at Sutton, in Northamptonshire; he died when three days old, but not before he had repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed in Latin. This fact gained canonization for him.

Soon after the dissolution of the Abbey, as has been said previously, all the walls above the surface were pulled down, except the one that skirts the steep lane known as Gold Hill. This wall stands, strongly buttressed by gigantic masses of masonry on the outside (some of them contemporaneous with the walls, others added afterwards), for it has to bear up the earth of what was formerly the Abbey garden. The foundations of the Abbey Church, either purposely or naturally, in the course of time were covered with soil, and so remained until 1861, when some excavations took place and sundry relics were found, among them a stone coffin containing a skeleton and an abbot's staff and ring. The foundations were then once more covered in, but recently the Corporation obtained a twenty-one years' lease of the ground for the purpose of more thorough investigation. All the foundations that remain will be uncovered, the ground laid out as an ornamental garden and thrown open to the public. Considerable progress has been made with this work; all except the extreme west end of the nave has been excavated to the level of the floor, and some very interesting discoveries have been made. Many fragments of delicately-carved stonework, some of them bearing the original colour with which they were decorated, were unearthed, and are preserved in the Town Hall. The excavation began at the eastern end of the church, and proceeded westward. It was found that the east end of the choir was apsidal, the form usual in Norman times,



Gold Hill, Shaftesbury.

but abandoned by English builders in the thirteenth century, when many of the larger churches were extended further to the east, though in France the apsidal termination is almost universal. The form shows that the Abbey Church was re-built during the Norman period of architecture, and that the choir was not afterwards extended eastward, for in earlier days, as well as in the thirteenth century and later, the rectangular east end was common. The north choir aisle was apsidal internally and square-ended externally; the south aisle was much wider than the north, and was evidently extended in the fifteenth century. The foundations of the high altar are complete, and on the north side of it is a grave formed of faced stone, which probably contained the body of the founder of the Norman Church. The crypt lies outside of the north aisle, and this has been completely cleared out; its floor is sixteen feet below the level of the ground. On this floor was found a twisted Byzantine column, which probably supported a similar column in the chapel above the crypt. This is the chapel which is believed to have been the shrine of King Eadward the Martyr. A most curious discovery was made in the crypt—namely, a number of dolicho-cephalous skulls. The question arises: How did they get there? For the shape of these skulls indicates that their owners were men of the Neolithic Age! In various graves sundry ornaments and articles of dress have been found—a gold ring in which a stone had once been set, a leaden bulla bearing the name of Pope Martin V. (1417-1431), and a number of bronze pins, probably used to fasten the garment in which the body was buried. The clay used for puddling the bottom of the graves acted much in the manner of quick-lime and destroyed the bodies. Several pieces of the pavement, formed of heraldic and other tiles, remain *in situ.* It is supposed by some that the Abbey Church once possessed a central tower and a tall spire, though it is doubtful if the *spire* ever existed; if it did, the church standing on its lofty isolated hill about 700 feet above the sea-level must have been a conspicuous object from all the wide Vale of Blackmore and its surrounding hills, as well as from the Vale of Wardours to the north, along which the railway now runs.

St. Peter's Church is the oldest building in the town, but it is late Perpendicular in style. It is noteworthy that it has not, and apparently never had, a chancel properly called so; no doubt a ritual chancel may have been formed by a wooden screen. A holy-water stoup is to be seen on the left hand as one goes into the entrance porch at the west side of the tower. The richly-carved pierced parapet of the north aisle bears the Tudor rose and the portcullis, and so shows that this part of the church was built early in the sixteenth century.

Many of the houses in the town are old, but not of great antiquity. Thatched cottages abound in the side lanes, and even the long main street, which runs from east to west, has a picturesque irregularity on the sky-line. The most interesting house is one in Bimport, marked in a map dated 1615 as Mr. Groves' house. It stands near the gasworks and the chief entrance to Castle Hill. It is a good example of a town house of the early sixteenth century, and contains some well-carved mantelpieces of somewhat later date. This house has served various purposes—at one time it was an inn, and some years ago narrowly escaped destruction. It, however, did escape with only the removal of its old stone-slabbed roof, in place of which one of red tiling has been substituted. An additional interest has been given to this old building by its introduction into *Jude the Obscure* as the dwelling-place of the schoolmaster Phillotson, from a window of which his wife Sue once jumped into the street. Beyond this house is one known as St. John's, standing as it does on St. John's Hill, more of which hereafter. It was, in great measure, built of material bought at the sale of Beckford's strange and whimsical erection known as Fonthill Abbey, of which the story is told in the *Memorials of Old Wiltshire.* In the garden of St. John's Cottage is a curious cross, in which are two carved alabaster panels, covered with glass to preserve them from frost and rain.

Shaftesbury owes what distinction it possesses to its position, and this is due to its geological formation. A long promontory[1] of Upper Greensand runs from the east, and ends in a sharp point where the steep escarpments facing the north-west and south meet. On the triangle formed by these two the town is built. Looking out from the end of this high ground we may see a conical, wooded hill known as Duncliffe; this is an outlier of the same greensand formation; all the rest of the greensand, which once occupied the space between, has been gradually washed away, and the surface of the lower ground consists of various members of the Jurassic series. Under the greensand lies a bed of Gault, a blue-coloured clay impervious to water; and, as the greensand rock is porous, the gault holds up the water that percolates through the greensand, with the result that a thickness of about twenty-five feet of the lowest bed of the greensand is full of water, while the upper layers are dry. Hence, to get water to supply the town, wells would have to be sunk to the depth of 150 feet. Some such wells were, indeed, sunk in mediæval times, but were not satisfactory. It is only in recent times that regular waterworks, with pumping-engines, reservoir, and mains, have been constructed, and Shaftesbury had to depend for water until that time on a supply obtained from springs at Enmore Green, a village situated under the hill and to the north of the town. This gave rise to a quaint and curious custom. On the Sunday next after the Festival of the Invention of the Cross, May 3rd (the day was changed in 1663 to the Monday before Ascension Day), the Mayor and burgesses of Shaftesbury went down to the springs at Enmore Green with mirth and minstrelsy, and, chief of all, with a staff or bezant adorned with feathers, pieces of gold, rings and jewels, and sundry dues—to wit, a pair of gloves, a calf's head, a gallon of ale, and two penny loaves of fine wheaten bread: these were presented to the bailiff of the manor of Gillingham, in which the village of Enmore Green was situated. Moreover, the Mayor and burgesses, for one whole hour by the clock, had to dance round the village green hand in hand. Should the dues not be presented, or the dance fail, the penalty was that the water should no longer be supplied to inhabitants of the borough of Shaftesbury. The decoration of the bezant was a costly matter; the original one, of gilded wood in the form of a palm-tree, was in the possession of Lady Theodora Guest, and has been presented by her ladyship to the Corporation of Shaftesbury. The water was brought up in carts drawn by horses, and strong ones they must have been, for the hill they had to climb is one of the steepest in the neighbourhood. The fixed price for a bucketful of water was a farthing. From the scanty supply of drinking-water it came to pass that a saying got abroad that Shaftesbury was a town where "there was more beer than water"; to which was added two lines describing other noteworthy characteristics of the place—namely, that "here there was a churchyard above the steeple," and that the town contained "more rogues than honest people." Once during the writer's fifteen years' sojourn in the town some accident happened to the pumping apparatus at the water-works, and for several weeks the inhabitants were thrown back upon the old source of water supply. Day after day water-carts might be seen slowly passing along the streets, while servants or housewives came out from every doorway with empty pails or buckets, though they were not called upon to pay their farthings for the filling of them, as the expense was borne by the owners of the water-works.

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[1] This has given the colloquial name of "the Rock" to Shaftesbury. Those who live in the town are spoken of as coming from the Rock; those who dwell in the villages below it are spoken of as "Side off" the Rock.

In the old coaching days Shaftesbury was a livelier place than now, since the London and Exeter coaches, with their splendid teams and cheerful horns, passed through it daily, changing their horses at the chief hostelry. When the Salisbury and Yeovil Railway (afterwards absorbed by the London and South-Western) was planned it was intended to bring the line, not indeed through the town, but within a half-mile or so of it, with a station under the hill; but the bill was here, as in many another place, opposed by the landowners, with the result that the line was not allowed to come within about three miles of Shaftesbury, and was carried through the neighbouring town of Gillingham, which from that time began to increase, while Shaftesbury decreased. Periodically there has been an agitation for a branch line or a loop or a light railway running from Tisbury and passing near Shaftesbury, and joining, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Wareham, the line to Weymouth. But all the agitation has ended in nothing practical.

The beauty of its scenery and the clearness of its air have raised a hope in the minds of some of its inhabitants that Shaftesbury may become a summer health resort; but as long as the town is so difficult of access these hopes do not seem likely to be fulfilled to any great extent.

There are scarcely any historical events connected with Shaftesbury besides those already mentioned; but it is worthy of notice that once for a short time two royal ladies were held prisoners at the Abbey. Robert the Bruce, when on one occasion things were not going well with him, entrusted his second wife, Elizabeth, and her step-daughter, Marjory (the only child of his first wife, Isabella of Mar), to the care of his younger brother, Nigel Bruce, who was holding the strong Castle of Kildrummie, near the source of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. The castle was besieged by the English, under the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, but when the magazine was treacherously burnt the garrison had to surrender. Nigel Bruce was taken to Berwick, tried, condemned, and executed. Elizabeth and Marjory were carried off across the border, and, with a view of placing them far beyond all chance of rescue, were ultimately handed over to the Abbess of Shaftesbury in 1313. King Edward II. allowed them twenty shillings a week for their maintenance, a sum of much greater value in those days than now. After the battle of Bannockburn (June, 1314), the Earl of Hereford, who had been taken prisoner by Bruce, was given up in exchange for the Queen, who during all her married life, with the exception of two years, had been in the hands of the English, for she had been married in 1304, and had been taken prisoner in 1306.

It is needful, before finishing this chapter, to explain the old saying about the churchyard being higher than the steeple. There was once a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist that stood at the south-west point of the hill on which Shaftesbury is built; this has long ago passed away, but its graveyard still remains. Its parish was amalgamated with that of St. James, whose church stands below the hill, and for some time the old churchyard of St. John's served as the burial-ground for the united parishes. Hence arose the saying quoted. Speaking of St. James leads us to notice the interesting fact that part of this parish lies outside the municipal boundaries, and is situated in the Liberty of Alcester,[1] so called because this land belonged to a monastery at the town of Alcester, in Warwickshire, and was free from the payment of local tithes. Some have supposed that the word Alcester was the name of a Roman town, on the ruins of which Shaftesbury was built; but this is not the case.

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[1] The Abbey of Alcester was founded in 1140 by Ralf Boteler, and a document exists by which one William le Boteler, of Wem, grants to the Abbey 100 shillings per annum, derived from land in the parish of St. James, Shaftesbury, to pay for masses for his own soul and that of the King (7th year of Henry IV.). This is only a confirmation of a previous gift.

In the early part of the eighteenth century a free school was founded by one William Lush, merchant, of Shaftesbury, for the education of a small number of boys and girls. A new scheme was drawn up about thirty years ago by the Charity Commissioners: new buildings were erected to the east of the town close to Cann Church, but within the boundaries of the parish of Shaston St. Peter, and in 1879 Shaftesbury Grammar School, as it is always called, was opened, the writer of this chapter holding the office then, and for fifteen years afterwards, of head-master of the re-organised school, which, though never likely to be a large one, has already done, and is still doing, useful work in its own quiet and unobtrusive way.

Despite the fact that strangers may call Shaftesbury a sleepy place, and far behind the times in enterprise; despite the fact that it has fallen from its former importance, and may by some be looked on as a mere derelict—yet those who have known it and dwelt upon "The Rock" cannot but keep a tender spot in their memories for this quaint Dorset town.

Beautiful it is under many atmospheric conditions. One who has risen, and stood in the neighbourhood of the Grammar School, before the dawn of a summer day, and has looked eastward at the long ridge of the downs silhouetted against the sunlit sky, and then a little later has turned to the south-west to look at the line of the houses that run along the crest of the Rock, ending in the two towers of St. Peter's and Holy Trinity, flushed with the rose of morning, while the soft blue shade holds the valleys below, has seen a sight of surpassing loveliness. Sometimes the hollows are brimmed with thick, white mist, from which the tops of the surrounding hills rise like islets from the sea. Again, the view is splendid when, at noon on a wild, gusty day, heavy masses of clouds are blown across the sky, and their shadows and glints of sunshine chase each other over vale and down. But possibly the most lovely view of all may be obtained by going to Castle Hill on a summer evening when the sun is sinking behind the Somerset hills to the north-west, for the sunsets are "mostly beautiful here," as Mr. Hardy makes Phillotson say, "owing to the rays crossing the mist of the vale."[1] But there are other aspects of nature that may sometimes be observed in the hill town and around it—grand and wild when the north-east blast roars over the hill-top, driving before it frozen snow, sweeping up what has already fallen on the fields, and filling the roads up to the level of the hedge-tops, cutting the town off from all communication with the outer world, until gangs of labourers succeed in cutting a narrow passage through the drifts, along which a man may walk or ride on horseback, with the walls of snow rising far above his head on the right-hand and on the left, and nothing to be seen save the white gleam of the sunlight on the snow, the tender grey of the shadows on it, and the bright blue of the sky above—if, indeed, the snow has ceased to fall and the winds to blow, and the marvellous calm of a winter frost beneath a cloudless sky has fallen on the earth. Many may think that such aspects of nature could never be met with in the sunny southern county of Dorset; but the writer speaks of what he has seen on several occasions, when snow has been piled up to the cottage eaves, when the morning letters have not reached the town till after sunset, when even a wagon and its team have been buried for hours in a snow-drift, and the horses rescued with difficulty.

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[1] *Jude the Obscure*, p. 313.

PIDDLETOWN AND ATHELHAMPTON

By Miss Wood Homer

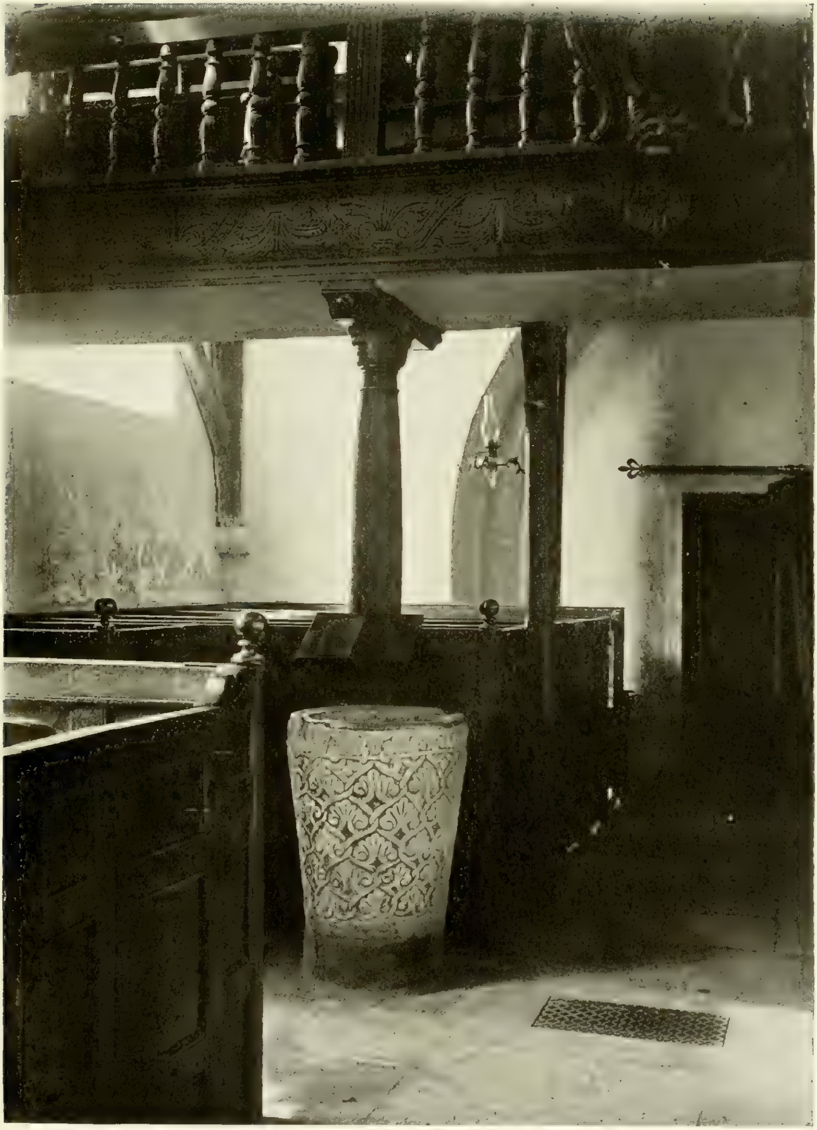
THE parish of Piddletown, or Puddletown, is said by Hutchins to take its name from the river Piddle, which flows to the north of the village, though it is supposed to have been formerly called Pydeletown after the Pydele family, at one time owners of much property in the neighbourhood.

It was once a large parish, and the capital of the hundred; but it now numbers only about nine hundred inhabitants, having fallen from fourteen hundred during the last forty years. About the year 1860 the village contained as many as twenty boot-makers, twelve blacksmiths, twenty carpenters and wheelwrights, five pairs of sawyers, two coopers, and some cabinet-makers. Gloves and gaiters were tanned and made there, as were many of the articles in common use. Beer was brewed in the public-houses; and there were three malt-houses, about one of which we read in Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Naturally, these trades employed much labour, and a great decrease in the population resulted when they were given up, after the introduction of the railway at Dorchester, about the year 1848. Two business fairs were formerly held in the village—one on Easter Tuesday, the other on October 29th—when cattle, materials, hats, etc., were sold. The October fair still exists, but it has dwindled to a small pleasure fair only, though pigs were sold as late as 1896.

Piddletown possesses a very fine church, dedicated to St. Mary. It is a large and ancient building, consisting of a nave and a north aisle of the same length, covered with leaden roofs, and a small south aisle, called the Athelhampton aisle, the burial-place of the Martyns of Athelhampton. This aisle is under the control of the vestry of Athelhampton Church. The chancel has a tiled roof; it was built in 1576. The embattled tower contains six bells.

The chief features of this church are the monuments in the south aisle, with some very fine brasses; the Norman font (some authorities on fonts consider it to be of Saxon work); and the beautiful roof of carved chestnut wood. This latter has been many times supported and restored, and it will, indeed, be a loss to the antiquary when it is found impossible any longer to keep it in repair.

The monuments are all much defaced. One of them, of the fifteenth century, consists of a knight and lady in alabaster on an altar-tomb, probably Sir Richard Martyn and Joan his wife; this has traces of much gilding and painting, but no inscription. To the west of this there is the figure of a knight, probably placed there about 1400. West of this again, an unknown "crusader" and lady lie on the floor under an altar-tomb, with a canopy upon four pillars, which was erected to the memory of Nicholas Martyn; under the canopy there is a fine brass, representing Nicholas Martyn, his wife, three sons, and seven daughters, dated 1595, and bearing an inscription. There is also a smaller brass, on which is a monkey holding a mirror—the Martyn crest—while above the whole are three sculptured martins or monkeys. To the north of the aisle there is a figure of a knight in alabaster, his feet resting on a chained monkey, the whole supported on an altar-tomb of Purbeck marble. On the west wall there is a large tablet to the memory of the Brunes, who owned Athelhampton in the seventeenth century.



Piddletown Church.

On the east of the aisle there is a brass to the memory of Christopher Martyn, with the following inscription :—

> Here lyethe the body of Xpofer Martyn Esquyer
> Sone and heyre unto Syr Willym Martyn knyght
> Pray for there Soules with harty desyre
> That they bothe may be sure of Eternall lyght
> Callyng to Remembraunce that every wyght
> Most nedys dye, & therefor lett us pray
> As other for us may do Another day.
> Qui quidem Xpoferus obiit XXII^{o} die mens' M'cii an^{o} D'ni
> millmo quingentesimo vicesimo quarto.

Above this there is the kneeling figure of a man in armour, and a partial representation of the Trinity. The figure is holding a scroll, on which the following inscription is much abbreviated : "*Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis et omnes iniquitates meas dele*"; while before and behind the effigies are the Martyn arms. And on the floor of the church, north of the pulpit, there is a brass to the memory of Roger Cheverell.

A short staircase of thirteen steps opens out of the south aisle ; this formerly led to a rood loft.

A musicians' gallery of the seventeenth century runs across the west of the church, and there are porches on the north and south. The south door has a ring attached to the outside, which is popularly supposed to have been a sanctuary ring, though probably this tradition has no foundation.

It is an interesting fact that the church clock, which was in the tower till about 1865, was made by a village blacksmith, Lawrence Boyce by name, about 1710. This clock had a three-cornered wooden face on the north side of the tower, stone weights and one (hour) hand. It struck the hours and quarters and chimed at 8, 12, and 4, except on Sundays, when the chimes were silenced, so that they might not disturb the worshippers. A clock made by the same man, for Bere Regis Church, is now in the Dorchester Museum ; but, unfortunately, the

Piddletown clock was not preserved, though it was in good going order when it was removed to make room for the present one.

In 1820, and probably for long before, it was the custom of the members of the choir to write their own music; some was actually composed by them, while some was borrowed from other villages, although the rivalry which often existed between village choirs not infrequently prevented the exchange of tunes. In two vellum-covered volumes, the property of Mr. W. Gover, of Piddletown, dated 1823, the music and words of the Psalms are most beautifully written. The books were given by a certain Mrs. Price to the choir. The larger book belonged to J. Holland, a clarionet player; the smaller to W. Besant. In the latter may be found music headed, "John Besant's Magnificat," which was probably composed by one of his ancestors. At this time the choir consisted of two clarionets, two bass viols, a flute, and a bassoon; while before this a "serpent" was used, and the music is written apparently for all these instruments. The violin was prohibited by most clergymen as being "Devil's music," on account of its being played in public-houses and for dancing. The instruments were given up about 1845 on the introduction of a barrel-organ. At this time the village also possessed a band, which had been in existence for nearly two hundred years, and of which the inhabitants were justly proud.

Piddletown is perhaps better known as the "Weatherbury" of Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. On the south-west of the church is the gargoyle (the head of some beast, with the legs of a child projecting from its mouth), which destroyed Sergeant Troy's work at Fanny's grave. The old malthouse mentioned in the same book stood in what are now the gardens of Ilsington House, while Bathsheba's house stood on the site of Ilsington Lodge, although it is sketched from the house at Waterson. The latter is a fine old building about two miles from Piddletown, and was the residence of the Martyns before they went to Athelhampton, and remained their property for long after. It was much damaged by fire in 1863, but was carefully restored by the owner, Lord Ilchester, to whose family it still belongs. It is interesting to note that a certain Mr. Bainger, who lived at Ilsington Lodge, was the moving spirit in causing the lowering of Yellowham Hill, between Piddletown and Dorchester, about 1830.

The Vicarage possesses a very fine staircase and an oak-beamed study, while an old farmhouse, now used as a cottage, in "Style Lane," formerly contained a fine carved mantelpiece. In the churchyard is the headstone of Peter Standley, King of the Gipsies, with the following inscription:—

In memory of Peter Standley, who died 23rd November, 1802, aged 70 years.

Farewell my dear & faithful wife
My sons & daughters too
Tho' never in this mortal life
Again you must me view
Close in our Saviour's footsteps tread
Of Love divine possessed
And when you're numbered with the dead
Your souls will be at rest.

He is said to have died of smallpox in Style Lane, and to have been buried by night. Gipsies still visit the grave.

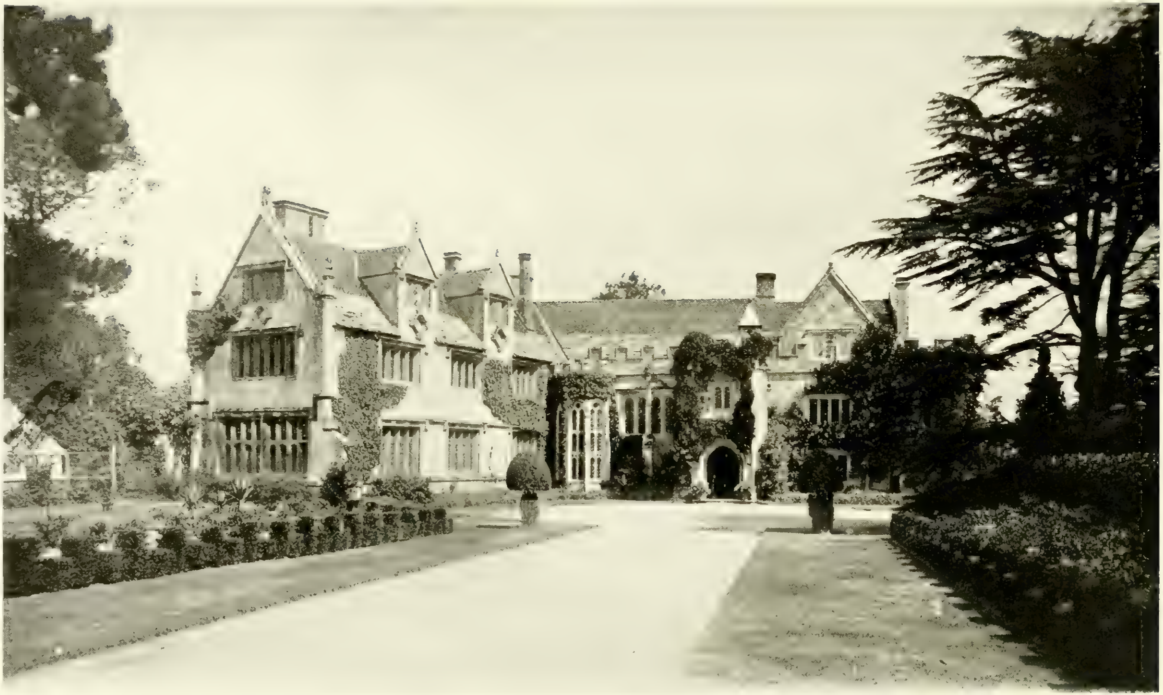
The old coaching road from London to Dorchester runs to the west of the village, and "Judge's Bridge," near Ilsington Lodge, is said to have taken its name from being the meeting-place of the judge and the "javelin men" on the occasion of the Dorchester Assizes.

The Court Leet House, wherein was transacted all the local business, and which was also used as a school, formerly stood in the "Square"; the stocks, the old village pound, and pump were near. The house now occupied by Mr. W. Gover was the residence of the Boswells, who owned land in the parish, and introduced the system of irrigating the meadows.

Athelhampton Hall is a fine old building east of Piddletown. There is a tradition that it took its name from some of the Saxon Kings, and was originally called Athelhamstan; but Hutchins thinks it more probable that it derived its name from Æthelhelm, one of the Saxon Earls in Dorset, who was killed in an engagement with the Danes A.D. 837.

The first owners of Athelhampton of whom there is any record were the de Loundres and Pideles. From them it came by marriage to the Martyns, who held it till 1595. At the death of Nicholas Martyn it was divided between his four daughters, who married respectively Henry Brune, Henry Tichborne, Thomas White, and Anthony Floyer. Gradually the shares of the Whites and Tichbornes came into the hands of the Brunes, and were sold by them in 1665 to Sir Robert Long. It then came by marriage to the Hon. William Wellesley Pole (afterwards Earl of Mornington), whose son sold it in 1848 to Mr. George James Wood, from whom it came to his nephew, Mr. G. Wood Homer. It is now the property of Mr. A. C. de Lafontaine, who purchased it in 1890. The Floyer share of the house remained in their possession till an exchange was effected by Mr. Wood, when the whole came into his hands.

The house itself consists of two sides of a quadrangle facing south and west, and was in a very bad state when bought by Mr. Wood, having, it is said, been used as a farmhouse, and the fine old oak-roofed stone-floored hall as a cattle-shed. Mr. Wood entirely renovated the oak roof, taking great trouble to preserve the original style. He re-floored the large drawing-room, and made various other extensive repairs. He removed the gate-house, which darkened the house, and partly re-erected it in the form of a summer-house. This has, however, been again removed by the present owner, who has made many alterations. The house is built of Ham Hill stone. The east wing is said to be the oldest part of the present



Athelhampton Hall.

building, and was probably erected by Sir William Martyn, who died in 1503; while the north wing is thought to have been built by Nicholas Martyn later in the sixteenth century.

A small chapel stood on the lawn when Mr. Wood bought the property, but as this and Burlestone Church were both out of repair, he pulled them down and built the present church, to a great extent at his own cost. The chancel of old Burlestone Church is still standing in its overgrown churchyard, the tombs having all fallen into decay. No churchyard belonged to the Athelhampton Chapel, Piddletown having always been the burying-place of the owners.

In a field about a quarter of a mile from Athelhampton, on the land of Mr. G. Wood Homer, are the grass-grown mounds—the remains of the hamlet of Bardolfeston, the seat of Drogo de Bardolf, from whom it came hereditarily to the Martyns. It consisted of a manor, hamlet, and church; the latter stood at a little distance from the cottages and manor on what is now known as Church Knap or Knoll. The field in which the hamlet stood is now known as "Dunditch," and there is a local couplet which runs:

Dunditch was a thriving town
When London was a vuzzy down.

It is probable that Bardolfeston extended irregularly to Piddletown, as it is known that cottages and a mill existed between the two, and Bardolfeston was part of the Piddle Hundred, being sometimes called Piddle Bardolf.

WOLFETON HOUSE

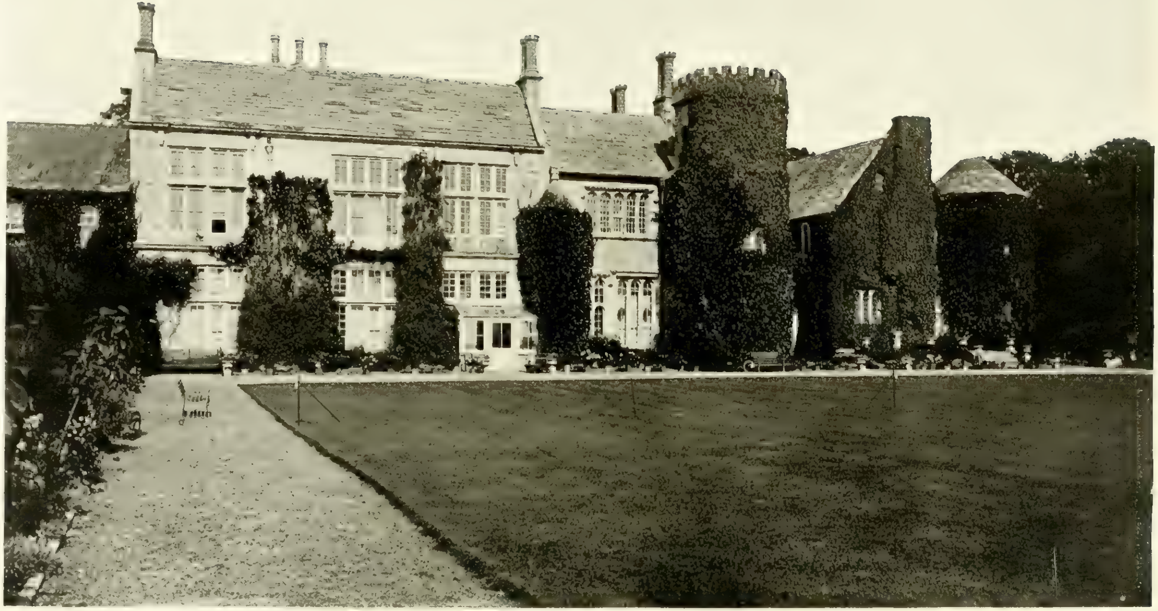
By Albert Bankes

THE present Wolfeton House, in the parish of Charminster, in the county of Dorset, is known to have been built by John, father of Sir Thomas Trenchard, during the reign of Henry VII.; but as the property was acquired by the Trenchard family (through marriage) from the Jurdains, and previously the Jurdains had obtained the house and land (also through marriage) from the Mohun family, it is quite clear that a house of some description must have existed on the same site as that of the present residence.

Some archæologists consider that the gate-house is decidedly of the Norman period; so, should that be the case, probably the house inhabited by the Jurdains, and before them by the Mohuns, was built soon after the Norman Conquest.

A date is still to be seen on the north side of the north tower, but whether that refers to the actual building of the towers, or only to some portion that had been re-built or restored, is not known.

In a note attached to the pedigree of Trenchard it is stated that the first Sir Thomas Trenchard re-built the house at Wolfeton as it now stands, except some addition made by Sir George Trenchard; and there seems no reason to doubt this statement, for a study of the existing house shows very clearly two distinct dates of building. There are evidences, also, that Sir Thomas Trenchard's



Wolfeton House.

re-building incorporated many portions of a still older edifice.

Mr. Hamilton Rogers, in his *Sepulchral Effigies of Devon*, says:

> Their last heiress, Christian, daughter and heir of John de Mohun by Joan his wife, daughter of John Jurdain, of Wolveton, Charminster, married Henry Trenchard (*obit* 1477), of Hordull, Hants, and subsequently of Wolveton.

His descendant, Sir Thomas Trenchard (*ob.* 1505), re-built this fine old mansion, and carved on escutcheons over the gateway; and first among the noble series of genealogical shields in the hall windows were the arms of Trenchard. Traces of the great Devonshire family of the Mohuns are not infrequently found in Dorset.

The elevation of the south front of Wolfeton House remains very much as originally erected, and is of two distinct styles of architecture—the portion of the building to the east being in the Tudor-Gothic, probably of the time of Henry VII., and the west portion in the Elizabethan, or, more probably, Jacobean style. The latter portion is a picturesque example of this pseudo-classical style of architecture and nothing more. The older part of the building, however, possesses features which are worthy of notice, as the rich labels over the windows are composed of hollow mouldings filled with rolls of sculptured fruit and foliage, and terminating in quaint corbels carved with great spirit.

Hutchins says:

> The ancient seat of the Trenchards here is a noble building, and at the time when it was built perhaps the best in the country; it is a large fabric, its principal fronts to the east and south. On the north it is sheltered by a grove of trees.
>
> One enters on the east into what formerly was a small court, and on both sides of the gate is a round tower. In this front are many windows, almost all of them different from each other, as if the architect had studied irregularity. This seems to have been the humour of that age, for Dugdale remarks that:
>
> At Tixall, co. Stafford, the seat of the Lord Aston, there is a fine piece of masonry, built in the reign of Henry VIII.: though the windows are

numerous, scarce two of them are alike, and there is the same variety of fretwork of the chimneys; so that the beauty of the structure in that age did not, as in the present, consist in uniformity, but in the greatest variety the artist could give.

On the north side of Wolfeton House there was a small cloister leading to what was the chapel, in which some of the family were married (within memory), but it has since been pulled down. To the west of the chapel there was a little court.

From Powel's *Topographical Collections in Devon and Dorset* (A.D. 1820) we learn that a great deal of the back of the house had been destroyed, and the whole of the fine glass (with the exception of five or six shields) was taken down, amounting to 100 lbs., and sent to Mr. Trenchard's other house at Lytchett; but it was so badly packed that when the case was opened almost the whole of the glass was pounded or broken to pieces, so that very little was preserved.

The only remaining portion of the eastern front is the old gateway, the most distinctive feature of the house. The entrance gate is flanked by large circular towers capped by conical stone roofs. That on the south side is somewhat larger than its fellow, as well as standing a little further eastwards. The arch of the entrance gateway has continuous mouldings east and west, with a label over. The eastern label contains a shield bearing the following arms:—Quarterly, 1 and 4, Trenchard; 2, Mohun; 3, Jurdain; and an inescutcheon, Quarterly 1 and 4, 3 lozenges; 2..., 3.... The western label terminates in figures holding shields on which are two T's combined with T. E. united by a tasselled cord. Above the apex of the arch similar initials appear interlaced, and over all T. T. combined.

Over the door within the gateway are three escutcheons on stone: (1) An angel holding a 𝔗, and at the points T. E. (2) The arms of Trenchard. A little to the south of the gateway is a building, on which is this inscription: "*Hoc opus constructum fuit An' Dni.*—MCCCCCXXVIII." The tower, together with the series of rooms connecting the gatehouse westwards to the main house, are comparatively modern, as also is the entrance porch. These buildings form the present north front of the house, and over the porch are sculptured the arms of Weston.

The chapel mentioned by Hutchins as having formerly stood on the north side of the house has long since vanished, but traces of its foundations were discovered during some excavations made about fifty years ago.

Turning to the inside of the house, we find much to interest both the antiquary and the architect.

Before the hall was destroyed and replaced by the present dining-room, over the large chimney-piece there were carved representations of fourteen Kings of England, which, says Hutchins, "are said to resemble the figures in the first edition of Rastell's *History of England*, ending with Charles I." Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, states that on November 3rd, 1640 (the day on which the Long Parliament began to sit), the sceptre fell from the figure of Charles I. while the family and a large company were at dinner—an ill omen, the full import of which could not have been realised at the time. Opposite to these sculptured monarchs were the figures of an abbot, a soldier, and some esquires. On the screen were the arms and quarterings of the Trenchard family.

From the hall a large stone staircase led to the dining-room, a noble apartment, adorned, says Hutchins, "with a noble bay window, in which stood an octagon marble table on four wooden lions."

The interior of the western portion of the house—*i.e.*, of the part built by Sir George Trenchard, is composed of two storeys, of which the lower seems originally to have constituted a single apartment. Both storeys were very richly decorated; the flat ceiling of the first storey is covered with an arabesque of plaster, embracing foliage and various devices, finishing with large central pendants.

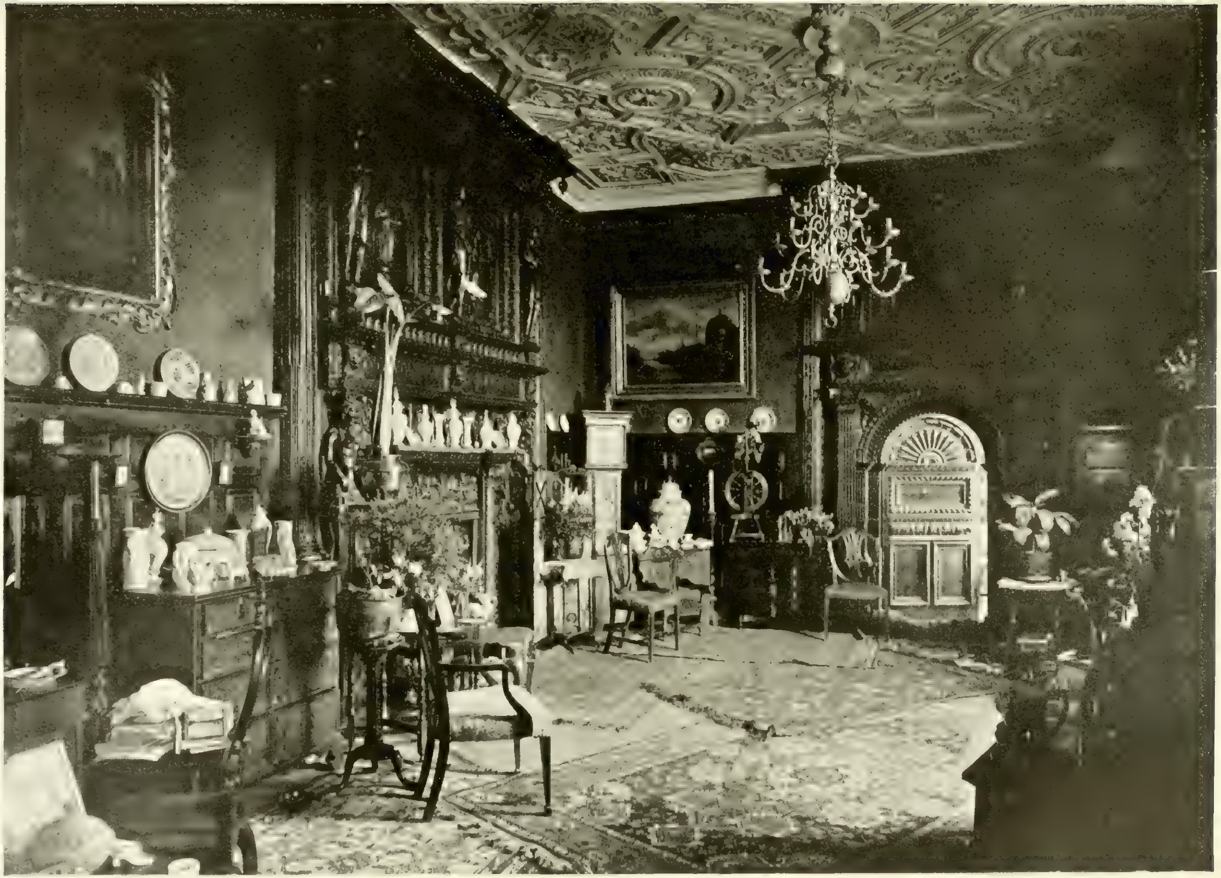
The upper floor had a lofty vaulted ceiling, corresponding with the high pitch of the roof of a similar character. Unfortunately, this ceiling has been utterly destroyed—a dreadful piece of vandalism, as the tracery of the pendants and ceiling must have equalled, or even surpassed, that of the lower rooms. This upper apartment now forms a series of bedrooms, in the centre of which is the original sculptured stone chimney-piece, having under the cornice a large panel, whereon is depicted a figure reclining on a couch surrounded by dancers.

The magnificent carved oak doorway and chimney-piece in the east drawing-room were sent to Sir Thomas Trenchard by Philip and Joanna at the same time that they presented him with their portraits and a china bowl. The following description of the chimney-pieces in the east and west drawing-rooms is given by the county historian:—

> Chimney-piece No. 1, in the east drawing-room, the height of the room, consists of an arrangement of entablatures one within the other, the upper and outer cornice being supported by lofty Corinthian pillars with rich capitals; immediately beneath this are two large sunken panels, respectively containing figures of Hope and Justice, separated by male caryatides, which by their different costumes are intended perhaps to typify a citizen, knight, and esquire.
>
> Within the innermost cornice, and immediately surrounding the fireplace, is a series of panels of great interest, displaying rural and hunting scenes, trades, satyrs, heads, etc., quaintly but faithfully carved.
>
> Chimney-piece No. 2, in the west drawing-room, is similar in its general character; the principal subject amongst its decorations represents the contest of the goddesses in the garden of the Hesperides.

One of the most beautiful examples of carving is an inner door-case in the east drawing-room, the arch over which has a richly moulded soffit, and carved heads in the spandrils; over the door, rich Corinthian pillars, flanked by sculptured figures of a king in armour and a queen, support a cornice surmounting a large sunken panel.

In the front of the cornice is a shield bearing the following arms: *Quarterly*—1 and 4, *Trenchard;* 2, *Mohun;* 3, Semée of cross-crosslets, a lion rampant, *Jurdain.*



THE EAST DRAWING ROOM, WOLFETON HOUSE.

There is, of course, much else to interest the antiquary in the way of old furniture and objects of art, and any visitor will be "charmed with the admirable manner in which the art of the modern furniture has been adapted to the character of the old house, lending its aid to heighten rather than to detract from the beauty of the antique carvings and of the interior."

A curious legend in connection with the dining-room is that of the ghost of Lady Trenchard having made its appearance immediately *before* her death. Anyone, of course, can believe as much or as little as he likes about the ghost part of the story, but of the fact of the lady's suicide there is no doubt. During the ownership of Sir Thomas Trenchard one of the Judges of Assize came to Wolfeton House to dine; but no sooner had the company sat down than his lordship, greatly to the surprise of everyone, ordered his carriage and abruptly left the house. On their way back to Dorchester he told his marshal that he had seen standing behind Lady Trenchard's chair a figure of her ladyship with her throat cut and her head under her arm. Before the carriage reached the town a messenger overtook it on horseback with the news that Lady Trenchard had just committed suicide.

As to the dining-room as it now stands, it may be mentioned that Wolfeton, like many other old houses of the same period, suffered greatly at the hands of those who in the last century were wont to pull down one-half of their houses to repair the other half. This appears to have happened to Wolfeton House, as, judging from an old engraving of the house, the dining-hall must have been quite twice, or more than twice, the size of the present room.

Of the historical anecdotes connected with Wolfeton House, the visit of the King and Queen of Castile is, perhaps, of the greatest interest.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, Philip, Archduke of Austria and King of Castile, set forth with a great armada, with the intention of surprising the King of Aragon, but he had scarcely left the coast of Flanders when, encountering a violent storm, he was compelled to put into Weymouth in distress. King Philip and his Queen were invited to Wolfeton House by Sir Thomas Trenchard, then High Sheriff, and were hospitably entertained. And with this visit the origin of the Duke of Bedford's family is curiously mixed up; for on the arrival of the King and Queen, Sir Thomas Trenchard, being unacquainted with the Spanish language, found a difficulty in conversing with his guests. In his dilemma he had recourse to his cousin, John Russell, of Kingston Russell, who, being a good linguist, became a favourite with the King, and was recommended by him to Henry VII., who appointed him to an office in the royal household. In the succeeding reign Russell was also popular, and the confiscation of Church property during this period rendered it possible for Henry VIII. to bestow upon him extensive lands. And thus was founded the great Bedford family.

In acknowledgment of his hospitality Sir Thomas Trenchard was presented by the King and Queen of Castile with some very valuable china vases, together with their portraits, all of which are now at Bloxworth House, near Wareham. They also presented to him the carved chimney-piece and doorway still standing in the drawing-room at Wolfeton House, as before described.

Engraved copies of the oil-paintings of the King and Queen of Castile hang on the left-hand side of the staircase, alongside of which is a Spanish engraving of the poor Queen Joan, when sorrow at the death of her husband had sent her mad. On their way to the Royal Mausoleum the funeral *cortège* had to pass a night at a nunnery. In the middle of the night the poor mad Queen suddenly asked where they were. "In a nunnery," was the reply. "I will not have my husband surrounded by all these women," exclaimed the Queen; so the *cortège* immediately removed, and spent the remainder of the night, until daylight, in the open country.

In the ancient gatehouse of Wolfeton the winding staircase of forty-one oaken steps appears to be quite unique: there are nine stone steps at the base, twenty-four of oak to the first floor level, and seventeen leading to the garret above. For years (some think one hundred) this staircase must have been a complete ruin, as is easily seen by the decayed state of those steps opposite to the two windows, the wind and the rain having beaten in on them for many years.

In addition to the King and Queen of Castile, other royal visitors have from time to time honoured Wolfeton House with their presence, and during the residence of George III. at Weymouth the King and Queen paid it frequent visits. On one occasion, when George III. admired a marble table that used to stand in the drawing-room, the Trenchard of that day immediately presented it to His Majesty, and the table is now in the royal dairy at Frogmore, Windsor.

No account of Wolfeton House would be complete without some allusion to the story of the Roman Catholic priest. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was the object of the then Government to stamp out in every way the Papal influence in England, the Weld family had a Roman Catholic priest concealed at their house at Chideock, in Dorset. Sir Thomas Trenchard, who then resided at Wolfeton House, and was a personal friend of Mr. Weld, of Chideock, happened to be High Sheriff of the county of Dorset for that year, and received orders to go over and search for the priest therein concealed. On account of his friendship with Mr. Weld, Sir Thomas, on reaching Chideock, made a most cursory search, and left with the intention of reporting to the authorities that he could find no signs of the priest; but, unfortunately, as he was leaving, the villagers, whose sympathies were Roman, not aware of his benign intentions, began hooting and calling the High Sheriff and his constables a pack of blind owls for not being able to find the concealed priest. "If that's what you want," exclaimed Sir Thomas, losing his temper, "I'll soon show you I am not so blind as you think!" and, surrounding the mansion with his constables, a real search was made, and the poor priest was soon discovered and brought over to Wolfeton House as a prisoner. The priest, a highly-educated French gentleman, made himself so agreeable that Sir Thomas Trenchard did all in his power, by writing to the authorities, to save his life; but the Government of that day was so desirous of making an example, that all entreaties were in vain—the poor priest was executed, and, it is said, was also drawn and quartered in the High Street of Dorchester.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF DORSET

By Miss M. Jourdain

"DORSET has continued Dorset alone from time immemorial," and its special character has been more carefully preserved and fixed than that of any other English county in the work of two Dorset poets, William Barnes and Thomas Hardy, one of whom has succeeded, like Mistral in France, in making its native language a literary medium known beyond its spoken limits.

Dorset's earlier poets,[1] however, have not been "local"; and it is characteristic of Matthew Prior that, in the account drawn up by himself for Jacobs' *Lives of*

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[1] Of the poet "George Turberville, gentleman," not much is known. He was born at Winterborne Whitchurch, probably before 1530, and died after 1594. Besides a book on falconry and numerous translations, he wrote a good many occasional poems, though none of great length.

Sir Walter Ralegh, a Devonshire man, was connected with Sherborne, for it was here that he and his wife, Elizabeth Throgmorton, settled, and in January, 1591-2, had obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of the castle and park. Here he busied himself with building and "repairing the castle, erecting a magnificent mansion close at hand, and laying out the grounds with the greatest refinement and taste." The castle now occupied by the Digby family is in part the lodge built by Sir Walter, and over the central doorway appear his arms, and the date, 1594. Before his conviction he settled his estate on his son, but by a flaw in the deed James I. took it from him, and granted it to his favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset. It is said that Lady Ralegh asked the King on her knees to spare her son's heritage, but that the King's only answer was, "I maun hae the lond; I maun hae it for Carr." On Sir Walter's journey to the Tower, he passed in full view of Sherborne, and said, motioning with his hands towards the woodlands and the castle, "All this was once mine, but has passed away."

the Poets, he describes his father as a "citizen of London," and that though the first entry against his name on his admission as pensioner at St. John's College, Cambridge, is *Dorcestr*, it has been altered by a later hand into *Middlesexiensis.* In spite of conflicting entries, it is now generally admitted that Prior, *perennis et fragrans*—the motto upon the modern brass to his memory in Wimborne Minster[1]—was born at or near Wimborne, in East Dorset, the son of George Prior, who is said to have been a joiner.

"With regard to the family of Prior, the tradition of Wimborne says that his father was a carpenter, and one house he lived in is pointed out: it is close to the present Post Office, and is called the house in which the poet was born. The other was pulled down, but its site is known." [2]

Local tradition makes Prior a pupil at the free Grammar School; and of the unusually large library of chained books in the old church, one was said to be a standing testimony to his carelessness—a chained folio copy of Ralegh's *History of the World*, in which a hole is said to have been burned by the boy when dozing over the book by the light of a smuggled taper. Unfortunately for the floating tradition, it has been stated that this particular defacement is the work, not of a candle, but of a red-hot poker. Still more unfortunately, it has been proved that the *History*, with other books, was placed in the library[3] at a much later date than Prior's boyhood.[4]

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[1] About 1727 one Prior, of Godmanston, a labouring man, declared to a company, in the presence of Mr. Hutchins, that he was Mr. Prior's cousin, and remembered going to Wimborne to visit him, and afterwards heard that he became a great man.—Hutchins' *Dorset.*

[2] *Longman's Magazine*, October, 1884.

[3] The collection of books to which the *History of the World* belongs was given to the town in 1686, many years after Prior had left Wimborne. See the *Contemporary Review*, May, 1890.

[4] It is probable that Prior's parents were Nonconformists. We are told that before a dissenting chapel was built in the town the people met for worship in a barn in the neighbouring hamlet of Cowgrove. To this Prior seems to allude in his epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd:

> At pure Barn of loud Non-con
> Where with my granam I have gone.

Almost a century later a poetic "Court" was held at Eastbury, in North Dorset, by George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, who is not interesting as a poet[1] himself, but as the cause of poetry in others, the last of the patrons, a curious, gorgeous, tawdry figure, fit to be seen through the coloured glass of Macaulay's ridicule. He was the easy mark for dedications and compliments from many of the best-known writers of the day—poets utterly discrowned, and those on whose brows the laurel grows very thin and brittle; Edward Young, Thomson, and Fielding mention him; while his Great House at Eastbury is celebrated by Thomson, Young, and Christopher Pitt,[2] who writes, somewhat oddly, of this "new Eden in the Wild." The pleasures of this "Eden" appear, from an epistle of Pitt, to have been smoking and drinking, with conversational intervals. Dr. Young (of the *Night Thoughts*) sits with "his Dodington,"

> Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit,
> By turns relieving with the circling draught
> Each pause of chat and interval of thought;
> Or, through the well-glazed tube, from business freed,
> Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed.

Thomson's "Eastbury"—

> Seat serene and plain
> Where simple Nature reigns,

is as bad, in its way, as Pitt's "Eden"—serenity, plainness, and simple nature being the most unlikely characteristics of Dodington,[3] whose heavy figure was arrayed in gorgeous brocades; and whose equally magnificent State bed was "garded and re-garded" with gold and silver embroideries showing by the remains of pocket-holes, button-holes and loops that they came from old coats and breeches. This great house, after Dodington's death, was taken down all but one wing and sold piecemeal by Earl Temple, his heir.

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[1] He wrote occasional verse, and when Young addressed his third satire to Dodington, he received verses from Dodington in return.

[2] Christopher Pitt (d. 1748) was rector of Pimperne, not far from Eastbury. He translated the *Æneid*.

[3] At Eastbury he slept on a bed encanopied with peacocks' feathers, "in the style of Mrs. Montague."—Cumberland's *Memoirs*.

Henry Fielding, one of the Eastbury circle—he dedicated to Dodington an epistle on "True Greatness"—was brought up as a boy in the manor-house at East Stower,[1] where he was taught by the Reverend Mr. Oliver, curate of the neighbouring village of Motcombe, said to have been the original of Trulliber, a portrait drawn "in resentment of some punishment inflicted on him," according to Hutchins.[2] Fielding was fortunate in another portrait, for it is generally admitted that the prototype of Parson Abraham Adams was William Young, Incumbent of West Stower, who had many of Adams' eccentricities. As an instance of Young's absence of mind, it is said that when chaplain to a regiment in Flanders he "wandered in a reverie into the enemy's camp, and was only aroused from his error by his arrest. The commanding officer, perceiving the good man's simplicity, allowed him to return to his friends."

At East Stower, too, Fielding lived for a time with his first wife.

William Crowe, though like Fielding only a short time resident in Dorset, is admitted on the strength of his topographical poem, *Lewesdon Hill*, of which Rogers thought so much that when travelling in Italy he made two authors his constant study for versification, Milton and Crowe.[3] Crowe's *Lewesdon Hill* is a perfect example of an eighteenth century didactic and descriptive poem, with all the heaviness due to the requirements of an age which, like Horace Walpole, called for " edification " in its art. As in Goldsmith's *Traveller* the person who speaks the verses sits pensively on an Alpine height, so Crowe in his poem is supposed to be walking on the top of the hill on a May morning—a hill, it has been suggested, that Fuller[1] may have climbed before him, and where the wide prospect, " standing where Moses stood when the Lord showed him all the land," may have prompted the title of his book, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, which he wrote when at Broadwindsor. Upon this hill, where

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[1] This was pulled down in 1835, and rebuilt.

[2] Hutchins writes that "the house where Oliver lived seemed to accord with Fielding's description," and an old woman who remembered Oliver said "that he dearly loved a bit of good victuals and a drop of drink."—*History of Dorset.*

[3] William Crowe (1745-1829). In 1782, on the presentation of New College, he was admitted to the rectory of Stoke Abbot, in Dorset, which he exchanged for Alton Barnes, in Wiltshire, in 1787. Lewesdon Hill lies near his Dorset benefice. The first edition of *Lewesdon Hill* was published anonymously in 1788.

> The lonely thorn
> Bends from the rude south-east with top cut sheer,

Crowe surveys the outspread map of the county—Shipton Hill, Burton Cliff, Eggardon Hill, the rich Marshwood Vale—in winter

> Cold, vapourish, miry, wet,

to the " rampire " of Pillesdon, even the " nameless rivulet " (the minutest trickle of a stream at the foot of Lewesdon Hill), which, he rejoices,

> Yet flows along
> Untainted with the commerce of the world.

William Lisle Bowles, author of faint and forgotten verses, is remembered by Coleridge's early admiration for his sonnets. His father, the Rev. W. Bowles (rector of Uphill), planted and improved Barton Hill House, in Dorset, which the poet sold. On leaving it the poet wrote verses full of regret for

> These woods, that whispering wave
> My father rear'd and *nurst*.

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[1] Thomas Fuller was presented to the rectory of Broadwindsor by his uncle, Bishop Davenant. He was ousted at the Rebellion; but he returned to it at the Restoration, and held the living until his death in 1661.

An author unknown outside his county is John Fitzgerald Pennie (buried July 17th, 1848). He was born at East Lulworth, March 25th, 1782, and is known as a dramatic writer. He published *Scenes in Palestine, or Dramatic Sketches from the Bible*, 1825; *Ethelwolf*, a tragedy, 1821, etc. He followed in his early years the profession of an actor, but after a chequered and unsuccessful career, settled in his native village and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He published his autobiography in 1827, *The Tale of a Modern Genius, or the Miseries of Parnassus*. In 1810 he married Cordelia Elizabeth, daughter of Jerome Whitfield, a London attorney. He and his wife died within a few days of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

Wordsworth's connection with Dorset is of short duration, but is of interest as occurring at a critical period in his career. On his receiving Raisley Calvert's legacy, he was able to live with his sister Dorothy at a farm-house at Racedown,[1] which he was allowed to occupy rent free on condition that the owner might spend a few weeks there from time to time. It was in the autumn of 1795 that he settled there. His house is set upon the north-west slope of the "rampire" Pillesdon, in a hollow among hills cultivated to their summits, or patched with gorse and broom, which open here and there to allow glimpses of the sea. The Dorset peasants in Wordsworth's time were wretchedly poor, their shapeless cottages "not at all beyond what might be expected in savage life," as Dorothy Wordsworth wrote. Very little trace of the peculiar quality of the place is to be found in Wordsworth's poems, but it was here he wrote the first of his poems of country life, modelled with an experience so personal as to keep every sentence vividly accurate.

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[1] At Racedown, Wordsworth finished *Guilt and Sorrow*, composed the tragedy called *The Borderers*, and some personal satires which he never published. Lastly, he wrote *The Ruined Cottage*, now incorporated in the first book of *The Excursion*.

It was here that he watched[1] the "unquiet widowhood" of Margaret, drawing out the hemp which she had wound round her waist like a belt, and spinning, as she walked backwards before her cottage door. Here, no doubt, he saw her ruined cottage—there are many crumbling shells and ruined cottages in the district to-day—with the red stains and tufts of wool in the corner-stone of the porch where the sheep were permitted to come and "couch unheeded." The garden, run wild, too, is to be met with to-day:

> Its matted weeds
> Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
> The gooseberry trees that shot in long, lank slips,
> Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems
> In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
> The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
> Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder-boughs
> Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well,
> Shrouded with willow-flowers and plumy fern.

Here, too, was Goody Blake's cabin:—

> On a hill's northern side . . .
> Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean
> And hoary dews are slow to melt.

"The muffled clamour of the outside world only reached the secluded farm-house at Racedown after long delay"—in other words, letters were delivered there but once a week; and on one occasion at least Wordsworth asks to have a book franked, otherwise he will "not be able to release it from the post-office." A part of this time was given to gardening, and, no doubt from motives of economy, almost all the meals consisted of vegetables.

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[1] In Wordsworth's own account, "Towards the close of the first book stand the lines that were first written, beginning, 'Nine tedious years,' and ending, 'Last human tenant of these ruined walls.' These were composed in 1795 at Racedown; and for several passages describing the employment and demeanour of Margaret during her affliction, I am indebted to observations made in Dorsetshire, and afterwards at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire."

"I have been lately living," he writes, "upon air and the essence of carrots, cabbages, turnips, and other esculent vegetables, not excluding parsley."[1] At another time he sets forth to warm himself, like Goody Blake, by gathering sticks strewn upon the road by the gale; and his habit was to take a two hours' stroll every morning, and now and then a long expedition on foot. He and his sister, as the Cumberland peasants said, were "a deal upo' the road," and many times they must have walked more than forty miles in the day. There is a story still current in the neighbourhood that Wordsworth once borrowed a horse to ride into Lyme Regis, and returned on foot, having *forgotten* the horse! With all its hardships and frugalities, Dorothy Wordsworth loved Racedown. It was "the place dearest to (her) recollections upon the whole surface of the island," and she speaks warmly of the scenery on Pillesdon, Lewesdon, and the view of the sea from Lambert's Castle—which is said by some to be *the* view of the county.

Landor's thought, that "when a language grows up all into stalk, and its flowers begin to lose somewhat of their character, we must go forth into the open fields, through the dingles, or among the mountains, for fresh seed," would have been endorsed by both Wordsworth and Barnes alike, but with very different ideas as to what was considered fresh seed. Barnes' innovation was an innovation of the letter rather than the spirit, the literary use of the local dialect which he heard in his boyhood, and which, he said, was spoken in the greatest purity in villages and hamlets of the secluded Vale of Blackmore, a valley so secluded that its life was practically the life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries until the nineteenth was far advanced. He attributes his poems' freedom from "slang and vice" to this seclusion; but it is as

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[1] From an unpublished letter to Wrangham, *The Athenæum*, 8th December, 1894, quoted in *The Early Life of Wordsworth* (1770-1798), by Emile Legouis.

WILLIAM BARNES.

much due to his personal[1] preference of light to darkness. His rustics are, as a rule, happy people.

At Rushay, William Barnes spent his early days, and he was educated at the day school at Sturminster Newton. Somewhere along the road from Bagber to Sturminster was a haunted house, about the exact locality of which he gave no information beyond that a "dark, gloomy lane led to it." He once pointed out the lane to grand-children as the place their "great-grandfather was riding down, when all at once he saw the ghost in the form of a fleece of wool, which rolled along mysteriously by itself till it got under the legs of his horse, and the horse went lame from that hour, and for ever after." Barnes was of pure Dorset[2] stock. His long life was lived almost entirely in Dorset; and when at Mere, in Wiltshire, a stone's throw from his own county, he "always yearned for Dorset and Dorchester." Latterly he lived near Dorchester, where, until 1882, "few figures were more familiar to the eye in the county town of Dorset on a market day than an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed usually to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before him. He plodded along with a broad, firm tread, notwithstanding the slight stoop occasioned by years. Every Saturday morning he might have been seen thus trudging up the narrow South Street, his shoes coated with mud according to the state of the roads between his rural home and Dorchester, and a little grey dog at his heels, till he reached the four crossways in the centre of the town. Halting there, opposite the public clock, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from its deep fob and set in with great precision to London time."

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[1] It was noteworthy how he would eschew all the evil in newspapers; no theft or murder could ever be read to him.—*Life of William Barnes*, Leader Scott.

[2] William Barnes (1801-1886) was born at Rushay, in the hamlet of Bagber. He was the grandson of John Barnes, yeoman farmer, of Gillingham, and the son of John Barnes, tenant farmer, in the Vale of Blackmore. (A direct ancestor, John Barnes, was head-borough of Gillingham in 1604.) In 1835 he settled at Dorchester, and kept a school. In 1847 he was ordained, and lived at Whitcombe, Dorset. In 1862 he became Rector of Came, where he died.

An unusual union of scholar and poet, his little Dutch pictures are free from the dull undertone of the conventional manner that Burns occasionally fell into. Indeed, he has more affinity with the Provençal poet and lexicographer, Mistral, than with Burns or Béranger, with whom he is usually compared. He is perhaps mistaken in his belief that the Dorset dialect is "altogether as fit a vehicle of rustic feeling and thought as the Doric as found in the Idyllics of Theocritus." But, after making this exception about the "fitness" of his Doric, there remains in his clear, untroubled poems of still life, in his unaffected eclogues, no small affinity with Theocritus. There is a charm in his limitations; he belongs not to England, but to Dorset; not to Dorset, but to the Vale of Blackmore, where the slow, green river, his "cloty" Stour, with its deep pools whence leaps the may-fly undisturbed by anglers, is the stream dearest to his memory.

Barnes was Mr. Hardy's near neighbour and personal friend—Mr. Hardy's house is less than a mile from the Rectory of Winterborne Came—and both have been interpreters of the life—especially of the vanished life—and character of their pastoral county. In every other respect they are as different as is "Egdon" Heath from Blackmore Vale.

It is difficult to say in what form of topography Mr. Hardy is at his best within his "kingdom"—his patient and precise creation of a town such as "Casterbridge" (Dorchester), the architectural individuality of his great houses, or his knowledge of "those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world," and of woodlands and wildernesses. He has the knowledge with which he credits Angel Clare of "the seasons in their moods, morning and evening, night and noon, in their temperaments; winds in their several dispositions; trees, waters, and clouds, shades and silence, *ignes fatui;* constellations and the voices of inanimate things." In most cases, the birthplace of a novelist has no particular significance in relation to his work. Very often a writer's county is like Matthew Prior's, exchanged for Middlesex. But in the case of Mr. Hardy it is different. The fact that he was born in a "mere germ of a village" near Dorchester, and within sound of a heath; that his life has been spent, for the most part, in Dorset; that he now lives on the outskirts of Dorchester, and that he comes of a Dorset stock—tracing his descent, however, from John le Hardy (son of Clement, Governor of Jersey in 1488), who settled in the West of England before the end of the fourteenth century—are significant points in his biography.[1] By the circumstances of birth and lifelong residence the background of his novels, *Wessex*, has become mainly limited to Dorset (South Wessex), and especially to the neighbourhood of Dorchester.

The interest of Mr. Hardy's backgrounds is twofold. There is their purely artistic interest as intensifying action and character; there is also their topographical interest. Mr. Hardy's imaginary kingdom was so unlike the photographer's "studio backgrounds" of other novelists that long before sketch-maps of Wessex were prepared and published in the uniform edition of his works the identity of many of his scenes afforded no manner of doubt to Dorset readers. The precision with which he describes a building or a neighbourhood, notes position, distance, proportion, has been a clue and a perpetual interest to those who follow the intricacies of Wessex geography, in spite of Mr. Hardy's half-discouragement of those who sought to localise the horizons and landscapes of his "merely realistic dream country."

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[1] Thomas Hardy was born at Higher Bockhampton, near Dorchester, on June 2nd, 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to a Mr. Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect of Dorchester, to whom the restoration of many of the old South Dorset churches was entrusted. In 1862 he went to London, and became an assistant to Sir Arthur Blomfield, R.A. In 1874 he married Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford, niece of Dr. Gifford, Archdeacon of London, and formerly headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham. Before taking up their residence at Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy lived at Riverside, Sturminster Newton—the "Stourcastle" of the novels—and then at Wimborne, and finally settled at "Max Gate," Dorchester, in 1885.

His "illuminative surnames" have been spoken of by some writers. His place-names are no less illuminative, and his quaint or sonorous substitutes might be transferred to the map of Dorset with little loss. In some cases an older name is revived, such as Shaston, Middleton Abbey, and Kingsbere. Sometimes he has made a slight modification of the real name, or received a suggestion from it, as in Sherton Abbas, Emminster, Port Bredy, Chaseborough, Casterbridge. Other names are downright inventions, often a *précis* of the natural features of the town, such as Aldbrickham for Reading; or made with a fine ear for local probability.[1]

The county town of Dorset, with its core of old houses, and too many that are new, is the centre of the Hardy district, as it is the "pole, focus, or nerve-knot," of the surrounding country. Its memories of Rome are preserved in Mr. Hardy's name for it, "Casterbridge"; and its outward appearance in the days when Dorchester had no suburbs, and was "compact as a box of dominoes" behind its stockade of limes and chestnuts. A description of the old-fashioned place, in the mouth of one of Mr. Hardy's characters, always quoted in the guide-books to Dorchester, is that "it is huddled all together, and it is shut in by a square wall of trees like a plot of garden-ground by a box edging"; and the unusual way the

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[1] It is noteworthy that sometimes the name of a village or town appears in the name of some character living in it, as, for instance, Jude Fawley lives in "Marygreen," which we may identify with the village of Fawley, in Hants.; and the name of the schoolmaster of "Leddenton" (really the Dorset town of Gillingham) is Gillingham.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

country came up to the town and met in one line is best described in his words:—

> The farmer's boy could sit under his barley mow and pitch a stone into the office window of the town clerk; reapers at work among the sheaves nodded to acquaintances standing on the pavement corner; the red-robed judge, when he condemned a sheep-stealer, pronounced sentence to the tune of Baa, that floated in at the window from the remainder of the flock browsing hard by; and at executions the waiting crowd stood in a meadow immediately before the drop, out of which the cows had been temporarily driven to give the spectators room.

It has been said that the Dorchester in the Wessex novels had no suburbs; the North Street ended abruptly in a mill by the river; the South Street came to an end in a cornfield—but these bounds have been leaped over in several places, and to-day the east, or Fordington side of the town (Mr. Hardy's Durnover) alone remains unchanged; and here the flat water-meadows stretch up to the garden-hedges and the actual walls of the houses In spite of changes without the escarpments, the curfew still sounds at the stroke of eight from St. Peter's with its "peremptory clang," the signal for shop-shutting throughout the town. The brick bridge over the Frome, and the stone bridge over a branch of the same stream in the meads, have their well-defined peculiarities in Dorchester as in "Casterbridge." The neighbourhood of "Mixen" Lane (Mill Lane), the "mildewed leaf" in the sturdy and flourishing Casterbridge plant, is recognisable at the east end of the town, near the town bridges.

Lucetta's house, "High Place Hall," at the corner of Durngate Street, has a modern shop-front inserted; while the most significant feature of her house is to be found at Colyton House, where, in the centre of the wall flanking the garden, is an archway, now bricked up, surmounted by a battered mask in which the open-mouthed, comic leer can hardly be discerned to-day. Without the town, on the Weymouth Road, is the immense Roman "Ring"—"Maumbury Ring, melancholy, lonely, yet accessible from every part of the town"—which was to Dorchester what the ruined Colosseum is to modern Rome.

"Some old people said that at certain moments in the summer time, in broad daylight, persons sitting with a book, or dozing in the arena, had, on lifting their eyes, beheld the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery as if watching the gladiatorial combat, and had heard the roar of their excited voices; that the scene would remain but a moment, like a lightning flash, and then disappear." The ancient square earthwork where Henchard planned his entertainment is Poundbury Camp, where the annual sheep-fair is held—"Square Pommerie" of the poems.

Dorchester is interesting from the fact that it is the only full-length portrait of a town drawn in the Wessex novels, and is the almost unshifting scene of one, the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, where the dramatic unity of place is preserved. In other novels the characters are wanderers and the scenes shifted; or the towns and villages are sketched in half-lengths or in small thumbnail sketches. Of these, certainly the most important historically is Shaftesbury, the Shaston of the novels, which seems to be set upon "a dominant cape or a far-venturing headland." It is a town of shrunken importance, "familiar with forgotten years," the ancient British Palladour, "which was, and is, in itself, the city of a dream."

The houses now composing Shaftesbury are held high up above the Vale of Blackmore by the height, or cliff, upon which it is built; and Barnes, no less than Mr. Hardy, was alive to the vision of the old city on watch, straining her eyes to Blackmore's "blue-hilled plain," or shining "so bright" to those down miles below in the Vale.

Another ancient, shrunken town is Wareham, which reminds one to a certain extent of Dorchester, for it is square, ramparted, and defended by water on one side; but these are the only points of resemblance. The little diminished town "where only the presence of the river and the shallow barges on its bosom suggest the ocean," goes by the name of "Anglebury"[1] in the Wessex novels, for it was a noted town in the Saxon age, when it was a place of strength. Sherborne, the "Sherton Abbas" of the novels, takes its fictitious name, like many other Wessex towns, from its most prominent feature, the Abbey. Cerne Abbas—called "Abbot's Cernel" in the novels, one of its old names being Cernel—is a village "still loitering in a mediæval atmosphere"; while Bere Regis, which appears in the novels under the older form, "Kingsbere," is another of the diminished places that Mr. Hardy delights to honour, a "blinking little one-eyed place" of thatched cottages, the measure of whose earlier magnificence is the fine church of St. John the Baptist that holds the dust of the Turbervilles. "Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill," to give it its full Wessex title, owes the last limb of that compound name to Woodbury Hill (Greenhill)—a green hill partly covered with trees that overlooks Bere. Its ancient fair, now much decayed, is described rather as it was than as it is, as the "Nijni-Novgorod of South Wessex." The fair is, however, still held in September, beginning on the eighteenth of the month. "Marlott," really Marnhull, also connected with *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, lies embedded in Blackmore Vale, "where the fields are never brown and the springs never dry," between Sturminster and Shaftesbury.

Some six miles distant from Mr. Hardy's home is the village of Piddletown, known by the name of Weatherbury in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The church described there remains, but, as the novelist expressly warns us, "Warren's Malthouse" disappeared years ago, with some of the village's characteristic peculiarities.

Stinsford, a parish of which the Bockhamptons are hamlets, the original of "Mellstock," is so carefully described by Mr. Hardy that each cottage might well be a literary landmark, while Sutton Poyntz, the "Overcombe" of *The Trumpet-Major*, like Piddletown, has lost one of Mr. Hardy's landmarks, for the mill is demolished, but the colossal figure of George III. upon the chalk downs, which in the novel was being cut, is still to be seen.

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[1] Wareham is called Southerton in the earlier editions of *The Return of the Native*.

Mr. Hardy's special quality of precision that comes of knowledge is nowhere more closely shown than in his pictures of great houses, or, indeed, of buildings of any kind. They are all drawn from the real, from their cellars and foundations to their leads and chimney-pots. The only liberty he takes with the originals is to remove them, in one or two cases, to another position. For instance, Lower Waterstone Farm, the original of Bathsheba Everdene's house in *Far from the Madding Crowd*—"a hoary building of the Jacobean stage of classic Renaissance"—is nearly two miles from "Weatherbury" (Piddletown). Again, Poxwell Hall, the "Oxwell Hall" of *The Trumpet-Major*, is really three miles from "Overcombe" (Sutton Poyntz), and, therefore, not the close neighbour of the Lovedays it is made to be. The original of "Welland House" is Charborough; but the "Tower," as Mr. Hardy writes, "had two or three originals—Horton, Charborough, etc."

Wool Manor-house, or "Well Bridge," as Mr. Hardy, reverting to the older name, calls it, once a possession of the Turbervilles, is set on the bank of the rush-grown Frome, near the great Elizabethan bridge that gives the place half its name. The paintings of two women are actually, as in the novel, on the walls of the staircase, but they are now rapidly fading away, and can only with difficulty be made out to-day by the light of a candle.

"Enkworth Court" (Encombe), deep in the Glen of Encombe, approached by a long road gradually dropping into the cup-like crater by the only expedient of winding round it, is a "house in which Pugin would have torn his hair." "Great Hintock House," however, another house in a hole, has no original, though it has somewhat hastily been identified with Turnworth House, near Blandford The situation is similar, but Turnworth House is largely a modern building, while the "Great Hintock House" of *The Woodlanders* had a front which was an "ordinary manorial presentation of Elizabethan windows, mullioned and hooded, worked in rich snuff-coloured freestone from local quarries."

The sea-coast towns of Dorset, southern outposts of Wessex, make an occasional appearance in the novels and tales. The original of "Knollsea" is Swanage, which would scarcely now be described as the sea-side village "lying snug within its two headlands as between a finger and thumb." With Bridport ("Port Bredy") and its neighbour, West Bay, Mr. Hardy takes one of his rare liberties in altering the configuration of the country; for one story opens with the statement that "the shepherd on the east hill could shout out lambing intelligence to the shepherd on the west hill," over the intervening chimneys. The cleft, however, in which the town is sunk is not so exiguous.

Georgian Weymouth is peculiarly the scene of *The Trumpet-Major;* while Portland, "the Isle of Slingers"—

The Isle of the Race
Many-caverned, bald, wrinkled of face,

—is especially the district of *The Well Beloved.* It is a "wild, herbless, weather-worn promontory," sour and treeless, with its beak-like point stretching out like the head of a bird into the English Channel. On the east side is an unexpected wooded dell, narrow and full of shade, on the summit of which rises Pennsylvania Castle—"Sylvania Castle" of the novel—a modern castellated house, built in 1800 for John Penn, Governor of the Island, who planted the trees around it.

Perhaps Mr. Hardy's most inalienable possession is not the town but the wild, the "obscure, obsolete, superseded country," a "tract in pain," which, with one form but many names, stretches from Poole in the east to almost within sight of Dorchester on the west, from near Bere Regis in the north to Winfrith in the south, where it joins the heath-land of the Isle of Purbeck. Though "Egdon" Heath is broken up into many tracts, into Morden and Bere, and Wool and Duddle and other heaths, it has an essential unity, and the attempts at cultivation have met with desperate and, as it were, voluntary resistance, so that the breaks into green strips of corn-field slip the memory on a back-look at that lonely land. It is a place inviolate and "unaltered as the stars," a sweep of moorland, a tract of land covered with heather and bracken and furze, practically unbroken, where, "with the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow, themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance, even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pick-axe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change." In appearance its colours are by distance blended into the purple brown called, in *The Return of the Native*, "swart"—its "antique brown dress." The swart, abrupt slopes appear to be "now rising into natural hillocks masquerading solemnly as sepulchral tumuli, now dipping into hollows, where the rain-water collects in marshy pools and keeps green the croziers and fully-opened fronds of the bracken much longer than the parched growths at the crests of these rises, and again spreading out into little scrubby plains."[1]

Its quality is "prodigious, and so as to frighten one to be in it all alone at night," as Pepys said of another solitary place—the great earthwork of Old Sarum. In Mr. Hardy's words, "the face of the heath by its mere complexion adds half an hour to evening: it can, in like manner, retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread." It is an agent among agents, and what Wordsworth finds that nature becomes seen by man's intellect, "an ebbing and a flowing mind." Its lonely face, and the face of all solitary heath-lands, are interpreted for ever in *The Return of the Native.*

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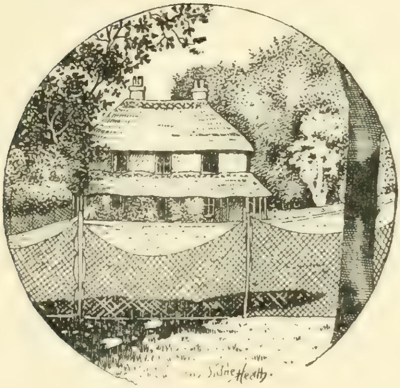
[1] C. G. Harper's *The Hardy Country*.


Sidney Heath.

CAME RECTORY.
The home of William Barnes.

SOME DORSET SUPERSTITIONS

By Hermann Lea

IN employing the term superstition, it is in the sense defined by Franz v. Schonthan:—

> Zwar nicht wissen—aber glauben
> Heisst ganz richtig—Aberglauben.

(Not to know, but to believe; what else is it, strictly speaking, but superstition?)

It is natural, no doubt, that superstition should decrease in the same ratio as education and enlightenment advance, but its total extinction need not be anticipated for a long time to come. True, its death-knell was sounded by the first invented printing press, a contrivance which, nevertheless, tends to some extent to foster its growth, since "believers" read in history facts that give support to their own beliefs. And although this survival may not exactly please the practically minded, to the antiquary or the psychologist its extinction would be certainly regretable.

It must not be rashly concluded that superstition goes hand in hand with foolishness or absence of commonsense, nor must it be looked on as a symbol of weak-mindedness. Did not Augustus Cæsar hold strong views regarding putting the left shoe on the right foot, maintaining that such procedure betokened some dire calamity? And again, did he not deem the skin of a sea-calf to be a certain preservative against lightning? Yet he was not generally regarded as a particularly foolish or weak-minded man.

Of the various forms of superstition current at the present time, none hold such sway as the credence in witchcraft. The date of its origin is lost in the dim past, but we may safely surmise that it arose early in the mind of man. Moses denounced witches in no measured terms. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," he said, and this decree survived until a comparatively recent date. In mediæval times the law of Moses certainly held good; it mattered nothing what position in the social standard the accused held. In the year 1537 Lady Janet Douglas was burned in Edinburgh on the charge of being a witch. John Knox was once accused of being a wizard because "nothing but sorcery," so it was said, "could account for Lord Ochiltree's daughter—"ane damosil of nobil blude"—falling in love with him—"ane old, decrepid creature of most base degree of ony that could be found in the countrey." Although the days are past when witches were publicly tormented or executed, even at the present time such a reputation is not without danger to the supposed witch. To effect a cure from the spell cast, it used to be considered almost essential that her blood be drawn, and within quite recent years I have known of cases where reputed witches have been shot at with "silver bullets," or struck at with hay-forks or other sharp instruments.

Having its birth in so remote a past, it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that witchcraft has persisted so long, that its demise is so protracted. Until a few years ago, when the law stepped in to punish those who made a livelihood by "conjuring"—*i.e.*, pointing out witches and producing spells to confound them—witchcraft formed an everyday topic of conversation, and little secrecy was deemed necessary; but now, though as staunchly believed in as ever, the subject is alluded to in bated breath, and it is no easy matter to discover the whereabouts of a "conjurer" or "witch-doctor."

In the more remote corners of the county may still be heard fragments of the old Dorset speech, and in these same out-of-the-way spots one may chance on the strangest of superstitions and customs. Witchcraft holds a place in the minds of the illiterate, the semi-educated, and even the better educated, from which no amount of argument can expel it. Thomas Hardy and William Barnes have both used the theme as a groundwork for prose and poem. It may be interesting to note here that Conjurer Trendle, in the former's story entitled "The Withered Arm," was no fictitious personage, but had a veritable existence. He is still well remembered (under his real name, of course) by some of the older people who dwelt near, and the house in which he lived, in the central portion of "Egdon Heath," may still be traced in a heap of decayed walls and rotten timbers.

The reason for this strong and enduring belief is not difficult to find; thought-transference, mental telepathy, hypnotism, are all scientifically admitted; that our ancestors observed the effects of these "sciences," attributing the causes to some easily explainable or at least plausible reasons, is more than probable.

When attempting to trace to their origin some of the stories current, one cannot help feeling that in many cases the so-called witch stood more in need of pity than condemnation, for it required only very scanty evidence for her to be thus branded. Gilfillan speaks of a witch as "a borderer between earth and hell"—a view which was probably shared by the majority of people. Goldsmith, on the contrary, was for giving the accused the benefit of the doubt. "If we enquire," he says in sarcastic strain, "what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burned and hanged who unhappily fell under that name."

If I were required to define a witch of the present day I should state it as being the second-hand evidence of numbers of people who have been "overlooked," or bewitched, and who have given me detailed descriptions. A witch, then, is an individual, male or female—usually the latter—who by reason of certain gifts or powers is able to exert an influence over another. She generally includes in her dress some red token—perhaps a red hat, red shawl, or red cloak. She is able to transform herself into the likeness of almost any animal, chiefly that of a cat or hare, and is also able to become invisible; when assuming the guise of an animal, she in no way hides her identity from those who are conversant with the ways of witches, a witch-hare or witch-cat differing in many particulars, both in appearance and gait, from the ordinary hare or cat. It has been said that two animals only she cannot simulate—lambs and donkeys; the usual Scriptural reasons being adduced. Her power is nearly always inherited, and I have heard it argued that a certain woman of my acquaintance, who was perfectly inoffensive, must necessarily be a witch because her mother was one. This power may be used either for good or ill, and may be directed against an animal or a human being. I have been informed, in strict confidence, of certain signs by which a witch may be recognised, and to test the accuracy of my informant, I have many times asked people whom I knew but slightly whether so-and-so was not a person credited with superhuman powers, and, nine times out of ten, have been answered in the affirmative. Hence it would seem that these tokens are well known and generally admitted.

The immediate effect on a person who has been "overlooked," "ill-wished," or "hagrod" (Dorset for "hagridden"), as it is variously called, consists as a rule of some sort of indisposition. This gradually increases to severe sickness, and finally death supervenes. The disease is usually of an extremely subtle nature, defying accurate diagnosis, and is often termed by the medical man mental or hysterical. Sometimes the stricken individual will merely pine away gradually, refuse food, complain of nothing definite, yet preserve an entire reticence as to any supposable cause. On the other hand, it does happen occasionally that the effect of the "overlooking" is extremely sudden—perhaps a fatal accident from an apparently natural cause. Again, the ill-wishing may take the form of a comparatively harmless nuisance—the butter may fail to "come" in the churning, the fowls may suddenly cease laying, the cows may refuse to "give down" their milk, or the pig, intended for an early fattening, may object to partake of the most savoury mixture prepared with consummate care. Perhaps the horses will refuse to pull fairly at their loads, or may stop entirely when encountering a small hill.

A "conjurer" or "white witch" is an individual who, possessed of certain gifts (to some considerable extent hereditary), is able to point out to those who consult him (or her—for either sex may have the qualifications) the person who is causing the mischief. One necessary attribute is that he be a "seventh of a seventh," *i.e.*, a seventh child of a parent who, in his turn, was a seventh child. It does not follow that this peculiarity in itself is sufficient to produce a conjurer, but without it he cannot be one. One point, however, is shared by such-born people, and that is, entire immunity from the effects of ill-wishing, and a capability of identifying any other person gifted with the powers of ill-wishing others.

There are, or rather were, conjurers *and* conjurers. Some took a delight in frustrating the efforts of a witch, whether paid for their services or not; whilst others used their knowledge merely as a means of livelihood, and drained their patients of every copper or possession of value. I knew of a family that, having consulted a person of this latter class, parted with all their savings, then with their convertible possessions, and, lastly, with their stock of winter provender (garden produce, potatoes, and the like), until left in a perfectly destitute condition, dependent on the parish for actual necessaries. A conjurer, having listened to the complaint brought him, will, as a rule, ask his client to what extent he would wish the punishment to fall. Very often he would surprise his visitor by saying at the start that he knew the reason why they came to consult him, and would actually cite the case as it stood. If desired, he would inform his questioner who their ill-wisher was, generally by showing them the face of their enemy reflected in a crystal, or on the surface of a bucket of water. Then would follow the prescription—and it was here that he as a rule gave way to a love of effect, and suggested material cures for a psychic malady. I am inclined to think that this materialistic display was the chief reason for his being held up to ridicule by the unbeliever or sceptic; had he contented himself with less rude emblematical display he would have at least had more sympathy from the general public. Some of the conditions laid down as being essential to the withdrawal of the spell were, to say the least, unnecessarily disgusting. Many I know of, which, although interesting enough to the searcher, would certainly not bear putting into bald print. Most were ingenious, and possessed colourable excuse for their suggestion. I will give a few examples to illustrate this. A simple remedy was suggested to a dairyman who complained of sickness in his pig-yard. He was advised to place a birch-broom ("Bezom," in Dorset) across the doorway of the dairyhouse, it being said that any innocent person could step over it, a witch never. This was tried, with the result that in the morning a great outcry was heard, and a neighbour was discovered standing outside the door protesting that "something hurt her," and she felt unable to cross the threshold. In a very similar case where this was tried and failed to produce any result, a further visit to the conjurer suggested sleeping with a prayer-book under the pillow and fixing a horseshoe on the door—a shoe that had of itself fallen from the left hind foot of a horse—and in both these cases the nuisance was put a stop to almost immediately.

In a case where the horses were dying from some obscure complaint, the victim was told to cut out the heart of the next animal that died and boil it in water containing sage, peppermint, and onions; when cold, it was to be stuck full of new pins on the one side, and on the other with "maiden" thorns—*i.e.*, thorns of the present year's growth—picked by a maiden—woman or girl—and inserted by her. This done, it was to be hung up on a nail in the chimney of a neighbour—the one accused of being the witch. Another charm of a simple character was for the bewitched person to take a dish of water and carry it over three bridges at midnight. Yet another was to take a bottle, place in it some sprigs of hyssop, fill it up with a certain liquid, insert some new pins in the cork, and bury it in a manure heap. In the majority of instances that have come under my notice, the charm has been emblematical of bodily ill to the witch; either pins or something similar capable of drawing blood, or else some perishable material such as the horse's heart, which would naturally decay slowly, or a waxen effigy which, placed near a fire, would gradually melt; and I have been given to understand that the slower the melting, the more protracted would be the witch's suffering and death.

I believe it very rarely happens that the same person is "overlooked" more than once; at any rate, all those who have spoken to me on the subject have told me that since they suffered in this way they have taken most elaborate precautions to avoid a repetition of the occurrence. I know one man who utterly refuses to meet or pass a woman who is a stranger to him should she be wearing anything of a red colour; in fact, he would go a mile or more out of his way to avoid her, or enter a field and hide until she had passed on her way. Another man of my acquaintance, one who confided to me several distinguishing marks by which a witch might be recognised, advised me never to go near a cat or hare if they exhibited any of these signs. A woman, well-to-do in her walk in life, has warned me solemnly never to pick yellow ragwort, lest I should thereby render myself liable to be bewitched. The seriousness with which these and many others have tendered advice is sufficient proof—to me—of the genuineness of their beliefs.

Let me now briefly cite a few particulars of cases that have either come under my own observation, or have been related to me by people in whose veracity I have the strongest confidence. A question which may be asked is, do I myself believe that these things happened and are still happening? It is not easy to find an answer. Because I cannot explain any certain occurrence it in no way proves that it is false; moreover, I have personally met with experiences of a strange, subtle character which, although I may not be able to explain satisfactorily to others, are irrefutable as far as I myself am concerned. Probably many, if not most, of my readers have likewise had "experiences," but the scientific scepticism of the age prevents one from recording them only to be sneered at by the unbelieving.

One of the strangest cases that has ever come to my notice was that of a young baker. It appeared that in some way or other he had given offence to a reputed witch who lived in the same village, and who openly vowed she would "pay him out." Nothing untoward happened, however, until after his marriage a few months later, when, going into the stable one morning to feed his horse, he found the animal covered with sweat; it was trembling, and refused all food. The next morning the same thing occurred; so thinking to frustrate some practical joker, he bought a strong, expensive lock for the door, and prided himself on the fact that he had now outwitted the culprit. But the next morning the horse had disappeared, and only after considerable search was it at length discovered shut up in the pound. The stable was locked, and there was no evidence to show that the lock had been tampered with. The only information he gained was from a neighbour, who stated that he heard a horse galloping down the road about midnight, and that, looking out of his window, he had seen—not a horse, but a hare. For some weeks afterwards all went on quietly; then his wife was taken ill. The doctor who attended her could make nothing of her case, and at length, taking the advice of a friend, he went to consult a conjurer. As he arrived at the conjurer's door, the latter came out, and, without any preamble, asked him how his wife was. Now the men lived twenty miles apart, yet the conjurer was conversant with every particular of the case, including details which the baker declared he had never mentioned to a soul. To him the conjurer handed a charm, telling him to preserve entire secrecy on the matter, and to place it with his own hands under his wife's pillow. The result was an almost immediate improvement in the wife's condition; but in a day or two information reached him of the illness of the supposed witch. As his wife improved, so the other woman became worse. Then, one evening when she had so far recovered as to come downstairs, a neighbour ran into his house declaring that he had just come from the direction of widow G.'s, that her house was entirely luminous, the walls semi-transparent, and the whole neighbourhood reeked strongly of sulphur. Nor was this all, for as he breathlessly told his tale, another man entered, confirming what the first had said, and adding that a sound similar to that made by a hare in a trap proceeded from the widow's cottage. Joined by others, including the village policeman, they hastened to the spot. As they neared it, the baker, too, smelled the same odour, and saw the luminous effect. Arrived at the gate they stood spellbound, for on the doorstep was a figure. To me he described it as a "*thing*, coal-black, with fire darting from its eyes and mouth; cloven hoofs, and a forked tail"—in short, a fair description of a popular conception of the devil! For some minutes they all stood still, too much frightened to advance or retreat. Then, suddenly, an eerie cry rang out, and the whole house was plunged in darkness. When at last they pulled themselves together and entered in a body, they met coming down the stairs from the bedroom a woman who had acted as nurse to the stricken widow. She stated that she had been sitting by the bedside when she was suddenly overcome by a strong sulphurous smell, which had rendered her unconscious. Coming to herself at last, she glanced at the bed, to find it empty. Together they all ascended the stairs; the fumes still hung about, but the bed had no occupant; they searched the house through and through, but could find no trace of the owner.

I may mention here that it is by no means an uncommon belief that a witch has sold herself to the devil, and that "he" will very often come to fetch his "disciple" at the moment of her death.

The case of Charles ——— was not without interest, seeing that the narrator was a man of considerable experience and intelligence, an engineer between thirty and forty, in a good situation. As a boy he had lived in a "haunted" house, in which strange and unaccountable noises were continually heard, sufficiently loud to awaken the whole household. He shared a small room with a younger brother, and more than once they were awakened in the night by the sound of a sheep bleating close to them, apparently by the bedside. On one occasion he and his brother, accompanied by their dog, started from home before daybreak to drive a flock of sheep to a farm some ten miles away. It was winter, the days were short; and having duly delivered the sheep, they started on their return walk as dusk began to gather. Their way led past a large pond, and as they neared this spot they both stopped suddenly, hearing the loud bleat of a sheep close to them. Peering ahead, they soon perceived the form of a sheep just in front of them. The dog bounded forward, but returned immediately with his tail between his legs, and howling dolefully he ran behind his master as if for protection. The dog was no coward naturally, and the lads were accordingly somewhat alarmed. They stood still, debating what to do, while the sheep drew gradually nearer, uttering "ba-a" after "ba-a," until it stopped within a few feet, when they distinctly saw that the animal had no head. Petrified, they stood a moment, clutching hold of one another, till the elder, recovering his presence of mind, raised his stick to strike the animal; but his arm was powerless—he could only raise the stick a few inches. Meanwhile, the animal advanced, and rubbed its neck against their legs. Suddenly it turned, and dashing to the edge of the pond, sprang in and disappeared from view. The lads remained gazing after it, spellbound, and then took to their heels and ran home.

I am inclined to the belief that originally the term "hagrod" was chiefly applied to the case of horses that had become mysteriously affected. An old carter once told me that he had the charge of some horses at a certain farm, and unconsciously chanced to give offence to a reputed witch who lived near by. Her revenge took the form of petty annoyances. It was no uncommon thing for him to enter his stables in the morning to find his horses bathed in sweat, and panting as though they had been ridden far and fast—this, too, when the door was found locked as he had left it on the previous night. On such occasions the horses were fit for no work that day, and he had considerable trouble to get work out of them. Sometimes he would find them with their tails and manes tightly plaited up with straw. Such occurrences used to be comparatively common. One day I chanced to mention to his master what the man had told me; his master smiled, and said what he thought might be an explanation, but in no way denied the man's story. Then he told me a case that had come under his own observation. In the stable was a valuable young horse, and one morning it was found with one hind leg perfectly stiff, so stiff that it could not put it to the ground. Three men tried their utmost to bend it, but without avail. At last they led the animal out of the stable, limping on three legs, and when outside it gradually got back the use of the limb. This happened many times, and at length the carter declared it was "hagrod," that an old woman living near by had "overlooked it," that every time she passed the stable—a thing which she did occasionally to get butter from the dairy—the horse was invariably stricken. Out of curiosity the farmer took note of what the carter said, and, to his astonishment, he found that the man was right—that is to say, in so far as that the horse's stiffness coincided with the time of this woman's approach. She left the neighbourhood a short time afterwards, and from that date there was no recurrence of the horse's strange attacks.

In a case with the details of which I am very familiar, and the truth of which I can vouch for, the ill-wish found vent firstly on animals, the property of the "overlooked." What actually led up to the matter I never quite knew, possibly the narrator had offended her neighbour; anyhow, the facts are indisputable. The first effects showed themselves in the pigs refusing all food, and then dying one after the other, in what looked like some form of fit. A veterinary surgeon who was called in declared his inability to give a name to the disease, and a subsequent post-mortem examination threw no light on the matter. Then, one by one, all the fowls sickened and died; and, lastly, the woman's daughter became seriously ill, but of what disease the doctor was unable to say. It was at this juncture that her mother, who had hitherto scoffed at the notion, took it into her head that the girl was bewitched, with the result that she paid a visit to a "wise-woman" (with whom I was also well acquainted), and sought her advice. The "conjuress" listened to her story, told her the name of the person who was ill-wishing her, and gave her a charm, with instructions to sew it, unknown to her daughter, inside her corsets, in such a position that she should not suspect its presence. These directions were faithfully carried out, with the result that in a short time her daughter regained her normal health. Meanwhile, a neighbour (the supposed ill-wisher) sickened, growing worse as the girl improved, and finally left the neighbourhood; her subsequent history was never known. The charm, which, by the way, the mother was directed to burn directly her daughter was out of danger, was preserved for some time. It consisted of a small lump of wax, roughly modelled into the form of a woman, the face bearing a distinct likeness to the accused witch!

I will conclude with one more instance, which, although free from complications, is interesting as having happened quite recently. The supposed witch lived within a few hundred yards of the house that I was then inhabiting; the bewitched was a man who was for some years my gardener. The road from his cottage to the nearest village led past the house occupied by the witch, and, from some quite inexplicable cause, he was never able to pass her house in the ordinary way. When he attempted to do so he fell down; his only alternatives being either to turn round and walk backwards, or else to crawl by on hands and knees. Naturally, all the neighbours were aware of the fact, but they had grown so familiar with it that they ceased to comment on it. About two years ago the woman died, and afterwards, the spell presumably expiring with her, the old man was able to pursue his way in normal fashion. In front of the witch's house stood a fine apple tree, and one day during the autumn following her death, the old man asked me, with a twinkle in his eye, whether I had noticed what a fine crop of apples this tree bore. "I've a-knowed thic tree," he said, "ever since he wer' planted; but he haven't never had n'ar a opple on to en avore. Now, sir, can'ee tell I how 'tis he do bear s'well t'year?" Knowing what was expected of me, I said: "Let me see, John, is it not about a year ago since Mrs. X—, who lived there, died?" His retort, though scarcely a reply to my query, was nevertheless suggestive of the fact that I had answered his former question to me. He deliberately winked, then said, "Ther, sir, now you've a-said it," and strode off to attend to his work.

INDEX

Abbey, Bindon, 189, 190
—— Cerne, 8, 9, 96
—— Church of Sherborne, 79
—— Foundations of Shaftesbury, 248
Abbotsbury Abbey, 102, 104
—— taken, 10
Adeliza, daughter of Baldwin de Brioniis, 131
Agger-Dun, Round Barrows at, 22, 25
Agglestone Rock, 198
Agricola, 29
Albert, Prince, 152
Alfred, 119, 146, 200, 241, 242
—— Boyhood of King, 76
—— Victories of, 7
Allington, 233
All Saints', Dorchester, 147, 153
Almshouse, Sherborne, 81
Amphitheatre at Dorchester, 42
Anketil, Colonel, 215
Anne, "Good" Queen, 183
Archer, Abbot Walter, 95
Armada, Fight off Portland, 182
—— Scare, 205
—— Vessels sent from Weymouth against the, 163
Arne, Village of, 198
Aryans, Invading, 3
Asser, 242
Athelhampton, 257
—— Hall, 262
Athelstan, 94, 98, 102-104, 111, 146, 158, 243
Athelwold, Assassination of, 201

Bacon, Francis (Lord Verulam), 176
Badbury, 5, 18, 34, 35, 36, 145
—— Roman occupation of, 31
Ballard Head, 197
Band, Piddletown Church, 260
Bankes, Sir John and Lady, 206-209, 212, 213, 215, 217, 218
Bardolfeston, 263
Bankes, Sir Ralph, 217-219
Barnes, William, Dorset Poet, 18, 153, 156, 247, 273, 280, 294
Barrows, Long, 19, 20
—— Round, 3-19, 20, 21
Beach, Thomas, 113
Beaminster, 232
Beaufort Family, 124
Bedford Family, 270
—— John, Duke of, 228
Bentham, Jeremy, 143
Bere Regis, 9, 287, 290
—— Long Barrow near, 20
—— Round Barrow at, 22
—— Church, Timber Roof, 60
Bindon Abbey, 189, 190
Bindun Camp, 30
Bingham, Colonel, Governor of Poole, 214-216, 218, 223
Bingham's Melcombe, Headquarters of Parliamentary Forces at, 165
—— —— Relics of the Armada at, 164
Blackmore Vale, 2, 250, 282, 286
Blandford, 209
—— Round Barrows near, 22
Bloody Assize, 15
Bloxworth Church, Hour-glass in, 56
—— House, 270
Bond, Captain, 209
Borough Dome-book of Bridport, 236
—— Records of Bridport, 234
Bow and Arrow (or Rufus) Castle, 180

Bowles, William Lisle, 277
Bradley, John, last Abbot of Milton, 96
Bradpole, 233
Branwalader, St., 102
"Bretagne, Damsel of," 203
Bridport, 13, 15, 232, 243, 289
"Bridport Dagger," 234
British Camps, 30
British Villages, Remains of, 20
Broadley, A. M., 113
—— Library of, 239
Broadwinsor, 14
Bronze Age, 19, 26
—— Cremation in the, 22
—— Pottery, 24
Brownsea, 225
Buckman, Professor, 39
Bulbarrow, Round Barrows at, 22
Burlestone Church, Chancel of, 263
Burney, Miss Fanny (Mme. d'Arblay), 150
Butler, Colonel, Governor of Wareham, 214, 215

Caen, Roger of, Bishop of Sarum and Abbot of Sherborne, 79
Came, 155, 281
—— Church, Recumbent Figures in, 59
—— Down, 24
Canford, 9
Cast-lead Font, St. Mary's, Wareham, 55
Castle, Bow and Arrow (or Rufus), 180
—— Corfe, 10, 193, 195
—— Sherborne Old, 10, 90, 92
—— Royal visitors at Lulworth, 190
—— Pennsylvania, 180
Catherine of Alexandria, Chapels dedicated to St., 61, 103, 104, 108
Celtic Earthworks, 4
Celts, Civilisation of, 4
Centwine, 6
Cenwealh, first Christian King of West Saxons, 5
Cerne Abbas, 287
—— Round Barrows at, 22
—— Abbey, 8, 9, 96
—— Abbot of, 237
Characteristics of Shaftesbury, 252
Charborough, 288
Chard, Abbot, 133, 134, 139
Charles I., 92, 207, 267
—— II., 169, 224, 239, 245; at Lulworth Castle, 190; Defeat of, 11; Flight of, 12
Charlotte, Queen, at Lulworth Castle, 190
Charminster, 264
—— Canopied Tombs at, 59
Chesil Beach, 2, 4, 165
Chesilborne, 107
Chideock, 271
—— Chapel, Knight in plate armour in, 59
China-clay, Important deposit of, 198
Christ Church, Dorchester, 153
Christmas Pie Legend, Corfe Castle, 219
Churches of Bridport, 234
—— of Shaftesbury, 246
Church, Piddletown, 258
—— St. Ealdhelm's, 79
—— St. James', Milton, 115
—— Spires—
    Iwerne Minster, 46
    Trent, 46, 54
    Winterborne Steepleton, 46, 53
—— Towers—
    Beaminster, 53
    Bradford Abbas, 53
    Cerne, 53
    Charminster, 53
    Dorchester, St. Peter's, 53
    Fordington St. George, 53
    Marnhull, 53
    Milton Abbey, 53
    Piddletrenthide, 53
    Steepleton, 53
    Trent, 54
Civil War, 10, 165, 207
Civil War Days at Bridport, 238
Civil War, Sharp fight in Poole during, 223
—— —— Sherborne Castle besieged during, 92
Clandon Barrow, 24
Clavinio (or Jordan Hill), 35, 40
"Clubmen," 10
Cnut, 8, 244
Coal Money, Kimmeridge, 191
Coke, Lord Chief Justice, 206
Company of Marblers, 195
Conig's Castle, 30
Conjurer or Witch-Doctor, 294

Cooper, Sir Anthony Ashley, 213
Corfe, 9
—— Castle, 165, 187, 193, 195, 200-21, 224; Ruins of, 50
—— Church, 211-213
Corton Chapel, Stone Altar at, 56
Court Leet House, Piddletown, 261
Cranborne, 9
—— Long Barrow near, 20
Credence in Witchcraft, 293
Creech, Ancient Manor of, 189
Cromwell, 92
—— at Portland, 183
—— Letter from, 11
—— Colonel, 214, 215
Cross-legged Effigies in—
  Bridport, 57
  Dorchester, St. Peter's, 58, 59
  Frampton, 58
  Horton, 57
  Mappowder, 58
  Piddletown, 57
  Stock Gaylard, 57
  Trent, 57, 58
  Wareham, 57
  Wimborne Minster, 57
  —— St. Giles, 57
Crowe, William, 276
Culliford Tree, 24
Cunnington, Edward, 40
Curious Inscription, St. Mary's, Melcombe Regis, 174
Cuthberga, Sister of Ine, 117, 118
Cwenberga, St., 118
Cynewearde (Kynewardus), 94

Damer, Anne Seymour, 110
"Damsel of Bretagne," 203
Danes, Destruction of Shaftesbury by, 243
Danes in Wessex, 6, 7
Decorated Architecture—
  Dorchester, St. Peter's, 51
  Gussage, St. Michael's, 51
  Milton Abbey Church, 51
  Tarrant Rushton, 51
  Wimborne Minster, 51
  Wooton Glanville, 51
Denzil, Lord Holles, Monument in St. Peter's, Dorchester, of, 59
Destruction of Shaftesbury by Danes, 243
Deverel Barrow, 24
Dialect of Dorset, 17
Digby, John, first Earl of Bristol, 78
Dissolution of Monasteries, 10, 44, 245
Dodington, Bubb, first Lord Melcombe, 173, 176, 275
Domesday Survey, 233
Dorchester, 9, 34, 145-56, 170, 208, 213, 233, 243, 281, 283, 284, 290
—— Amphitheatre at, 42
—— Beaker at, 23
—— Discovery of MSS. in Auction Room at, 15
—— Execution of Catholic Priest at, 272
—— Persons presented at, 16
—— Round Barrows near, 22
—— Walls demolished, 8
Dorset County Museum, 154
—— —— —— Specimens in, 23-25, 39, 40, 43
—— Superstitions, 292
Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, 14
Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, 94, 159
Durlston Bay, 194; Head, 193
Durnovaria, Station at, 35, 36
Durotriges, 4-6, 29, 31, 37
Durweston Church, Carving in, 60

Eadward, Murder of, 7
—— the Unconquered, 118
Ealdgyth, or Elgefu, 241
Ealdhelm, St., Abbot of Malmesbury, 7; first Bishop of Western Wessex, 75-87
Ealdhelm's Head, St., 192, 193
Ealdhelm, Life of St., Wildman's, 5
Ealhstan, Bishop, 77
Earl of Richmond, 9
Early English Architecture—
  Corfe Mullen, 51
  Cranborne, 51
  Knighton, 51
  Portesham, 51
  Wimborne Minster, 51
  Worth, 51
Eastbury, 275
East Lulworth, 278
East Stower, 276
Ecgberht, King, 77
Edgar, King, 94, 200, 201
Edward I., 245

Edward II., 254
—— III., 9
—— IV. at Tewkesbury, 9
—— VI., 87
—— the Confessor, 146, 159, 181, 233, 243
—— the Martyr, 201, 202, 207, 240, 249
Egdon Heath, 2, 290, 294
Eggardun, 30, 34
Elfrida, or Ælfthryth, Queen, 7, 200-202
Elizabeth, Queen, 91, 170, 205, 271
Emma, Queen, 159
Encombe, Glen of, 288
Erle, Sir Walter, 208, 210-212
Æthelbald, King, 76, 77
Æthelberht, King, 76, 77
Æthelgede, or Æthelgeofu, 241
Æthelhelm, Duke, 181
Æthelred I., 117
—— II., 7, 158
Æthelwold, the Ætheling, 117, 118
Æthelwulf, King, 77
Etricke of Holt, Anthony, 15, 225
—— Anthony, Sarcophagus of, 127
Evans, Miss, 143

Farnham, Stone over Altar in, 59
Fielding, Henry, 275, 276
FitzHerbert, Mrs., at Lulworth Castle, 190
Flowers, or Florus, Bury Camp, 30
Font, Cast-lead, at St. Mary's, Wareham, 55
Fonts, Saxon, at Toller Fratrum, 48; Martinstown, 48
Ford Abbey, 131
—— —— Chapel, 132
—— —— Seal, 140
—— —— Tapestries of, 144
—— —— The Cloister, 134
—— —— The Dissolution of, 139
—— —— The Guest Chamber, 137
—— —— "The Monks' Walk," 133
—— —— The Surrender of, 138
Fordington, 151
—— Church, St. George's, 154
—— Field, 25
Frampton, Stone Pulpit at, 56
Frauncеis, John, 143
Fuller, Thomas, 277
Funeral, Portland Island, 186

Garrison at Wareham, 9
Gasquet, Abbot, 230
Gaunt, John of, 124
Gay, John, 150
Geology of Dorset, 1
George III., 157, 170, 271, 288
—— —— at Lulworth Castle, 190
Gillingham, 9, 281, 284
—— Manor of, 252, 253
Gipsies, Headstone of Peter Standley, King of the, 261
Glen of Encombe, 288
Godwin, Earl, 181
Godlingstone, Manor of, 196
Goidelic Celts, 3, 19
Grammar School, Milton, 113
—— —— Shaftesbury, 255
Gravestone of Benjamin Jesty, 192
Great Tyneham, Ancient Manor House at, 189
Guest, Lady Theodora, 252
Gussage Down, 36
—— Long Barrow near, 20
Gwyn, Francis, 143
—— John Francis, 143

Hambledon, Celtic Camp of, 10
—— Roman Occupation of, 31
Hambro, Baron, 97, 100
—— Everard, 106
Hamworthy, Old Manor House at, 226
Handfast Point, 197
Handley Down, 34
Harbour, Bridport, 237
Hardy, Thomas, 2, 17, 18, 47, 70, 109, 114, 156, 190, 240, 256, 257, 260, 273, 282, 294
—— Thomas Masterman, 113
—— Wm., 194
Harold, Death of, 8
Harper, Hugo Daniel, 78
Hatton, Sir Christopher, 205, 217
Hawtrey, Mrs., 219
Henry III., 9, 235
—— V., 9
—— VI., 9, 92
—— VII., 144
—— VIII., 85, 96, 166, 178, 234, 245

Henry VIII., Inscription at Portland Castle to, 182
—— —— Letter from, 162
Herman, last Bishop of Sherborne, 7
Higher Bockhampton, birthplace of Thos. Hardy, 283
Hilton Church, Mediæval Panel Paintings in, 57
Hinton Parva, Carving in, 60
Hod Hill, 31
Holt, 120
Holworth, Burning Cliff at, 108, 190
—— Chapel to St. Catherine of Alexandria at, 104, 108
Homer, G. Wood, 262, 263
Horsey, Sir John, 85
Horton, Finding Monmouth at, 15
Hour-glass in Bloxworth Church, 56
Howard, Catherine, 182
Hundred Years' War, 230
Hutchins, John, the Dorset historian, 114, 227, 257, 262, 265, 267, 274, 276
Hut Circles, 20

Iberians, 3
Ibernium, Station at, 36
Ilchester, Lord, 261
Ilsington House, 261
Imprisonment of Margery and Isabel, daughters of William, King of Scotland, 204
Ine, King of West Saxons, 7, 117, 118

Jacobean Screen at West Stafford, 57
James I., 245, 273
—— at Lulworth Castle, 190
Jeffreys, Judge, 16, 148, 170, 239
Jesty, Gravestone of Benjamin, 192
John, King, 92, 146, 203, 233
—— Houses in Dorset of King, 9
Jones, Inigo, 142
Joliffe, Monumental Inscription to Captain Peter, 228
Jordan Hill (Clavinio), 35, 40
Jurdain Family, 264

Kimmeridge Clay, 2
—— Coal Money, 191
—— Ledge, 190
—— Shale, 43
—— Shell Objects, 25
King of the Gipsies, Headstone of Peter Standley, 261
Kingston Down, Discovery on, 36
—— Lacy, 208, 219
—— Russell, Long Barrow near, 20
—— —— Round Barrows, 22
Knut the Dane, 8, 244

Lady Margaret, Son of, 9
de Lafontaine, A. C., 262
Langton Church, 194
Laurence, Captain, 209, 212, 215
—— M.P., Law-book of Richard, 236
Legend of the Christmas Pie, Corfe Castle, 219
Leland, Record of *Bridport Dagger*, by, 234
—— Visit to Poole of, 230
Life of St. Ealdhelm, Wildman's, 5
Limbrey, Stephen, 12
Liscombe Chapel, 107
Lulworth, 30, 187
—— Castle, 190, 215
—— Cove, 2, 189
—— Royal Visitors at, 190
—— Village of East, 190
Lyme Regis, 1, 10, 12, 14, 15, 30, 35, 143, 164, 166, 208, 239
—— Duke of Monmouth's landing at, 169, 182
Lynchets, Series of Terraces known as, 193
Lytchett, 266

Macaulay, 275
Mai-dun (Maiden Castle), 30, 32, 34, 155
Malmesbury, William of, 91
Manor House at Trent, 11
Marblers, Company of, 195
March, Dr. Colley, 193
Margaret, Lady, foundress of Christ's and St. John's Colleges, 123, 124
—— Wife of Henry VI., 9
Marnhull, 287
—— Church, Monument in, 59
Martinstown, 23, 25
Martyn Family, 258
Maud, Wars of Stephen and, 8
Maumbury Ring, 148, 285
Maurice, Prince, 10

Mayo's Barrow, 24
Melbury Sampford, 12
—— —— Effigy of William Brounyng, 59
Melcombe Regis, 208
—— —— Priory, 173
Melplash, 232
Memorial Brasses, Description of—
  Beaminster, Bere Regis, Bryanston, Bridport, 64
  Caundle Purse, Compton Valence, Chesilborne, Corfe Mullen, Crichel Moor, Crichel Long, Cranborne, Dorchester St. Peter, Evershot, Fleet Old Church, 65
  Holme Priory, Knowle, Litton Cheney, Lytchett Matravers, Langton, Melbury Sampford, 66
  Milton Abbey, Milborne St. Andrew, Moreton, Owermoigne, Piddlehinton, Piddletown, Pimperne, Puncknowle, 67
  Rampisham, Shaftesbury St. Peter, Shapwick, Sturminster Marshall, Swanage, *als.* Swanwich, 68
  Swyre, Tincleton, Tarrant Crawford, Thorncombe, Upwey, West Stafford, Wimborne Minster, 69
  Woolland, Yetminster, 70
  Bere Regis, 70
  Caundle Purse, 70
  Edward the Martyr, King, 68
  Evershot, 71
  Fleet, 71
  Joan de St. Omar, 63
  Litton Cheney, retroscript brass, 63
  Milton Abbey, Sir John Tregonwell, 67, 71
  Moreton, unusual inscription, 72
  Oke Brass at Shapwick, 63
  Piddletown, 72
  St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, 63
  Strangwayes, Sir Gyles, 66
  Stratton, 63
  Thorncombe, 73
  Wimborne Minster, King Ethelred effigy, 69, 73
Memorial Brasses, Description of—
  Wraxall, 74
  Yetminster, 74
Middleton, Abbot William de, 96, 98, 101, 102
Miles, G. F. W., 143
Milton Abbey, 44, 57, 94, 158
—— Grammar School, 113
—— Market Cross, 111
—— Old Town of, 109, 110
—— Town of, in America, 116
—— John, 100
—— Lord, 100, 109, 112-115
Mohun Family, 264
Monasteries, Dissolution of the, 10
Monastic Barns—
  Liscombe, 45
  Tarrant Crawford, 45
Monastic Ruins at—
  Abbotsbury, 44
  Bindon, 44
  Cerne, 44
  Shaftesbury, 44
Money, Kimmeridge Coal, 191
Monkton-up-Wimborne, 117
Monmouth, Duke of, 143, 148, 224, 225
—— —— at Lulworth Castle, 190
—— —— Landing at Lyme Regis of, 169
—— —— Rebellion, 239
Monmouth's Close, field near Horton called, 15
—— Declaration, 14
Monumental Effigies, 57-60
Monuments in Piddletown Church, 258
Mons Badonicus, 5
Morton, Cardinal, 60
Motcombe, Village of, 276
Moule, Henry, 26, 37, 63

Napoleon's Invasion, 17
Neolithic Age, 3, 19
Netherbury, 232
—— Mutilated Figure in, 59
Newland, Borough of, 75
Newfoundland, Intimate connection between Poole and, 226
Norman Architecture at
  Abbotsbury, 50
  Bere Regis, 51
  Corfe Castle, 50
  Studland, 49
  Worth Matravers, 49
Norman Conquest, 233

Oaken Pulpits at
  Abbotsbury, 56
  Beaminster, 56
  Charminster, 56
  Iwerne Minster, 56
  Netherbury, 56
"Old Harry and his wife," 187, 197
Owermoigne Church, 109
Owners of Athelhampton, First, 262

Palæolithic Man, Traces of, 3
Parnham, 232
Parr, Catherine, 182
Paulinus Suetonius, 29, 30
Paye, Henry, 230
Peacock, Thomas Love, 175
Pennie, John Fitzgerald, 278
Pennsylvania Castle, 180, 289
Perpendicular Architecture, 52
Peveril Point, 194, 197
Philip and Joanna, King and Queen of Castile, 268, 269
Piddle, or Trent, river with two names, 117
Piddletown, 257, 287
—— Church, 55
Pimperne, Long Barrow near, 20
Pitman, Treachery of Lieut.-Col., 215, 216
Pitt, Christopher, 275
Pitt-Rivers, General, 21, 22, 26, 29
Place-names of Bridport, 238
Pole, Cardinal, 120
Pollard, Richard, 139, 141
Poole, 12, 14, 15, 35, 110, 164, 170, 208, 222-231, 290
—— Harbour, 2, 4, 7, 29, 50, 187
—— Quay, 222
Pope, Alfred, 113
Portesham Church, Window in, 56
Portland, 4, 30, 160, 165, 168, 177
—— Island, Funeral, description of, 186
—— "The Isle of Slingers," 289
—— Beds, 2
—— Bill, 179
—— Castle, 178
—— Roads, 109
—— Superstitions, 186
—— Wedding, Description of, 185
Pottery, 20, 21, 23, 26
—— Bronze Age, 24
—— Sepulchral, 22
Poulett, Sir Amias, 141
Poundbury Camp, 31, 32, 286
Poxwell Hall, 288
Preston, Remains of Roman Villa at, 158
—— Roman Arch at, 40
Prideaux, Edmund, 141, 142
Prior, Matthew, the poet, 129, 273
Priory, Melcombe Regis, 173
Purbeck, Isle of, 187-199, 208, 290
—— Beds, 2
Punfield Beds, 2
Pylsdun, 30

Racedown, Wordsworth at, 278
Radipole, Roman Remains at, 158
Ralegh, Sir Walter, 78, 91, 273
Rebellion, Duke of Monmouth's, 14
Recorder of Poole, Anthony Etricke, of Holt, 15
Relics of the Armada at Weymouth, 164
Richmond, Earl of, 9
Ridgeway, Round Barrows on the, 21, 25, 30
Robert the Bruce, 253
Robinson, Sir Charles, 193, 195, 196, 198
Rock, Agglestone, 198
Rocks, Old Harry, 187
Roman Camps, 30
Romans established, 4, 29, 242
Roman Occupation, 28-43
—— Road, 5, 34
—— Villas, Sites of, 37
Roper, Mrs. Freeman, 143
Roses, Wars of the, 9
Rosewall, William, 141
—— Sir Henry, 141
Rupert, Prince, 92

St. Mary's Church, Melcombe Regis, 174
St. Nicholas' Chapel, Weymouth, 172
St. Peter's, Dorchester, 146, 153
Sampson of Dol, St., 102, 111
Sandford Orcas Church, Curious Monument in, 58
Sandsfoot Castle, 166, 178

Saxon Architecture—
    Ealdhelm, Chapels of St., 48-50
    Corfe Castle, 48
    Martinstown, 48
    Tarrant Rushton, 48, 49
    Toller Fratrum, 48
    Wareham, 47, 48
    Worth Matravers, 48
Saxon Fonts at
    Martinstown, 48
    Toller Fratrum, 48
Saxon Invaders, 5
Scott, Sir Gilbert, 96
Screen at West Stafford, Jacobean, 57
Sepulchral Pottery, 22
Seymour, Jane, 182
Shaftesbury, 2, 10, 11, 240, 286
Sherborne, 7, 287
Sherborne Abbey, 44, 79, 94, 102
—— Abbots of—
    Barnstaple, John, last Abbot, 85
    Bradford, William, 77, 81, 83
    Brunyng, John, 81
    Mere, 77
    Ramsam, Peter, 77, 81
    Roger of Caen, 79
Sherborne Almshouse, 81, 92
Sherborne, Bishops of—
    Alfwold, St., 77
    Asser, the Biographer, 77
    Ealdhelm, St., first Bishop of Western Wessex, 75, 87
    Ealhstan, Bishop, 77
    Heahmund, St., 77
    Werstan, 77
    Wulfsy, St., 77
—— Castle, 40, 90, 92
—— Parish Church, All Hallows, 79, 81, 82, 84, 85
—— School, 86, 87
Smuggling at Purbeck Isle, 194
Solomon, King, 241
Somerset, Protector, 78
Southey's *Naval History of England*, 231
Stalbridge, 85
—— Church, Monument in, 59
Standley, Headstone of Peter, 261
Steepleton Down, 25
Stephen and Maud, Wars of, 8
Stinsford, 155, 287
de Stokes, Abbot William, 99
Stone Altar at Corton Chapel, 56
Stone Circles, 20
Stone Pulpit at Frampton, 56
Stone, Rev. William, 128
Stour Valley, 3
Stower, East and West, 276
Strangways, Sir John, 12
Stratton, 35
Studland, Old-world Village of, 197
Sturminster Newton, 246, 281, 283
Superstitions, Dorset, 292
—— Portland, 186
Sutton Poyntz, 288
Swanage Bay, 2, 7, 29, 30, 289
—— —— Round Barrows at, 22
—— Description of, 195
—— Path known as Priestway to, 192, 193
Swegen, or Sweyn, King, 8, 76, 146
Sydenham, Captain, 210, 212, 213, 223
Sydenham's *History of Poole*, 228
de Sydelinge, Abbot Walter, 99
Sydling, Round Barrows at, 22

Tarrant Rushton Church, Restoration of, 57
Tesselated Floors—
    Creech, 38
    Dorchester, 38, 39, 42
    Fifehead Neville, 38, 41, 42
    Frampton, 38, 40
    Halstock, 38
    Hemsworth, 38
    Lenthay Green, 38, 40
    Maiden Castle, 38, 40
    Preston, 38, 39
    Rampisham, 38
    Thornford, 38
—— Pavements, Description of, 38
Teutonic Invaders, 5
Thompson, Sir Peter, 226
Thorncombe, 131, 144
Thornhill, Sir James, 174
Timber Roof, Bere Regis, 60
Tokens, Weymouth Tradesmen's, 169
Town Cellars at Poole, 229

Tradesmen's Tokens, Weymouth, 169
Tregonwell, Sir John, 96, 100
Trenchard Family, 264, 265, 267, 269
—— Sir Thomas, 208, 271
Trent Manor House, 11, 14
Treves, Sir Frederick, 109
Trinity Church, Dorchester, 147
Turberville, George, 273
Turnworth House, 289

Vale of Blackmore, 2, 250, 282, 286
Var, or Frome, river bearing two names, 117
Vespasian, 29, 30
Via Principalis, 34
Village of East Lulworth, 190
Vindogladia, Station at, 35, 36

Walburga, or Walpurgis, St., 119
Walpole, Horace, 277
Wareham, 7-10, 188, 202, 203, 208, 213, 214, 232, 233, 243, 286, 287
—— Castle, 200
—— Cast-lead Font at St. Mary's, 55
—— Lady St. Mary's Church, 188
Warne, Charles, 20, 24, 25, 27, 29, 30-32, 35, 36, 108
Wars of the Roses, 9
—— of Stephen and Maud, 8
Waterson, 260, 288
Warwick, King-maker, 9
Wedding, Description of old-time Portland, 185
Weld Family, 271
Wesley, Bartholomew, 13
West Bay, 232, 289
West Chelborough, Curious Monument at, 58
—— Stafford, Jacobean Screen at, 57
—— Stower, 276
Weymouth, 2, 12, 30, 110, 157, 208, 213, 215, 232, 270, 271, 289
—— Bay, 2, 109
—— Margaret, wife of Henry VI., at, 9
Whitchurch Canonicorum, Tombstone at, 168
Whitcombe, 108, 281
White, Rev. John, 147
Whitecliff, Manor House of, 196
Wildman, W. B., 5
William III., 92
Wim, or Allen, river with two names, 117
Wimborne, 7, 274
—— Minster, 36, 44, 94, 117, 120
—— —— Effigy in, 57
—— Round Barrows near, 22
—— St. Giles, 117
Winfrith, 290
Winterborne Whitchurch, 273
Witchcraft, Credence in, 293
Witch-doctor, Conjurer or, 294
Wolfeton House, 155, 264
Wolsey, Cardinal, 81
Woodbury, Roman Occupation of, 31
—— Hill, 287
Woodyates, 5, 34
Woolland, 108
Wool Manor House, 288
Wor Barrow, 21
Worth "Club walking day," 51
Worth Matravers Church, 192, 193
Wordsworth at Racedown, 278, 291
Wren, Sir Christopher, 176
Wyke Regis, 160, 181, 232
Wyndham, Colonel Francis, 11

Young, Edward, 275

Zouche, Elizabeth, last Abbess of Shaftesbury, 245

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